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KEEPING THE PHILIPPINES CATHOLIC

Dear Father Editor:

It is a long time since you urged me to write to you. The truth is that I was at a loss as to what would be of interest. But now, after sweltering for almost two years and a half in this land of my desires, I find a few ideas which may suit your purpose.

Many of my earlier impressions concerning the Philippines have been rectified. There is one impression, however, which has cut deeper and deeper, and that is: Catholic America, especially American priests—preferably Religious—must support the Church over here, if the Philippines are to be saved for the Sacred Heart.

Some time ago I read a news-clipping, which was evidently taken from *The Shield*, a publication of the Students' Crusade. The article was written by a Filipino, then studying at the Catholic University. The headline runs: "OUR NEGLECTED PHILIPPINE DUTY." The sub-title reads: "*Americans the Logical Missionaries to work in Our Island Possessions.* Filipinos crave for anything American." Then follows a short account of the American occupation of the Islands, and consequent flooding of the country with various kinds of Protestant missionaries; a glimpse at the popularity of "anything American", a citation of our own A. E. F., especially the Ateneo, and finally, an appeal for more American Catholic Missionaries. I agree with all that this gentleman said; I sympathize with his almost defiant appeal to Catholic America to fulfil her sacred duty to this portion of our dear Lord's Vineyard, which is being overrun by the numerous Protestant sects, who are trying to wrest this

languishing Catholic land from the Divine Master. Moreover, I will add some details, which I had been brooding over long before this clipping appeared, and, if possible, I will make a still stronger plea for help from across the sea.

In the "History of the Christian Era" by Fr. Guggenberger, when speaking of the embassy of the Honorable William H. Taft to the Holy See, to arrange about the status of the Church in the Philippines under the new regime, the author says the Holy See "proposes to introduce, little by little, ecclesiastics of other nationalities, especially Americans." In these words we have the gist of the negotiations entered into by the representatives of the United States and the Vicar of Christ. So, when America took upon herself the responsibility of the civil government of the Islands, the responsibility of assisting the Church in the Islands devolved on that portion of the American people who alone were qualified for the task, and to whom the Holy See looked for help. What has been America's answer?

Since the Treaty of Paris, by which the Islands were formally handed over to the United States, a handful of American secular priests and a few bishops have come to the Philippines. Besides, our Province sent Fr. McDonough, Fr. Thomkins, Fr. Lynch, Fr. Finegan, Fr. Daley and Fr. Becker as an advance-guard, and, in 1920 and 1921, the organizers of the American Faculties at the Ateneo de Manila and Vigan. Then, too, in recent years, a small number of Techny Fathers and Sisters, a little band of Christian Brothers, and two Communities of Good Shepherd Sisters have swelled the ranks. Of the secular clergy, I find that only two priests and two bishops remain to represent the American Catholics.

Now, this last fact merely helps to strengthen the conviction that American Regulars are most needed by Holy Mother Church in the Philippines. The native clergy, though too few to fill the forty pastorless churches in the Manila Archdiocese, have a tradition that they are the ones to supply the parishes of the land. Back in 1872, three native priests were executed because of their connection with the movement to oust the Spanish Friars, who were monopolizing the jurisdiction of parishes.

Again, a first-class native clergy is best qualified to administer to the spiritual needs of a country. I need go no farther than our own Filipino Jesuits, to prove the incalculable advantage possessed by the native-born.

How, then, can American Catholics help to keep the Faith from dying? Hundreds of Catholic teachers are needed in the public schools, to off-set the insidious work of Protestant teachers and associations. Hundreds of nuns are needed to emulate the Good Shepherd School-Sisters who are toiling faithfully at Lipa, Batangas, and the highly-praised Belgian Sister, who directs a corps of lay-teachers in the Malate Catholic School, Manila. But, above all, the Philippines need *Priests!* Secular priests, and especially Regulars: real live Americans!

The field of the secular clergy, I feel, is more limited than that of the Regular; hence the distinction I make. There are parishes to be manned, only temporarily, however. Then there are Catholic Dormitories, ready now or to be built. Catholic writers are needed. Beyond these spheres of action, I see no assignment for the lone secular priest. Of course, if these Fathers were to form a sort of community of mutual support and encouragement, and work at least two by two, I believe they could work side by side with the Regulars.

Why not have solitary parish priests here as we do at home? The reason is this. The Philippines are partly well established, partly foreign mission in the matter of ecclesiastical organization. The places vacated by the out-going Spanish Friars have never been completely supplied; therefore there are many breaks in the chain. Moreover, the volunteers to fill up the deficiency must, for some years to come, be supplied from abroad. So, the American priest, isolated from old associations, among a strange people, especially in the smaller towns and villages, would undergo many of the labors of a foreign missionary; yes, many difficulties unknown to the average missionary. For the Philippines are overgrown with cockle: the cockle of secret, anti-Catholic societies, and the ever-increasing army of energetic Protestant missionaries, men and women, lay and clerical. Hence, the large number of fallen-away Catholics, the bane of Holy Mother Church through the ages. Poor, pastorless sheep

—they have fallen a prey to the lure of wolves in sheep's clothing!

What the Philippines need is a clergy filled with the spirit of the priests back home in America: Apostles who have solved the problem of Masonic and Protestant onslaughts on the Church; yes, Americans who know how to meet the American sects on their own ground, and who will show the native clergy how to solve the American problem transplanted to this land with the coming of the American regime. Remember, before 1898, no Protestant sect was allowed to set up a church in this colony of Catholic Spain. So, we understand how last year the Methodists could celebrate only the twenty-fifth anniversary of "freedom and the open Bible". With the American Occupation the flood-gates were thrown open to Protestantism, and the torrent of sectarian influx is ever increasing. There is hardly a boat from the States that does not bring its quota of "missionaries". Now, it is a Bishop, come to replace the retiring prelate; now a minister and his family; now a representative of some sect or other, bent on making a survey of the Islands for Protestant exploitation. Pardon the force of this last phrase, but we must state the truth. The Y. M. C. A., with its inviting dormitories, reading-rooms, etc., of course is strongly rooted over here, especially in Manila. Protestant chapels seem almost to out-number the mouldering remains of the Churches erected by the untiring efforts of the Spanish Apostles of the last three centuries.

Who, then, are the champions of the Church in the Philippines at the present time? A fair remnant of the Spanish orders are still maintaining some schools and parishes. The varied beauty of the Church is seen here in the various types of laborers in the Vineyard: Belgian priests and nuns, Dutch Fathers of the Sacred Heart, Techny priests and nuns, the American contingent mentioned above, and the long-established Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Spanish Benedictines, our own Spanish Jesuits, Sisters of Charity, Assumption Sisters, the native Beaterio Nuns, and also the more recently-established Carmelite Convent. This is an array of which very few countries can boast. Still, the sum-total is not large enough to meet the needs of the Church in the

Philippines. It would be false to suppose that any one of these branches of the Church's militia is very numerous. They are doing what they can to keep the Philippines Catholic.

Alas! how poorly is America represented in this list of of the allied forces! Yet the American Catholic missionary possesses many advantages that the co-workers of other nationalities do not enjoy. He comes to a land over which flies his own Stars and Stripes; he comes to a people that "rave" over everything American; he comes with a knowledge of the tactics of the enemies of the Church; he comes to fulfil a sacred obligation which rests on American Catholics, and with the conviction that the outstretched arms of the Master are appealing to him to save this land consecrated years ago to His Sacred Heart!

Do the native priests welcome the American priests? They hardly know this type of laborer. Those who have associated with the Filipino priest know that he cannot do enough to show his affection for his American coworker. I myself have met with scores of Filipino priests and seminarians, and I know that what I say is true. They treated me like a brother in the flesh. Last May, I had occasion to stay overnight at the rectory of a Filipino priest. In spite of the lack of modern improvement, he made my visit most enjoyable. He shared his confidences with me, telling me of his stand against the secret societies of his parish, whose members he had listed on his desk. Here was an energetic pastor! He had built a new church and started a Catholic school in the rectory. He appreciated the encouragement we gave him in his struggle against enormous odds.

Again, down in one of the southern islands, one of our American Jesuits was looking on at a Church procession. The people spied this curiosity: a padre who was a real live American! Was it possible? An American who was not a Protestant? This—an American padre! They gathered around him, almost broke up the procession, so surprised were they. Everywhere he and his companions went, in their canvass for new students for the Ateneo, they were most cordially received.

Besides, these people of the so-called Visayan Islands are beseeching us to open at least two colleges in that dis-

trict. Scores of their sons come to the Ateneo. They, the Visayans in general, are profuse in their praise of the Rector of the Ateneo, Fr. Byrne. The *Catholic Bulletin* of Cebu recently published his picture, with the note that Fr. Byrne is the most popular American priest in the Islands. Now this giant-priest in stature and in accomplishments has given a powerful impetus to the revival of the Faith and support of Holy Mother Church, who is being hard-pressed on many sides. He has made the Filipino public realize that the Church is still the age-old Guardian of Truth and Morality; and that, in this era of false liberty and corruption, the only safe refuge for struggling humanity is within the bosom of that Church which Christ has promised to protect against all the onslaughts of Hell. Single-handed this giant of God has fought back many an attack of the enemy, whether in small gatherings or when addressing a large public audience. He is an ackhowledged champion, a terror to the wreckers of this Catholic country. Suppose the Church here had ten, twenty, fifty more like him, would we not set aside our fears for the preservation of the True Faith?

The prospects of the Church in the Philippines are brightening. The recent convention of the entire hierarchy and delegates from all parts of the Islands was an inspiration to hope for better days. In the presence of the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop, two American Bishops, one Spanish Jesuit, and three Filipino Bishops, who had given their support to the efforts of our Fr. Caballero, formerly of Fordham, a number of vital questions were discussed, and committees were appointed to see to the carrying out of the resolutions adopted. Please God, the union and activity of Catholics, insisted on during the convention, will be a vivid reality! The Faith is in the blood and sinews of the Filipino people. What they need is *Shepherds,* devoted priests to lead them in the (humanly speaking) one-sided battle against foes whom they hardly recognize, and with whose tactics they are little acquainted. They need American priests, trained from the cradle to fight for their Faith; priests who will lead them, right now before it is too late, and who will teach the native priests how American Catholics have erected, against great odds and in defiance of such

enemies as now molest the Church in the Philippines, one of the most glorious centers of Christ's Kingdom that the world has ever known.

May Almighty God, in His great mercy, send American priests, school-teachers and social-workers to fulfil the obligation of American Catholics, whom the Holy See expects to assist this needy portion of the Vineyard!

JOHN R. O'CONNELL, S. J.

THE SODALITY PILGRIMAGE

(*continued.*)

MARSEILLES

The most of us Pilgrims regretted leaving Lourdes, lovely Lourdes, with all its sacred associations and blessed memories, still duty bade us move onward and upward; and upward we went from Lourdes in Southern France to Marseilles in the north, our next resting place.

What a difference countries do make after all? One could not help but notice the manner and customs, the little odds and ends that stamp the individual towns and cities and villages; so many loose dogs for instance, dogs of every shape and form, kind and color; the tramways and cars, old-fashioned in design, bizarre in appearance by reason of the flaming posters hung from every side; the small green turban-like caps worn almost everywhere by men and young boys alike; the ever recurring shut-in window of the houses; vendors at every turn of the road, mostly elderly women garbed from head to foot in sombre black.

As we passed along there were blue sky and sunshine everywhere, making our train ride through the Pyrenees Mountains picturesque and interesting, How high these mountains were you could not guess, though you could see their rocky buttressess so far sky-ward that you might fancy they were pillars of the heavens. There are three mountain ranges in Europe which cannot fail to impress the tourist or traveller who is fortunate enough to view them; these are the Pyrenees, the Alps and the Appennines, the contrast between all three being quite noticeable.

About the Pyrenees there is a distinct softness that neither the Alps nor the Appennines can boast of. They roll as it were placidly one into another, having about them much the aspect of sea waves; each mountain a separate identity, yet connected as one grand unbroken whole. Their summits well rounded off were for the most part green and velvety in appearance, and they sloped gracefully into the valleys below that lay so peacefully between them.

In striking contrast to the softness and greenness of the Pyrenees stood out the majestic grandeur of the Alps, which surely does leave on the sightseer a deep impression of power, majesty and might. With their rugged peaks that were often snow-capped, they lifted their heads in lordly fashion to the sky. It was indeed soul-stirring to be in the presence of these vast mountain heights with their frowning forests and crags, their snow-bound summits of dazzling purity and their glaciers downflowing in the gorges.

You would fancy that all this grandeur might have some marked effect on character, yet I suppose that the valley folk get used to it, and its power and majesty are wasted on them. But to the traveller it is fascinating and awe-inspiring, and once seen is never forgotten.

The Appennines were a sort of crisscross between the the Alps and the Pyrenees. They lacked the majesty of the former and the lovely softness of the latter. They looked hard and withered, very age-old indeed, with all the ear marks of age upon them. Dried up, parched, burned as they were, they appeared for all the world like one whose life had been spent, whose vitality was passing away.

The journey from Lourdes to Marseilles was a vigorous one. All day long the train went steaming and puffing as it circled in and around the mountains that rose up on both sides. At times the summits of these mountains were lost to view, and across their bases floated detatched masses of vapor, sometimes in heavy billows, sometimes in formless mists that grew and dissolved more like magic than reality.

One of the most interesting spots at which we stopped on this day's trip was a little place called Carcasson. It

is a sort of two-in-one town. Besides the scattered populace that lives in the fields, and the farm cottages situated on the narrow levels bordering the streams or clinging far up the mountain side, there is also a walled city of 1100 inhabitants, whose history dates back to the tenth or eleventh century. The walls themselves are in a splendid state of preservation, and the custom still prevails of closing and locking at night the massive iron city gates.

Narbonne, Montpellier, Lunel—all in quick succession passed from view. The day itself had been warm, very warm, yet without all the inconvenience that goes with high humidity, and as the afternoon gently faded into evening it grew considerably cooler. While the journey, it is true, was long, it was by no means lonesome; in fact it was interesting, for nothing could have been finer than the changing panorama of the mountains, silent and slumberous though they were.

We reached Marseilles about 9.30 at night, and the approach was indeed picturesque. The city clung, as it were, to the hillside, and with a gentle slope stretched out into the sea. The night was a lovely one; the myriad lights of the city, as they glimmered and shone on the rising hills, made a pretty setting, which was rendered still more beautiful by the flood of moonlight on the almost motionless waters of the Mediterranean. Marseilles is a fine city and has about it much American atmosphere. We like American "pep," and Marseilles to all appearance has a goodly amount of that precious article. In is the principal port of France and boasts of one million inhabitants. It is dirty of course, but leaves on one the impression of great activity. Its main streets, like the Rue de la Republique, are large, congested with traffic and quite busy.

Its transshipping Bridge, or Aerial Ferry as it is more commonly called, is quite a novelty. This ferry passes from one part of the city to the other, and carries both passengers and vehicles from side to side over the docks, and wharves and smaller craft. Though serviceable, it is crude in appearance and must be an expense by reason of the small amount of traffic carried.

The more important things in the city itself were the

Cathedral, whose location on the water front was ideal. Yet while ideal in location and superbly grand and imposing both without and within, the neighborhood surrounding it is anything but refined and elegant. Two fountains are also worthy of note: that of Cantini with its splendid granite shaft reaching skyward and dominated by an artistically carved statue, and the fountain of exquisite beauty, just in front of the Palais Longchamps, which for years has been the just pride of the city and the admiration of countless numbers of tourists from everywhere. The stock exchange also is well worth a passing visit; nor should one leave Marseilles without first taking the Escalator that leads to the Notre Dame de la Garde. Thousands of feet high above the city that reposes calmly beneath it, this Church of Our Lady has a unique position. There is no part of the city, I believe, from which its towering spire may not be seen, and it acts as a beacon light for the mariners who can behold it far, far out at sea. History has it that it was the money of these good sailors that built the church and gave to it its name—Notre Dame de la Garde—because, as they left their wives, their children and their homes to sail the perilous sea, they put themselves under the protecting influence of Our Lady. From this high eminence a splendid view of the entire city is had, the roofs of these houses are begrimed with soot and dirt; and lying out some distance in the Mediterranean one sees the Isle D'If—the Isle of Monte Christo, made famous by the French Novelist Dumas in his book, "The Count of Monte Christo."

After feasting our eyes with all this beauty from above, we descend again and hop into an auto, to find ourselves spinning merrily along the Corniche Road which skirts the Mediterranean for miles and miles. It is an ideal motor trip on an ideal day with ideal weather. We passed through the Park Borley, on which nature has lavished all her beauty, aided here and there hy man's artistic touch, and then down the Avenue Prado that resemled in almost every detail New York's beantiful driveway—the Grand Concourse of the Southern Boulevard.

It was a pity that our stay in Marseilles was not longer,

but we made the most of it, and saw what we could in the short time at our disposal. Bright and early then on the morning of July the 30th we began another trip that was to bring us at the end to Nice, the charming city in the heart of the French Riviera.

NICE

Not far out from Marseilles on our way to Nice, we came to a little village, running through which was a small mill-stream, and here and there along it were washing-places with women at work scrubbing soiled clothing. Each washing-place had a broad, heavy slab of stone on the border of the stream. On this stone the workers knelt, occasionally having in front of them something to protect them from the splashings; more often they had nothing at all. The clothing after being dipped again and again in the stream was then laid on the stone, rubbed with a brush, then pounded with wooden paddles. After a final rinsing and ringing out the clothes were hung up to dry on lines and fences, or in many cases trees, shrubbery or hedge-rows. As we hurried along one also caught glimpses here and there of churchyards. Some of them were noticeably overgrown with rank weeds and grass; others were better kept. A few of the graves had head-stones; most of them, however, were unmarked and distinguished by nothing more than slight wooden crosses. The larger churchyards were no better kept or preserved.

All told the trip from Marseilles to Nice was a delightful one. Nature with lavish hand had evidently scattered its vari-colored beauty everywhere. The scenery was beautiful, at times ravishing. Now it was a succession of undulating hills; now a stretch of rolling valleys; again you see in the distance some vast mountain height capped with massive rocks in castle-like formation; and as we wended our way along the foot of hills and crags, we could notice here and there streaks of snow on the higher mountain hollows. The snow did not however look cold, and one could not help fancying it was some colorless powder that had been lightly sifted over the purple heights.

From morning to afternoon we kept climbing in and around the lovely Pyrenees, and just at eventide when peaceful quiet reigned everywhere, we drew into the

charming city of Nice. Marseilles and Nice, they surely were cities of striking contrasts. Marseilles reminded one of a hive of busy bees; Nice was luxurious and languid, almost inert. It was a watering place to be sure, and quite a fashionable one at that: so it was small wonder that the most prominent as well as the most costly buildings in this city of softness and luxury were row upon row of high-class, well-equipped hotels. Most of our party housed at the O'Connor-Giraudy Hotel, one of the most artistic in Nice. Both without and within there was about the place an air of elegance, refinement and eliteness.

Nice, to all appearances, had no manufactures of any kind. Seemingly the men do little, the women less. The whole atmosphere of the place is one of languidity; even the sea that touches its shores lacks the the dash and roar and tumble of glorious billows on the strand. It has a permanent population of 275,000, but at the height of the season, which lasts from November to April, it reaches a total of 675,000. This accounted for the many hostelries that were closed till such time as wealth and fashion should come together, planning how to pass the hours that no doubt hung heavy on their hands. The mornings at Nice were pleasant; but the burning heat of the early afternoon made it imperative to close all the shops from twelve noon to three o'clock. During these hours the streets were practically deserted, and man and beast remained indoors.

Nice is splendidly situated; it is also delightfully clean, and just filled with a class of laborers that work in a slow, pokey way: Time means nothing to its inhabitants. Skirting the Mediterranean for a stretch of four miles is the Promenade des Anglais, a sort of Board Walk. On one side you have the blue waters of the Mediterranean itself; the other side is lined from end to end with large palm trees, which not only lend much to the beauty of the Promenade, but whose glorious long leaves afford shelter and comfort from the hot beating rays of the sun. Really I can imagine nothing finer, nothing more poetic and romantic than strolling along this Promenade on a moonlit snmmer's night, It is an old city too, its history

stretching far bask into antiquity. In fact just at present there are two parts of the same city; Old Nice, old with the age of 2200 years, and New Nice which was founded in the year 1750 or thereabouts. New Nice is easily to be distinguished from the old by reason of the style of its architecture as well as the color of its buildings. The architecture is quite modern and up-to-date. Terra cotta is the predominant color. Its principal street is the Avenue des Victoires. Here the shopping is done; here also are the important churches and stores of every kind. Tall slender trees line both sides of the Avenue, and as their branches bend and meet midway in air, the effect is not only artistic but useful as well High up in the hills outside of the city there is an artificial waterfall, from which the water is led to Nice. The conduit for this water is forty miles long, and one may rest assured the drinking-water is good, cool and refreshing. To enumerate the hotels, homes of winter fashion, at this famous French resort would be impossible; but we know this, that, catering as they do to the moneyed element, they offer all that wealth can purchase. Perhaps the costliest hotel at Nice is the Nigresco, where it means an outlay of four dollars just to sip a cup of coffee.

Nice however is worth visiting, because it has to a large extent that which other cities like it lack—refinement, culture, cleanliness and good taste. Its walks and promenades are a pleasure: and while its days may be warm, its evenings are cool and refreshing. It is indeed a city minus the hum of activity and the feverish rush for mad pleasure. It is just such a place the calmness and quietude of which one loves to think and dream about and recall in the midst of stress and strain and pressure of work.

MONTE CARLO AND MONACO

About two o'clock on a lovely afternoon when there was a flood of sunshine everywhere, we motored from calmly resting Nice out into the mountain ranges that led us to the notorious haunts of spendthrifts and gamblers—Monte Carlo and Monaco, the unique little principality in the heart of the far-famed Riviera, with its ever-gay appeal.

Here scores of thousands revel in glorious springlike climate. This is the fairyland of fetes and carnivals, the rendezvous of statesmen, royalties, diplomats, famous beauties and celebrities from all corners of the globe. Even the casual visitor will not miss seeing Monte Carlo, where a wealth of fair gardens of palms, aloes, cacti, and brilliant southern flowers surround the interestingly famous Casino, "the world-capital of Chance."

Every rod of Riviera ground is abloom, and motoring on the Upper and Lower Corniche Road is a succession of gorgeous vistas of sea and unfailing sunshine, with here and there beautiful residences and age-old castles, "coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadels," clinging to the steep headlands of this rock-bound coast. Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, Ventimiglia and many other well known resort-towns are all within easy distance of Monaco.

We approached Monte Carlo and Monaco by the famous Upper Corniche Drive, pausing every now and then to drink in the exhilarating mountain air as well as to reflect on and enjoy the ravishing beauty of the sublime scenery. We returned to Nice by the Lower Corniche Road that skirts the foot of the tall rocky heights rising majestically toward the blue sky above. This trip from Nice to Monte Carlo is perhaps one of the most beautiful for the eye to gaze upon. It is doubtful if such a scene can be surpassed. As you travel on the sand-white road along the edge of the sloping precipices, you climb higher till you find yourself more than once wrapped, as it were, in cloudland; and then on emerging from its midst you can notice the thin vaporings below you vanishing before the patches of blue sunshine. The scenery is simply gorgeous. Mountain, hill, dale, valley, stream and ocean—all are interwoven in Nature's most picturesque form in so exquisite and delicate a manner as to defy description. No painter's brush, no artist's hand could put on canvas the rich colorful beauty and the glorious imagery of it all. All the lower slopes of the mountains were wooded to a large extent, with somber firs and spruce, yet here and there were frequent grassy shades, which in their meagre way did service as grazing grounds and mowing land. In the valleys were

occasional small villages, while farm cottages were scattered not only on the narrow levels bordering the stream, but clung, all along, far up the mountain sides.

Monte Christo clings, so to speak, to the hillside and slopes down gradually to the edges of the Mediterranean. On coming into the little town, one is impressed with its cleanliness; the dwelling houses, the public buildings, the churches and chapels—all appear immaculate and spotless. Like Nice, Monte Carlo has about it an air of repose, and outside the Casino business is at a standstill: even the famous place depends for its upkeep not on the inhabitants of the village itself, but on the masses of men and women who come to it from afar, some to lose wealth, others to make fortunes. Nonte Carlo would no doubt be rarely heard of were it not for its Casino or gambling den. January, February and March are the three months when the Casino's season is at its peak. Then it is that millions are squandered and fortunes lost and won.

No one is allowed to cross the threshold of the Casino without a Passport, nor may even casual visitors bring anything into the building with them such as handbags, cameras, canes, etc. In fact the regulations for entering are so strict that, during the season's busiest time, gentlemen may not enter unless dressed in evening clothes.

Outside of the actual gambling, there is nothing of interest at the Casino. While the building is very ornate and artistic both without and within, it differs in nowise from similar public buildings. The one great attraction is the desire to try one's luck. The chief games are Roulette and Baccarat, which are played from early morning till late at night; and even though at that time the season was at its dullest, every table was filled with men and women eager to flirt with Chance; some ready and willing to stake not alone their fortune but their lives in the interest of cold cash. Silence, absolute silence must be observed during the various plays as well by the onlookers as by those who took an active part. It was impressive indeed to look around and note the hundreds of men and women roaming from end to end of the huge building, or herded about the tables interestingly gazing on the gamlers as they pushed away or pulled toward them their

losses or gains—and yet no noise, no hub-bub, no wrangling—only the constant shuffle of many feet, and the low whisperings of human voices.

It is a lesson also to watch the throng, and to study the makeup and charisteristics of that silent motly crowd. There were odd-looking men and still queerer looking women, dressed after the fashion of freaks, and yet one of these freakishly dressed women, who to all appearance was poverty-stricken, informed one of our party that she maintained two houses at great cost, one at Nice, the other at London. She was only one of the many there who live by the wheel of Fortune.

As we left Monte Carlo to return to Nice we passed by the Palace of the Prince of Monaco, which was well protected by nature's barrier as also by a guard of trained soldiers. It is interesting to note that the Palace and all the details of the same are maintained from the proceeds of the Casino or gambling house. Not so far from the Prince's Palace was the Cathedral, a splendid edifice, containg the tomb of the Prince. Then we hurried on to the road built by Caesar in his attack on the ancient Gauls; the very road that Napoleon used in his battles for the supposed honor and glory of France; and as we sped along, we could catch glimpses of the very substantial and very beautiful homes of the Duchess of Marlborough, once Consuelo Vanderbilt; that of the banker, Baron Rothschild, and the Castle in which Mr. Gould died. Towards evening in the glow of a beautiful summer twilight we arrived at our hotel.

FROM NICE TO GENOA

So for as they can, the French live out of doors. They take their recreation, eat their meals and do their work in the open air to an extent that is astonishing to Americans. You see the women busied with housework of all kinds in home yards, or in the near street walks. There they sew, get ready the vegetables for dinner, and, in a small way, do their washing. Indeed the family life among the peasantry all through the village was much more public than private in pleasant weather. Now while such a condition was not exactly the case with regard to Nice itself, it certainly was true of the hamlets,

and villages on its outskirts and borders. Our short stay at Nice had been a delightful one, and the memories of this charming city in the heart of the French Riviera are indeed happy and pleasant. In fact most of us pilgrims found it hard to leave the famous resort with all its luxury and beauty as well as the soft glow of the sunshine.

At ten a. m. then on a bright July morning we bade adieu to this land of sunshine and flowers to entrain for Genoa, one of the oldest seaport towns of the Mediterranean, and the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. As we rode along the foot of the age-old mountains, every now and then the puffing monster would slow down; often come to a full stop, enabling us thereby to catch a glimpse of village and country life. How they differed! The village street was a most interesting place to see; some of the villagers brought out chairs, some sat on doorsteps or on the benches which every house had against the wall near the entrance. There were old women and quaint little white-capped babies; young women and middle-age women; and there were small boys and girls of all sizes, running about or perhaps lying on the rough paving stones near their elders. Then you saw them in almost every doorway with their dolls and picture-books and other playthings, eating big slices of bread, jumping rope, and doing all the thousand and one things that children delight in.

In sharp contrast to the peaceful repose of the village were the restless activity and busy atmosphere of the country districts. There was ploughing, weeding and hoeing in the outlying fields, the loaded wagons went and came, the anvil rang from the blacksmith's shop, pedler's carts made their rounds from door to door, and the owners of shops, such as they were, bought and sold their wares. If, however, it happened to be Sunday in the country, when the church-bells call to service, a good many women and children would wend their way to church, but the men who responded to the summons were few and far between.

Apart from country sights and village scenes, the ride

from Nice to Genoa was uneventful till we arrived at Ventimiglia, the Italian frontier, which was about half the distance again to Genoa. It was a beastly hot day, with the thermometer registering 102 degrees in the shade, if not more; so that with a small unattractive place, an untidy, poorly-equipped station, the difficulty of changing French francs into Italian lire, besides encountering officials whose beautiful Italian was for the most part wasted on most of us Americans, our first impressions of "Sunny Italy" were, while vivid, far from agreeable. Here it was, however, at Ventimiglia that we experienced the kindness and courtesy of Italy's distinguished hero. As the train pulled into the station we noticed, to our surprise, a large gathering of soldiers and other uniformed men standing in the vicinity and giving to the pilgrims every manifestation of respect and good-will. We discovered after a little while that all these soldiers had been sent by order of Mussolini to meet our special train, and to see that none of the passengers were molested in any way by the inspection either of one's person or one's personal effects, such as luggage or other things. Then after we left Ventimiglia to continue the journey to Genoa, we also discovered that, again due to the orders of Mussolini, the Roman Chief of Police and his assistant were to accompany the party not only to Genoa, but from Genoa to Rome itself. The consideration and courtesy of Italy's honored son and ruler called forth the following telegram.

THE HONORABLE PREMIER MUSSOLINI:

"When the Jesuit Sodality Pilgrimage to Rome, under the auspices of Thomas Cook and Sons, entered Italy for the first time, we learned of your wonderful kindness to its members. Let me then, in the name of the pilgrims, first thank you and then wish you long life and prosperity":

REV. M. A. CLARK, S. J. *Director.*

Going from French Nice to Italy was like passing from a garden of sweet-smelling roses to a place littered with unsightly debris. To get from Ventimiglia to Genoa we had to pass through thirty-two tunnels. Of course this was anything but pleasant, especially since the afternoon was a sultry one. It interfered, too, with seeing

whatever was to be seen of the beauty of Northern Italy; so the refreshing moments were those intervals when we skirted the lovely blue waters of the Mediterranean as we emerged from one tunnel before plunging headlong into another. We arrived at Genoa just about sunset. There was little of interest to observe in the place, and the fact is that we had no time for any sight-seeing, since our schedule called for an early departure on the morrow. The overnight hotel accomodations were splendid; so after getting rid of grime and dirt and soot, we all were content to rest for a while in peaceful repose.

ROME—THE ETERNAL CITY.

Bright and early on Saturday, August the first, we continued on our journey by rail from Genoa to Rome. After we had again passed through at least forty tunnels, one of which was twenty miles in length, we breathed more freely in the wide open stretches of land that lay between the mountains rising up to towering heights on the right and left of us. That was a glorious afternoon. There was a flood of bright, clear sunshine everywhere. Then, if ever, one could say in all truth, "sunny Italy". And yet, notwithstanding the exquisite blue dome of heaven above, one might detect here and there magnificent banks of white clouds resting, as it were, on the summits of the lofty Appennines. That evening we reached Rome—the Eternal City and Mistress of the World in ancient times.

Of course, we must bear in mind that Rome is the center of our Catholic Faith. There beats the great heart of of our religion. Just as every one desires to revisit the home of his childhood, especially if he be placed far away from it in another land, so it is the ambition of every Catholic to visit Rome sometime during his life, to feel the beating of that great heart, to see face to face and to receive the blessing of the Father of us all, Our Holy Father the Pope. If with our modern ideas, the first sight of Rome, old with the age of centuries, fails to impress us, let us remember that Rome is the city which the Saviour of men, Jesus Christ, chose to be the center of religion, and the perpetual See of His Vicar, the city whence flow forth the purest fountains of holy doctrine and heavenly pardon. Here are awaiting us the good wishes of the

commom Father of us all, loved by us and loving us. Here we shall find open to us the most ancient burial places, the sepulchres of the Princes of the Apostles, the venerated relics of the glorious Martyrs, the temples which throughout the ages have been built in honor of God and the Saints with so much splendor of art that they have always been and always will be objects of admiration to the whole world. For 2,500 years the great City upon the Seven Hills has been dominant in human annals, and presents to a Catholic invaluable historical evidence of the truth and antiquity of his religion.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

The formal making of the Pilgrimage began on Sunday morning, when at an early hour we found ourselves at St. Paul's without the Walls, one of the four Basilicas which the Pilgrims are required to visit to gain the Indulgences of the Jubilee. In this year, 1925, in the case of Pilgrims going to Rome, our Holy Father, Pius XI, grants "fullest remission and pardon of their sins to all who, having confessed and communicated, shall visit the Basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major, and pray for Our Intention, at least once a day for ten days". These ten days are reduced to a smaller number as the necessities of the Pilgrim may repuire. The concession was granted American Sodalists to complete the Pilgrimage by making three visits to each Basilica for two days.

The actual making of the Pilgrimage was simple enough, yet in its very simplicity lay its inspiration and appeal. All the Pilgrims gathered in the portico outside the Basilica of St. Paul, about 300 or more in number. Then forming into pairs, the clerics first, the lay-folk behind them, we proceeded to enter the Cathedral by the Porta Santa or Holy Door. One of the priests, bearing a large wooden cross, led the pilgrims in procession up the nave of the Basilica till we came to the main altar of St. Paul, at which a second Father offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As the Pilgrims slowly and prayerfully moved up the wide center aisle, the great Basilica resounded with the singing of the hymn, "Come Holy Ghost Creator blest". It was indeed all very beautiful, and there were none of us who did not feel deeply the thrill of the

momentous occasion. During the Mass, the Pilgrims prayed aloud for the intention of His Holiness the Pope, and sang alternately. The Holy Sacrifice over, again the procession was formed, and as we sang the beautiful words of the hymn, "O Lord, I am not worthy", we marched out from the massive, imposing Cathedral erected to the honor and glory of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

From St. Paul's we went to St. John Lateran; from St. John Lateran to St. Mary Major and thence to St. Peter's. In all these various Basilicas the same simple ceremony was carried out, save for the saying of Holy Mass. On Monday morning our Jubilee Pilgrimage was completed. Surely we all thanked God for the great privilege; for even though the Indulgences of the Jubilee are not as rare now as they were six or seven centuries ago, the benefits of inspiration, enlivening and vigor to our Faith that come from a visit to Rome will always remain the same. I am sure that not one among the Pilgrims but returned to America with our Faith strengthened, and our will animated with a higher purpose.

We might mention here that from 1425 to 1925 these Jubilees have continued regularly every twenty-five years, except the three years, 1800, 1850, 1875, when the troubled condition of Europe made traveling impossible.

M. A. Clark, S. J.

PRACTISING THE PRECEPT FOR THE MISSIONS.

For years we have been teaching and preaching to the children in our schools the theory of support of the Church and pastor. We have been exhorting and advising and explaining the obligation of every Catholic man, woman and child, until our pupils know the formula by rote, and entertain the deep conviction of its necessity. But have we been practising it? Have we illustrated it by putting the theory into practice, by putting our words and advice in acts, by setting forth the practical demonstration of our direction and teaching, so that a life-long conviction follows? All athletic success is acquired by constant, gruelling, body-bruising practice, and no approach to perfection is attained in life's battle without self-abnegation and mortification. So also must the observance of the precept of the Church calling upon us to support our Church and pastor, be started early in life, and at inconvenience to our likes and tastes. We must begin to place the teaching of our Catechism into force and practice from the days of the class-room; and if we grasp the importance of the Church's command to support our parish and its ministers whilst we imbibe its doctrine, we will become the faithful parishioners our Holy Mother seeks in spreading her voice to all parts of the world.

This policy of practising the precept from class-room to parish has been adopted with relation to the Missions, foreign and home, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and the results have been satisfactory and amazing. It has proved that the students of College years will respond generously to the needs of Missions and Missionaries if a systematic and intelligent effort is made to enlist their interest and charity in a worthy cause. At the beginning of Lent in 1920, the needs of the Missions were called to the attention of the student body, or to put it as the Office History records: "A Maryknoll Mite Box landed in the Office of Discipline a few days before Lent, and we decided to collect the pennies for the Foreign Mis-

sions. Each permission issued during Lent is expected to bring one cent to the box, payable on return after the permission has been enjoyed. As there are now in school 550 boarders, we have been receiving on the average three or four dollars a week, and up to the present, one month after we started the practice, we have been gratified to find that over $21 has accumulated for the American Catholic Missions in the Far East. We expect to send over $25 to Maryknoll before Easter as the happy results of a little scheme. It has been so successful that we are thinking of continuing the practice on Home and Town Permissions for the rest of the school year, dividing the results among the different foreign mission fields with which we are acquainted. Each week the "score of contributed pennies is posted on the bulletin Board, and some narrative of what that amount means to the Catholic Missioner in foreign fields." The scheme became a factor in college life and evolved into a custom. In the first three years of Mission help through this means, $620.00 was collected, and relief given to the missions in Jamaica, B. W. I., Philippine Islands, China, Negro and Indian missions in this country, The Fathers of the Divine Word, Propagation of the Faith, Serbian, Russian, Japanese, and German Missions. Every penny counted, and much was accomplished with little. In five years the pennies amounted to $1500.00; and with the interest keyed up and enthusiasm aroused, the students were ready for special calls upon their generosity, and during that time gave $1000.00 to very worthy appeals that merited immediate action. On one occasion a Jesuit Father who had taught at Holy Cross College the preceding year, was transferred to the mission field of Jamaica, B. W. I., and had assigned to him the mission of Spanishtown, B. W. I., which was greatly in need of outside assistance. He wrote back to the Mission Unit of the College and stated his needs, and in particular mentioned that he had no conveyance by which he might reach distant parts of his thirty square miles of parish. At once the Mission Unit sought to obtain a Ford machine for him, and the entire student body was asked to contribute to the collection, each one giving one dollar. The Mite Box carried forward its good work and continued to receive its penny

offerings and at times larger amounts. Gradually the collection for the former professor, now a missionary, grew, and before many weeks $600.00 had been subscribed by the boys. More was added to the amount from the Mite Box and the check sent to the priest. A Ford was bought and on the first journey of the machine, purchased by the consideration of the Holy Cross Boys, an event happened that more than pleased the students for their kindly thought of missioners in other fields. The Father was driving his Ford through parts of his parish that he had never seen, along a remote dusty road, when he was hailed by several little colored boys who urged him to enter a nearby cabin, as they said an old man and woman were sick. The Father went in, and found two old colored people near death, whom he baptised and prepared for death, and whilst he waited two souls departed this life. The remembrance of a former professor, coupled with the generous giving and an interest in the Missions by the students, resulted in the saving of two souls.

The success of the Mite Box proved greater possibilities could be accomplished with a more systematic method, a little work, and a small determined amount from each contributor on a definite day. The Mission envelope solved the problem. The first Sunday of Lent last year was appointed as opening day of this tremendous work, which means so much to missionaries in all parts of the world. Envelopes numbered and with the date of the Sunday were distributed to all resident students on the preceding Sunday, and notices were posted on the college bulletin boards, asking cooperation in this work and explaining its operation. Mimeographed notices regarding the work and what it would mean to the spread of the Faith were distributed through the boxes of the College Postoffice to insure all reading details of the plan, and assuring greater success and personal consideration than a single bulletin board notice. The students were instructed to put their sealed envelopes in the collection basket at Mass: or if they forgot the envelop at Mass-time, to put their donation in the Mite Box in the Office of Discipline; always, however, in an envelope with their proper number, so that credit might be given for their alms. At Mass on Sunday the project was preached, and

they were told clearly how all this money would go to home and foreign missions. In that first Sunday collection ever held in the College Chapel, over 550 envelopes were returned, and before the week was over had totaled $84.60, and the Sunday Mission collection was an assured thing and an important part of the College life. This same method was followed week after week, and each Sunday the Class Presidents at the usual time of Mass took up the collection. In the sixteen Sundays, from that first Sunday in Lent, March 1st, 1925, until the Sunday before Commencement in June, a grand total of $1,345.94 was brought to the Mission cause by the offerings of the student body and lay Faculty of the College. It was their method of observing the precept of the Church, and putting in practice the theory as explained to them from the days of their first schooling. Close to 800 envelopes were distributed weekly, to be exact 789, and if the student placed his dime therein each of the sixteen Sundays to June, the exact amount would be $1,262.40. The grand total however, from the records kept, showed that $1,345.95 was received, and this excess shows the enthusiasm of the contributors and the interest that was developed in the movement. But it was accomplished only by system and organization, a great willingness to work on the part of the officers of the Mission Unit, and by continual vivifying of the bulletin board with the appeals for help and the happy, expressive thanks of noble priests slaving in pagan islands for the Cause of Christ. Exact records of all contributions were kept according to the number on the envelope, and those who had failed to contribute were informed and urged to join in this movement for souls. In not even one case was there difficulty of any kind, and during the summer after the collection had closed with the school year, over $30.00 was received by mail from those who failed to give during the school session. In all cases where those failing in their contributions were approached about the matter, the same reasons for failure were asserted, forgetfulness or the fact that at the time they were a little short in pocket money,

At the resumption of school in the Fall of 1925 it was necessary after the summer rest to revive the Mission in-

terest in the students returning and the incoming class of Freshmen. Mimeographed notices were prepared with all details of the Mission work, past successes and future plans, and it was made a personal appeal by placing a copy in each Postoffice box.

MISSION CRUSADE

The Holy Cross Mission Unit of the Studeuts' Mission Crusade has distinguished itself in its work for souls. Last year $1,350 was collected by the envelope system and distributed to missions in all parts of the world. Great good was done by our contributions in Jamaica, B. W. I., Philippine Islands, China, India, Czecho-Slovakia, Zambesy in South Africa, Germany, Holland, Italy, Canada, and Indian Missions in the western part of the United States. Besides money, 2000 pieces of clothing, weighing in all one ton, were sent to the Indians of South Dakota and Montana, and over 5000 Catholic papers were forwarded to the Philippines, Zambesi and Jamaica. What the Missionaries think of the Holy Cross Crusaders is evident from letters posted on the Bulletin Boord.

Envelopes will be distributed weekly in the P. O. boxes, and each student is urged to contribute ten cents each week to this worthy cause. We expect to receive and distribute this year $3,500.00 for missionary work, and we can use Catholic papers, clothing, shoes, caps, etc.,in our missionary work. Collection of envelopes will be made each Sunday at the Student's Mass by the four class presidents. Those who absent themselves or forget their envelope may deposit their offering in the Mite Boxes of the Office.

H. C. UNIT OF THE MISSION CRUSADE

This notice afforded a real healthy start from the opening of school, and when the students returned they found awaiting them in their Postofflice boxes envelopes for the three Sundays of September, though school resumed a few days prior to the third Sunday. To have omitted the the first two Sundays of the Month would mean a loss to to Mission work of over $150.00, and the enthusiasm of the students for the labors of the missionaries was dis-

played by their willingness to fill the envelopes found in their boxes. A greater loss would be sustained if the collection was omitted on the Sundays of the Easter and Christmas vacation; and they readily realized that whilst they were resting from their books, the work of God was going on without rest or recreation. Envelopes were provided for forty Sundays of the year, beginning with the first Sunday of September and continuing without interruption until the Sunday before the Commencement of June.

The envelope system has produced an average collection of $85.00 for the week. For the twenty-one Sundays from September 5th to the time this is written, after January 24th, an average Sunday collection has amounted to $87.04, or $1,827.74 for the entire first term of the school year. For those twenty-one Sundays 16,905 envelopes have been distributod to the students, and all of them have been returned with their offering except 968. A few prefer to pay by the year and do not care to be disturbed by a weekly envelope. Their difficulty is easily solved by accepting $4.00 for the full school term. Others wait for five or ten weeks and settle for that period. Most of the students pay as each week's envelope is presented to them, and this is encouraged, for the money is forwarded to needy missions as fast at is represents a helpful check. Of the total amount thus far received this present school year, over $1,800.00, already $1,700.00 is working among the needy and bringing down merit on the generous contributors. From March 1st, 1925, when the mission envelope was inaugurated here to January 24th, when the last collection was taken up, the students of Holy Cross College have supported their Mission Unit by contributions amounting to $3,173.68, to which must be added another hundred dollars from special donations and Mite Box offerings. And this grand total of more than $3,000.00 is the offspring of the abiding Faith and Charity of 800 Catholic boys, who have given generously of their spending money at a sacrifice to self, in order that their less fortunate brethern in all parts of the world might live and grow in the service of God. This is a practical observance of the precept; and if so much can be accomplished by the Holy Cross Unit of the Catholic Students'

Mission Crusade with a little effort and a system, if the laboring missionaries and impoverished peoples can be thus aided by the Christ-like activity for souls in one College, who shall estimate the immeasureable good which could be secured if every Catholic college instituted a similar unit and followed along the lines of the same system? How vital it is, and yet how much effort and work are required to interest our people in these poor ones of Christ! The envelope method now adopted in so many churches and so universally known' has placed by systematic giving more than a few parishes on a firm financial basis. And if a monthly mission envelope seeking one-third of a cent a day was distributed to the Catholics of this country, the amount obtained for the Missions, home and foreign, would be stupendous and hard to believe. That would be ten cents a month, or $1.20 for a year. With 17,000,000 Catholics in the country that would amount to $21,000.000 for the year. Allowing for shortage and shrinkage, and clerical costs to supervise this amount, we should have at least $10,000,-000 for the needs of our Missionaries and Missions. With all our Catholics in this country, the direct outgrowth of missionary endeavor on the part of heroic missionaries of the past who laid the roots of the Faith deep in the soil, we should have a monstrous sum for the aid of the Missionary work of the present, and should cope better than we do with the gigantic Protestant missionary efforts.

But the beginning of this movement must be in the Colleges; first the boarding schools of boys aud girls throughout the country, where young men and young women are being trained in Catholic principles and doctrine, but where in most cases the weekly collection as becomes the parish is not thought of. The college and school are but the anti-chamber of the parish, and the Sunday collection for the Missions is the only practical way to bring home to these future parishioners the solemn precept of that Church, which calls upon all to contribute according to their means toward the support of their pastor and Church. If a child can afford the opportunity of a boarding school or resident school, if would seem to follow that, out of of the spending money allotted to such a child in the

course of its education, a certain free contribution of at least ten cents should be made every Sunday for the work among souls in other fields; and thus in a practical and definite manner the great importance of such a precept would be brought home to the student's mind. Such contributions during school life are more certain to produce faithful supporters of the Church and better parishioners of the future. Assuredly we educators will not be open to the charge that we train our children in literature, art and science, but fail to bring home to them their duty in life as loyal and faithful servants in all that their Mother the Church requires.

Why cannot this collegiate observance of the precept be installed in every Catholic resident school in the country? Every student at these schools, away from home and family, is without a method of practising the precept of Church support, a serious obligation of his whole life. Deprived of the weekly collection he is not getting exercise in giving to God's House. Nine months from the school year, and in that period of education and discipline he is away from the family circle and home parish, and, beyond the necessary restraints of college rule, he follows a routine of duties very similar to the ordinary day at home. He receives instruction and direction in his religous duties, but fails to conform himself to the policy and the activities of his home parish owing to his absence. He does not hear from the Altar the needs of the parish, and loses the personal touch with affairs there that once interested him before he went to College. He forgets the necessity of aiding and cooperating in Church work, as it is most probable that, with nine months spent in school and three months for vacation, not more than thirty days of the year, and that in summer, is the resident college student a worshipper at his own parish Church. The college weekly collection for a definite need such as the mission, stamps indelibly on the mind the thought of others, and makes him realize the lofty and noble work that Catholic missionaries are performing in all parts of the world in the midst of discomfort and inconvenience and suffering because of their love for Christ.

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has an ex-

pressive watchword characterizing its purpose. "That America may know and serve the missions" is its first objective, and as its Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. F. A. Thill, recently wrote: "If America can be made to know more about the missons, their problems, their necessity and the obligations which they place upon all Catholics, service to the missions is bound to be offered more generously." But how is America to know about the work of others in foreign fields unless the appreciation of their labors and the thought of them is frequently brought to the attention of our students in a way that is practical, and in a way that will make them understand and almost feel the good that they are doing by their contributions? The Mission Crusade has been swelling its numbers year after year, and now more than 400,000 Catholic students of our land are in its ranks. With a mission collection every week of ten cents from this army of souls, a definite almost negligible pittance of our weekly expense, $40,000.00 weekly would be the students' offering to mission activity. If this system was followed for a year of school life, the Mission Crusaders would have contributed of their personal funds the staggering total of $1,600,000.00. A million and a half from those students only who are members of the Mission Crusade would mean so much more material encouragement to those now in the field. What would be the sum accumulated if a system of weekly Mission collection was followed in every Catholic school in the United States, first the boarding schools, and then the day schools? How quickly America would be made to know more about the missions and the problems and difficulties that beset the missionaries, who have given up everything to spread God's Word among those in darkness! And yet with a practical system and a willingness to work and a definite sum, it is possible, and the fruit of the labor is sweet.

After nearly a year of experience in a weekly mission collection at Holy Cross College among some 800 resident students, what are the tangible results of the plan? There is no doubt that the fruit of the labor is sweet, for there is a consciousness that the students understand their practical obligation to contribute to the support of their Church, and have absorbed an interest and enthusiasm

for the workers in the mission field. They have read from the letters of appeal and cordial thanks the trials and tribulations of the missionary, and have absorbed in some part the principle that it is more blessed to give than receive. They have noted from the bulletin board how their dime on Sunday has been added to other dimes; and as time moved on, a great amount was collected and work accomplished; and from a few pennies their offerings have mounted into thousands. They know in one instance where a check of $30.00 was sent to a missionary priest, and his letter of gratitude told of his tears of joy on receiving this gift, because his yearly collection from his charges amounted to 99 cents. They know that this Unit of which they are members is at this time educating a priest in Czecho-Slovakia, and also a scholastic of the Society; a seminarian in South India and another in South Africa; supporting four catechists in South Africa and India; is educating five colored children in the South; and has purchased and sustains a leper bed in a hospital at Santarem, Brazil. These are the larger works which are carried on, and which have merited great commendation and praise for the Holy Cross boy. To quote a Father of the Society at the Archbishop's Seminary in Prague, Czechoslovakia, on receiving the check for the eduation of a priest of the diocese: "You cannot imagine what a thrill of joy and admiration filled our Community when I announced the reception of your gift. The students as well as the Fathers of the Society were astounded at the method of gathering those funds for the missions and similar works for the salvation of souls. Their idea of the American boy was that he is a happy-go-lucky lad, with no thought of others, ever thinking of his own comforts and interests, materialistic in his views of life and a stranger to sacrifices. I explained your Mite Box to them, and translated your letter into Bohemian, which was read to all. Now they look at the American Jesuit and at the American boy from a different angle. As a consequence they take the American student as a model of self-sacrifice and generosity. The entire proceeding had a deeper and more lasting effect than a long sermon. Their generosity in small things is becoming practical.

Their piety is becoming more than skin deep. Holy Cross to them is their ideal". These and similar letters are a real stimulus to the work, and every letter of appeal and thanks is placed on the bulletin board, with reports on collections received and disbursements made. The result is what one would expect from a large gathering of Catholic boys, and it is Faith and sacrifice and Charity like this that is placing American Catholics in the front rank as heralds of the belief we follow.

JOHN D. WHEELER, S. J.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE JESUITS FROM VIGAN

The first indications of leaving Vigan were given by the Bishop himself before Christmas and after, when he made pronouncements in public and private to the effect that the Jesuits would not be in the College the coming year. The Scholastics were in blissful ignorance of what was really going to happen: but piecing rumor with rumor, they definitely settled in their council chamber after dinner what Colleges they would open next year, and where they would send each member of the community. What were some further signs of the times? The pigs were being sold, the long lines of stately tomes in the Library began to disappear, Father Superior was here for Commencement. Yes, it was the beginning of end. The following is a rough diary of the events connected with the formal departure.

March 15th:

Commencement Day. The Bishop is not present. In his address Father Rector spoke to this effect: The Grade School and the High School will open again June 16th. Circulars will be sent aronnd to all the parents explaining the prospectus for the coming year. We Jesuits are departing after a twenty-year's stay. We go at the command of Superiors. Like the Centurion in the Holy Gospel, our Rev. Father General says: "Go!" and we go; "Come!" and we come. We go, but not all. We leave a precious remembrance,—the dear ones who repose in the Cemetery.

Rev. Father Superior then arose and spoke in Spanish for about twenty-five minutes. Here is the substance of his discourse: In 1905 we Jesuits first came to Vigan. Five Black Robes disembarked at Pandan, the harbor, and you Viganites received us with a heartiness and warmth which we shall never forget. You escorted us to the College. You helped us fit up the house, running around with beds and chairs making us comfortable in every way. Where would we have been without you? But we tried to repay you. Some of our men have died laboring for you. Whose fault is it that we are leaving after so short a sojourn? Nobody's—or let us say it is the devil's fault. But maybe you are not satisfied with such an answer. Again you ask: "Why are you going away from us?" The voice of Very Rev. Father General is God's voice. Word has come from him that we must depart for these two reasons: The Holy See says that the Seminary and College must separate; the number of students in the College is becoming smaller and smaller each year. All of us, whether we are American, Spanish, French or German, when we come here to Vigan, we are Filipinos, and not only Filipinos, but Ilocanos, Viganenses (loud applause). Keep the school up—it is the greatest of its kind between here and Manila. We go, leaving our hearts with you; we go, thanking you for your manifestations of affection; we go, promising never to forget your charity, your goodness and your love. Father Superior's speech was applauded very much. Some of the women even wept. The Principales of Vigan shake hands with us as we pass through the audience, and wish us a "Feliz Viaje."

March 19th:

Farewell Banquet in the College, at which the Bishop, the Governor of Ilocos Sur and all the Principales of Vigan were present. The first one to speak was Ex-Governor Crisólogo. Before running on, let us take a hurried glance at this honorable gentleman. In the days of the Filipino Revolution Don Mena Crisólogo was incarcerated in Bilidid Prison, Manila, by the politicos. He had the whole-hearted sympathy of the Jesuits, so much so, that a Spanish Jesuit Father together with Joaquin Vilallonga (then a Scholastic) used to go over very often to console

him in his fetters. Well, when the Jesuits first came to Vigan in 1905, Don Mena Crisólogo was the acting Governor of Ilocos Sur. He warmly welcomed the first Sons of Ignatius who disembarked at Pandan, and, as would be expected, showed himself grateful and devoted to us in every way. Here he was now, with the ravages of twenty years on his brow, hoary but genial, rising up to say "Aufwiedersehen!" to us. The venerable Señor was too full of emotion to speak. He started off: "I know that the occasion of this gathering is separation. I do not want to talk about *separation*—it is too painful—let us say we are gathered here in honor of St. Joseph. As I do not know who the Josephs are in this assembly, I extend my felicitations to Joaquín (Joaquín Vilallonga), the Father of St. Joseph." With this two-minute address the good gentleman seated himself. Now it happens that the word for father-in-law in Spanish is "Padre Politico," which word Mr. Crisólogo used, and of course in a very honest sense. When the "Fest" was done, the Bishop jokingly referred to Father Vilallonga as the "Padre Politico." We shall see how this little "Padre Politico" anecdote fits in with a fiery oration later on.

Then the Bishop spoke. He went on to say how all Ilocos was sad, but he trusted that it would soon rise out of its sadness. He here made some comparisons, showing how the fact that the Jesuits were leaving Vigan was not "aliquid novi." The same thing happened before: for instance, when the Jesuits left the Seminary of which St. Charles Borromeo had charge—also, how in the United States the Jesuits bade adieu to a College which they took care of for thirty-eight years. He declared that the people of Vigan should not be attached to any one teaching body or corporation—they should be in sympathy with every teaching body. The Catholic Church is universal. There was once a boy who was being registered in a school. When asked his religion he replied: "Our pastor was a Presbyterian, but since he died we stopped going to church." So, even though the Jesuits may be dead to us after they are gone, we must keep on—our faith and religion must not stop. The Bishop finished by saying that after this Calvary, after this Good Friday there

ought to be a joyful Easter. He expressed his hearty gratitude to the Jesuits.

Father Vilallonga arose and praised the "gran discurso" of the Bishop. The Bishop's words, he said, were very true. Appearances very often deceive. The Bishop may sometimes appear to be very angry, but deep down in his heart he is thinking of your best interests. Only three days ago he told me a secret which exemplified his great zeal in your behalf. We are going away from you corporally, but we are staying with you morally. I shall tell Very Rev. Fr. General all the words the Bishop used on this occasion. We ask the Bishop in his magnanimity to cover all our faults during the last twenty years as with a mantle, and remember that we are only trying to do our best. Help the Bishop with your money and brains. You are the refined body of Vigan.

March 22nd:

From 9 to 12 a. m. we had a reception at the house of Don Mena Crisólogo, ex-Governor of Ilocos Sur. This was followed by a "Tente-en-pie," a repast of which all the guests, I suppose about fifty, partook heartily. You may praise American largess and bounty; you may extol the Briton for his finesse in the social chamber and his reverence for all the laws of hospitality; but the guileless Ilocano manifests a geniality and a magnanimity beneath his humble roof that goes straight to the heart of the of the most cynical Yankee. The snow-white board, laden down with all kinds of meats and dainties; the tiers of sandwiches standing mountains high; the delicate "carnero" and "vaca" tastily arranged on gigantic platters—all brought one back to the good old days of William the Conqueror. The good matrons and the younger folk, who whisked to and fro with tinkling glasses, really took it amiss if we did not show signs of a good appetite. "Tente-en-pie" means "Have yourself on foot!!" We have nothing like it in America. It is something between English Tiffin and American Tea—a "mestizo" in the strict sense of the word. For one hour and a quarter we listened to the farewell speeches of the intellectual and wealthy strata of Vigan. Here was the culture of Vigan society, here was the blue blood, our Alumni—the pro-

duct of our twenty-year stay in Northern Luzon—some of them with tears in their eyes, emphasizing the very deep regret they felt at our going. "It is a keen loss," they said, "irreparable; all of us here in Ilocos feel sincere sorrow and disappointment at the separation." Some of the noteworthy speakers were Mr. Ramos, the Governor of the Province; Mr. Soliven, prominent lawyer and able penman of the *Defensores de Libertad;* and Father Pasion, easily the best preacher we have here in Ilocos Sur. (Just in passing it is good to note that it did the Scholastics no harm to study Spanish when the hurley-burley of class was done, because all the addresses at the two receptions were in pure Castilian.) Mr. Soliven's oration is worthy of mention. He started off by saying that he had made no preparation—there are times when no preparation is necessary. When the heart is throbbing with some deep emotion, eloquence bursts forth unbidden. "Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur." To continue in Mr. Soliven's own words: "Twelve years ago I was a Protestant. I was going to Vigan High School where my delusions were, not put to rout, but encouraged. Today I might have been a Protestant Minister for all I know. When I went to the Jesuit Seminary (College) there was a complete metamorphosis in my life. The golden sunrise of truth sent the dank, murky clouds of of Protestantism a-scurrying. I owe my faith to the Jesuits."

Father Villalonga's speech was about the most prominent feature of anything connected with our exodus from Vigan. He closed the College with a "bang". Yet it was a Sophocles closing. The Toastmaster, who is a father of a Jesuit Novice, laughingly introduces Father Superior as the Padre Politico—which appellation is an echo of three days before. Father Superior rises to his feet with grave mien. "I am introduced as the Padre Politico, but in the name of the whole Society, in the name of all my 'Hermanos aqui' I solemnly declare that there are absolutely no politics in the Society of Jesus. The only politics that the Society of Jesus professes is union, union among its members in the grand work of Jesus Christ. We are not working for our own

interests. If we were, we would never be here in Vigan. We teach physics, chemistry, mathematics—we have our big laboratories; we have our Observatory here in Manila —but what is it all for? It is to attract boys to us, so that we may bring them to Christ." Thus Father Superior went on with the American Superintendent of the Public High School sitting directly before him. In his conclusion he softened, speaking soothingly to the Toastmaster, telling him that he knew that he, the Toastmaster, had used the words, Padre Politico, in jest. He begged pardon of his audience, if he seemed to offend anybody—"Again, a hundred times 'thank you!' for your touching messages of appreciation—we shall never forget the sturdy Ilocano. His interests are always our interests. My dear friends, look to your Reverend Bishop here as your Captain. Line up behind him. Help him with all your resources in the grand cause of Christ. In union alone will you go forward." Rounds of applause greeted Father Superior's address. Looking at the whole situation from the box-seats the tyro-missionary may well say: "After all it takes all of seventeen years' training to close a College tactfully." The Bishop closed the day with a few very short words, ending up with: "Let us all say the Angelus for union!"

Passing out of the Crisólogo mansion with a fervent "Feliz Viaje" ringing in our ears, we went back to the College to say "a Dios" to the first contingent of Jesuits departing for the South. Two were off for Manila, two for Mindanao. Truly it was something like the tale of Evangeline. In a short while the rest of us would be disbanded. Some of us would be attached to the Colegio de San Jose; some would fill a breach in the Ateneo,—and the humble Lay Brothers—some mayhap to the land of the Moro, others to Bombay. Such an exodus is not an everyday occurrence in the Society. It brings you back to things you read about in B. N.

March 23rd:

To-day everybody, except Rev. Fr. Superior, Fr. Rector and the four Lay Brothers, who put everything in shape for our successors, departs for Baguio. Although it is only 7 in the morning, a good number of the Semin-

ary-College youngsters are at the door to see the crowded truck roll away for the mountains, a distance of 180 kilometers or more. Tears are in some of the boys' eyes. Two Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word will most probably direct the school this year. The Faculty, most likely, will be made up of teachers in and around Vigan—whether priests or laymen—*sub judice lis est.* Next year the professors will be Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. Techny is not quite ready to fill the breach just now. Our Seminarians are off for Manila. The Porta Santa of Vigan is sealed up for the Sons of Ignatius. When will it be opened again?

JOSEPH L. HISKEN, S. J.

OBSERVATIONS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

The City of Hongkong, on the Island of Victoria, is one of the beauty spots of the world, and is located in the south-eastern part of China just off the China Sea. This city, with a population of over half a million, is truly unique in several respects. Almost the entire city is built on the side of a mountain, only a small portion of it being on level ground; in fact only two city blocks all along the water front are level and then the ascent is very steep. The incline is so great that rickshaws cannot be used on these thoroughfares, but sedan-chairs are employed instead to carry the people up the inclined streets. The chairs are made of bamboo and along the sides are two hickory poles about ten feet long; over the chair is a small canopy to protect one from the sun and rain. Two Chinese coolies carry one person. As soon as the coolies start walking, the passenger is swayed with an up and down motion, and the coolies take a step forward each time the passenger is on the ascent or descent, and this lightens the burden considerably. Another odd feature of Hongkong is this: there are no horses here, all the work usually done by dray-horses is done by the coolies.

There are over a thousand beautiful homes built on the side of this mountain and every bit of material (bricks, stone, cement, wood, sand, etc.), used to build these houses was carried up the mountain on the human shoul-

ders of the Chinese coolies, and most of these are women. When one stands on the opposite shore of Hongkong harbour and this thought is kept in mind, one is struck with awe and amazement. One of the most striking views in the world is to see this mountain-city illuminated at night. Imagine a huge Christmas-tree five miles wide and a thousand feet high adorned with fifty thousand electric lights, then you get a faint idea of this unique sight.

A short distance up the steep incline of Flower Street is the Catholic Cathedral, a pure gothic structure, and in charge of the Italian Missionary Fathers of Milan. Each year during Lent, these Fathers have a mission for their people, and they send a request to the Ateneo de Manila in the Philippines for one of the American Fathers to conduct the mission and to give several retreats. So on March 14, I started on the journey of six hundred and forty miles across the China Sea to the unique mountain-city. On arrival, the first assignment was to preach a sermon at St. Joseph's church on the feast of St. Patrick. The circumstances on this occasion were rather singular and worth mentioning: an American Jesuit, of German extraction, at the request of the Polish pastor, lauding the praises of the Patron of Ireland, in a British Colony to a cosmopolitan audience. Surely our faith is catholic.

In the afternoon of the same day began the retreat to the girls at the Italian Convent. The number on retreat were two hundred and twenty; about forty of these were Chinese pagans. Attached to the convent is a hostel for working girls; one of these, a non-Catholic, was solemnly baptized and received into the Church after the retreat. The second retreat was given to the girls in the school of the French Convent; here about eighty-five made the Exercises. This institution is in charge of the Sisters of Charity from Chartres. These Sisters are doing splendid work for the good of souls, and their occupations are varied and intensive. They have a large Hospital, a Boarding-school and a Day-school; special classes for Chinese pagans, an Orphanage, an Industrial School and an Infant Home, where they care for the cast off Chinese babies. During the retreat one is also requested to give

several talks to the Philippino nurses who are in training in the hospital. While there an adult Chinese pagan was was received into the Church.

Having finished the work at the French Convent, the next occupation was to give the Spiritual Exercises to the boys of St. Joseph's College. This school is under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and over three hundred boys attended the Exercises. The fourth retreat was given to the Children of Mary of Holy Rosary Church in Kowloon.

On the day that last retreat closed the mission at the Cathedral opened. The attendance was large, over twelve hundred came each evening for eight days; one evening fourteen hundred were present. Again the universality or catholicity of the Church is much in evidence here, because in the audience there are people from all over the globe; there are present: Portuguese, English, Irish, Americans, Spanish, Italians, Chinese, Indians, and South Americans. Then too, we have in this unique audience the Protestant Bishop of the Episcopal Church, also the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, several Chinese pagan Priests, about a dozen Parsies, a few Indians and about one hundred Protestants. Great interest is evidenced from the attention of the people, from the great number of daily Communions, from the many Confessions, from the great many consultations and also from the many questions asked. The question-box was well patronized, and many instructive and important questions were asked by Catholics and Protestants. Some questions showed a great lack of proper instruction in the fundamentals of Religion. Then too, some questions were a bit startling; for example, this inquiry was made in all seriousness: "Why is it that all creatures, human and otherwise, have gall-stones, except the deer?" Another one: "Why is it that the angels in pictures, statues, paintings, etc., are all kneeling on one knee?" This person requested a reply in writing.

A very unfortunate feature of this Catholic community is that even though this large city is in a British colony, still in all Hongkong and Kowloon there is not a real English-speaking priest. The Maryknoll Fathers devote

all their efforts to the Chinese according to their Institute.

At the end of the mission almost two thousand received Holy Communion; three adults were received into the Church and two left under instruction. The opportunity for doing work for souls in Hongkong is great and consoling, even though the demands are many and varied. Every Catholic Institution requests one's services, so much so, that fifty-two sermons were delivered in nineteen days.

The port of Hongkong has been very much affected by the Chinese boycott. This boycott against the British began in June, 1925, and has been a severe blow to the British business firms operating in Honkgong. However, the Chinese losses have been greater than the losses sustained by the British. One of the important Chinese merchants informed me that for every dollar lost, the Chinese lost 70% and the British only 30%. All the telegrams and cables sent from Canton and Shanghai to Hongkong are censored by the British Government. Almost all regulars sailings of boats to many parts of China have ceased operations because of the anti-foreign feeling that exists at the present time. The Maryknoll Fathers are having great difficulty in reaching their missions; they are obliged to take any junk available, and that mode of travel is very slow and uncertain, most uncomfortable and even dangerous because of the many pirates and bandits. The Chinese soldiers have occupied some of the Catholic chapels and churches in the provinces of the interior, but after a short time they leave these edifices and move on to the next town. Sometimes they do considerable damage during their occupancy, and sometimes very little. However in general, the Chinese soldiers have not molested the Catholic Missionaries very much, either American, French or Italian, but some of the Protestant Missions have not fared so well.

Canton, the capital of Southern China, with a population of over two millions, is in great turmoil and warlike conditions prevail everywhere. Just now, Generals Chang Kai-shek and Li Chai-sum are the most powerful military leaders in Canton. Still, at the present writing,

there are three Governments in Canton: the Strikers or Pickets, who are in the majority; the Cadets or Soldiers, some of whom are with the Bolshevik; and the old Government, who allowed the Bolshevik to enter the city. It was said that the Russians loaned the Canton Government fifty millions of dollars, provided they were allowed to assist in running the Canton Government and spreading their propaganda. It is quite evident that their main purpose seems to be to accumlate large sums of Mexican dollars in a short time. It was rumored that one Russian left Canton last week after he had collected thirty millions in one year. All three governments are taxing anybody and everything as much as they possibly can, to get sufficient funds to supply themselves and co-workers. Here are some of their unscrupulos proceedings: all land owners are forced to give the total receipts of one month's rent of all their property; after two or three months when the government needs more money they demand another month's rent. Then too, if the land owners cannot show the deeds of their property, even though the family was in possession for several hundred years, the government will confiscate the property. All the ships that come to the city are taxed highly to load and unload their cargo: one ship was forced to pay ten thousand dollars Mex., for the privilege of unloading its freight. The Pickets will not allow anyone, even the Chinese, to enter or leave the city unless they pay ten or twenty dollars.

Lawlessness is everywhere in evidence, not only in Canton, but also in the provinces, on the rivers and high seas. A common occurrence in Canton is this: a soldier becomes hungry, he enters the first food-shop that he happens to meet, and roughly demands his chow without paying for it. If the proprietor refuses him, the soldier shoots him and drags his body in the street, so that all may see what happens to those who refuse the request of a soldier.

In Swatow, a Britisher did not give the rickshaw coolie sufficient money for his services, ten cents Mex., more would have been satisfactory; but the coolie insisted on more, and followed the Englishman to the door of his house, but then was forcibly ejected. The coolie repor-

ted the affair and returned with three hundred sympathizers, and they proceeded to bombard the house with stones, broke all the doors and windows and ransacked the whole house. Then in their rage, they proceeded to the Custom House and repeated the performance.

Piracy is almost an everyday occurrence during these troublesome times, and it is a sad reflection on the state of affairs at present existing in Southern China. Here are two examples of twentieth century piracies. On March 25, the China Merchant Steam Navigation Company's S. S. Hsin Kong was on its way from Shanghai to Canton; when the vessel was near Swatow the pirates, who had come aboard as passengers, held up the ship. At a given signal they proceeded to various parts of the vessel and took possession of the steamer. Then they proceeded to rob the passengers and loot the ship. All the passengers were lined up and relieved of all their money and jewelry. Two days later, the pirates made a closer scrutiny of the passengers and their belongings, and they threatened to take away a number of the passengers as captives. However, on further consideration, they decided that the loot was so considerable that there was no need to burden themselves with captive passengers. A boat was lying in readiness for them at an arranged spot, and on this the pirates transferred their booty and themselves and made their escape.

Another incident was this: a Chinese junk on both her outward and homeward journeys from Hongkong was accosted by pirates, in British and Chinese waters respectively. The master, Chan Ling, states that on Feb. 24th he left Kapsuimun for Tam Chow, with a cargo of 350 cases of kerosene and five tons of oil. Exactly twenty-four hours later, when between Tung Ku and Sa Chow, in British waters, two fishing boats approached and asked him if he wished to buy fish. He accepted the offer, but when the boats drew along side, fifteen fully armed men boarded his boat and fired two shots, subduing the crew. Taken by surprise, the master could do nothing but surrender the junk, and the pirates then steered the boat towards Kam Sing Pass and commenced transferring the cargo. While this was being carried out, a customs cruis-

er hove in sight and the pirates decamped. They took with them twenty cases of kerosene, two tons of oil, one hundred and thirty-five dollars, jewelry and clothing valued at six hundred dollars, three muskets and one rifle. The junk then proceeded to Ling Tin Custom's Station and reported the matter, after which she went on to Tam Chow with the remainder of the cargo. Having discharged this, she left again for Hongkong with a cargo of fire-wood on March 17th. In the vicinity of Sheung Wang Lok, in Chinese waters, she was hailed by a pirate steam launch, which called upon her to stop, at the same time opening fire, but the master and crew returned the fire with the remainder of the armament. A three hours battle was waged, at the end of which the pirates withdrew, with what casualties is not known, but three of the junk's crew were badly wounded and are at present suffering from gunshot wounds,

One of the most unfortunate and even cruel incidents of Canton was the closing of the Canton Hospital, which for ninety years ministered to the sick and dying, and in that time cared for more than two million patients. The management of the hospital was under foreign control, and thus became the object of censure for the Pickets or Strikers. So in the beginning of March, a crowd of Members of the Miscellaneous Labourers' Union, armed with staves and banners, endeavored to force their way into the hospital, whereupon the head of the hospital hurried to the entrance and tried to stop the crowd from rushing in and frightening the patients, telling them that it was private property, and that no one had a right to enter without a good reason. The official representative of the Union then shouted out that they had come to call a strike, and any one not leaving the hospital would be killed.

Only a few of the hospital's workmen left the premisses; these were then sent back into the hospital to force the rest of fifty odd work people to go out. As soon as the employees had all been forced out, the Labour Union picketed all the entrances, giving the pickets instructions to allow exit to the Chinese, but not entrance; this order was to include patients. The next procedure was not to

allow food to be brought in: and then they immediately cut off the water supply and telephone service. The hospital nurses were warned that if they tried to cook for the sick, they would be beaten up when they left the hospital. The Chinese members of the hospital staff were threatened that their lives might not be safe if they stayed in the hospital to help the patients. However, the members of the staff and nurses courageously stuck to their duty. In the mean time milk was not admitted for the babies and typhoid patients.

A conference was held between the representatives of the hospital staff and the Government. They discussed the unreasonable demands of the Labour Union as regards salary and the supervision of the employees in the hospital. The Government representatives said that they would send an answer shortly. Patients and staff anixously waited during the following day for the Government action. In the mean time, two members of the staff went out and bought some fresh vegetables and meat for the patients, and tried to bring them into the hospital; but they were forcibly prevented by the Pickets. Finally a reply came from the Department of Labour, informing the staff that nothing could be done for them. There was therefore nothing to do but to have all the patients, about eighty in number, removed from the hospital to prevent them from suffering further. And this with much difficulty and regret was done.

The hospital is now practically deserted; the nurses in training were surreptitiously romoved to a hotel. During the evening the Pickets located them and warned them that in the morning a crowd would beat them up for not leaving the hospital earlier. They were therefore compelled to leave the hospital and try to find havens of refuge in various places in the city, because they nobly carried out their duty to their sick and disabled countrymen and countrywomen. Some seventy doctors, nurses, pharmacists, etc., as well as fifty work people are now away from the Canton Hospital, and the institution, which during ninety years has served the community in times of peace and war, which cared for over two million patients, is now deserted except for a few members of the staff, who

are unable to function since the Pickets are still at all entrances. It is a sad commentary upon life in Southern China that even the ailing and dying are not immune from political schmes.

RICHARD B. SCHMITT, S. J.

STOPPING THE LEAKAGE

The leakage in the Catholic Church at the present day is truly alarming. Every year thousands of her children drift away, and many of them never return. The loss is greatest among the young for obvious reasons. At that age the will is weak and the passions are strong, and the thoughtless are led like sheep. In Catholic countries—when such existed—people lost caste by losing Mass or by neglecting the Sacraments. The catechism was deemed of more importance than the reader or the spelling book, and parents who allowed their children to miss Mass or Sunday School, were despised by their neighbors. Not so today in non-Catholic countries. Catholics are prone to imitate their Protestant fellow citizens; and Protestants can remain away from church without losing the favor of their sect or the esteem of their neighbors. Bad example is contagious, and indifference is in a sense worse than persecution.

To stop that deplorable leakage various devices have been adopted in various countries. I shall mention only four.

In England it is estimated that the leakage among the young alone amounts to nearly a million a year. The percentage of loss is highest among children after they leave the Elementary Schools. To check the evil, an English Jesuit, who had made a thorough study of the question, came to the conclusion that the only efficient remedy would be a National Society with a branch in every parish. Accordingly, he founded such on organization. He died March 2, 1926, but the Society he established will continue the work so dear to his heart. I refer to Fr. John H. Wright, who was Provincial of England from 1917 to 1921. The following extract explains the scope of his undertaking:

"It seems to me that what is needed is that in every parish in England there should be Committees formed, either from existing Societies or upon some other basis, whose special duty would be the care of these boys and girls. The Chairman might be the Rector of the Parish or the Manager of the Schools, and they would need to be united by some simple rules for working, common to all, and that from time they should have joint meetings, so as to form in effect one great Society like that of St. Vincent de Paul. Their first work would be the keeping of a register, with the particulars of each child that left the Elementary Schools, with details of home, occupation, etc. At each monthly meeting these names would be called over, and those who were regular and were from good homes would not need any treatment. But the others would require care. It might be the parents who were at fault, or bad company or lack of employment. Each of these petty defaulters would be assigned to a member of the After—Care Committee; who by kindness, tact and patience would gain the confidence of the child, and so put him in touch once more with his religion. All this would be recorded on the patient's card, and at the next meeting of the Committee the sponsor would be called upon to report on the conduct and general condition of his charge. If poverty and want of clothes were at the root of the evil, recourse would be had to the S. V. P., for there must be nothing financial about an After—Care Society. Perhaps the child had flitted in that unaccountable way in which these families change their abode; then the card must be handed on to the parish in which he had been found to be residing."

In the United States another Jesuit is trying to stop the leakage on a different plan. In 1912 Rev. John M. Lyons, S. J., founded the Catholic Instruction League in Chicago. Since then the League has spread throughout the nation and even beyond it, and it is now instructing over 100,000 children and young people. Only the other day (April, 1926) a branch was formed in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, with the approbation of His Grace. It works under the auspices of the Sodality Union.

The chief object of the League is to give instruction in Christian Doctrine to Catholic children who do not attend Catholic schools. Some of these children may be still at school, and others may have quit school and gone to work. The League also tries to reach adults who need to be instructed in their Faith. Besides this elementary instruction, it forms Study Clubs for advanced courses in the theory and practice of the Catholic Religion. A third purpose of the League is to build up a system of Catholic Vacation Schools to meet a growing demand. While instruction is the primary purpose of the League, it has also a secondary object. That subordinate aim is to provide, as far as possible, wholesome indoor and outdoor recreation for our young people, and thus to safeguard their morals.

There are about two million Catholic children attending the public schools of the United States. To reach them the League established Instruction Centers in suitable locations. In these Centers the children are assembled once or twice a week, and instructed by competent and zealous lay teachers, under the directon of the Reverend Pastors. To foster zeal among the teachers, to secure co-operation and promote efficiency on a uniform plan, the League publishes a monthly magazine called the *C. I. L. Messenger*. The work has the hearty approval of the highest ecclessiastical authority in the United States, and it deserves the support of all who have the interests of the Church at heart.

The work of caring for the young is carried on in the Antipodes by another Jesuit. Fr. C. Harntett, S, J., has initiated in South Australia "A Guild of the Sacred Heart for Young People who have left School." A circular explains its purpose as follows:

THE OBJECT OF THE GUILD

The object of the Guild of the Sacred Heart is not so much to introduce a new practice into the lives of the young, as to give them the opportunity of keeping up the practice they followed at school, of going to Holy Communion every month in a body (on a fixed day.)

The Apostolic Delegate has graciously approved of the Guild for the young, and, wishing the work every success,

his Excellency says:—

"The Guild of the Sacred Heart, which aims at enabling the young people to keep up the practice they followed at school of going to Holy Communion at regular intervals in in a body, has my approval. A frequent reception of the Bread of Life cannot fail to make strong and vigorous the Christian Life of those who are growing up.

"I wish the Guild every success, therefore, and cordially bless the boys and girls who help to further this good work."

(signed) B. CATTANEO, APOSTLIC DELEGATE.

Children remain good at school, because they approch the Sacraments every month in a body; and, secondly, because the example of so many good children around them has a powerful effect in keeping them good.

These young people leave school with the idea of being always good. But their goodness and piety are laughed at by many, and their religion is ridiculed. They groan in secret; but soon begin to smile at what is in itself bad. They get discouraged, and grow weary, and then allow themselves to be dragged down the precipice and fall. The moment they begin to lead a life that is not good, their faith gets weaker. How many of these young people drop the practice of going to Holy Communion every month? How many go once a year, or not at all? Why is it that so many drift and fall away? The reason is because they lost *the two big helps* that they had at school: (1) monthly Cmmunion in a body; (2) the powerful example of a large number of good lads around them. The atmosphere is changed now. They are *isolated*, left to themselves. They require friends to aid them in the struggle against evil and against human respect. This will be found in the result of *Holy Communion in a body.*

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE YOUNG.

In the life of everyone there is a *critical* age—from 14 to 19 years. If a boy holds good till 19, he has taken his path and he will not leave it. When young people work in a body their spirit is changed for the better. A young fellow is in the plastic stage—he has no definite mould yet—he takes the shape given him. The human race is essentially imitative. The crowd which is not cer-

tainly heroic, submits to the ruling influence. The wicked know this well, and leave no stone unturned to drag them down. Therefore, it is neccesary to set up *counter-currents* that will be in opposition to the tide leading to the abyss.

The example of a number of young fellows going to Holy Communion in a body every month will be the best of sermons.. Nothing is so helpful as example, epecially for the young. The efforts of the Guild are directed to that point, and touch that spot *where the leakage from the Church begins.* This is the secret of the strong and robust Catholicity of Belgium? When the Belgian boys leave school they are banded together in a Guild. The girls similarly have their guild, and their General Communion Day. These young Belgians do this grand work *themselves,* under the guidance of the Parish Priest. Thus these young people grow strong in faith. They love their religion and live up to it. They have been tested by the fierce and persistent opposition of the enemies of the Church, and were not found wanting. It is the spirit of the country—the last word in organisation. (This applies to the enemies of the Church as well.)

The Guild has spread to various places in Australia since the year 1920.

THE WORKING OF THE GUILD.

The young people themselves have to supply the two big helps that are wanted when they leave school. They can do that easily. Oftentimes they are the only ones who can do it. There are always a few splendid and enthusiastic boys in every parish. Half-a-dozen will be sufficient to start the guild. Let them meet together, and make out a list of all the boys they know who have left school; and each lad should be responsible for, say, half-a-dozen lads attending the monthly Communion on a fixed day. *A word from a boy to a boy friend is better than an hour's lecture or sermon.* Let these young "apostles" be not afraid to go to the priest for assistance and guidance, and also for names of others whom they will get to join them for the general Communion. The priest will be only delighted that they come to him, especially now that they are the biggest help he has got.

Sometimes the lads arrange for games, cricket and football matches, &c. This adds interest and keeps the young fellows together. On general Communion Sunday they usually wear a medal of the Sacred Heart attached to red or cerise ribbon. The secretary—one of the young fellows themselves—keeps a roll, and marks it every month. N. B.—(*1*) *There are no meetings*, except one, viz., once a month *at the Holy Table* (when they go to Holy Communion in a body.)

(*2*) *There are no expenses* (except the few pence for the ribbon and medal.)

(*3*) It is helpful if seats can be reserved near the altar; and it is very edifying when the lads sing hymns during their Communion Mass.

C. HARTNETT, S. J.

The good seed sown in the United States has been transplanted to the Philippines, and is already bearing fruit despite the difference of climate between Chicago and far-away Manila. In Manila Fr. Hugh McNulty is Diocesan Inspector of Catechism. Under his supervision one of the Scholastics founded the Ateneo Catholic Instruction League. In so doing he does not claim any originality. He merely adapted the Chicago plan to local conditions. A detailed description of the Catholic Instruction League has already appeared in various publications, such as the *Acies Ordinata* and the *Ateneo Monthly*. We select the following as a good summary.

ATENEO CATHOLIC INSTRUCTION LEAGUE.

Catechetical work has always been generously done by students of the Ateneo de Manila and of recent years, perhaps, reached an unusually high level, with about sixty of the boys tramping out in the heat and quiet of early Sunday afternoon to instruct the little children in various parts of Manila. Much of this work is close to the heroic in the fidelity and sacrifice it entails, and is but another of the accomplishments that make the Ateneo faculty proud of their generous Filipino students. How many schools in Europe or America can equal this record?

An extension of the work was decided upon this year. Just as at the Christmas holidays a large-scale Charity

Campaign was planned, so now a Catechetical Campaign was launched for the long vacations from March to June.

"Give until it hurts! It is more blessed to give than to receive," the boys were taught at Christmas. And they gave bounteously. Now they were told: "You are well-instructed in your religion. When you go back to your native towns, teach some of the little children. Ninety per cent of them are growing up like pagans with no knowledge of religion. And the response to this appeal, too, has been magnificent, exceeding even the most sanguine expectations.

With vacations commencing in the middle of March, I began early in February, as Director of the Sodality's Catechetical Section, to discuss plans with the boys who had been associated with me in this work during the past three years. Since I had seen but little of Filipino life outside of Manila, their advice was invaluable. Some few had taught Catechism during previous vacations. Others applied their Manila experiences to the different conditions in the provincial towns, pointed out the difficulties, needs and advantages, and outlined schemes that might meet the special situations. Finally, some kind of tentative plan was made that seemed adaptable.

About the first of March the Campaign began. The entire student-body was invited to a class-meeting, at which the Catechetical Director and two of the leading student catechists announced the formation of the Ateneo Catholic Instruction League, and explained its purpose; namely the religious instruction of little children by Ateneo students in their respective home towns during the coming vacations. Then Father Morning, as Dean of the College, speaking for Father Rector who was out of town, gave official approval to the movement. "The harvest. indeed, is great," he said, "and the laborers few. If you boys wish really to be happy this vacation, join this movement and do the work which it proposes."

The details of the campaign were rather unusual. Both the printed and the spoken word were used. A bulletin board was commandeered and developments posted. Speeches were delivered in all the divisions of the Boarders and in some of the classes, and boosting agents were appointed in all the higher classes. The veteran catechists flocked to the new field of battle *en masse* as was

to be expected; and a rush of new volunteers poured into the Sodality office in a way that made it impossible to give personal attention to all. A map of the Philippines, backed with board, was hung in a prominent place, and there day after day the progress of the campaign marked in regular military fashion. Province after province fell punctured with the vari-colored map-tacks, until finally about eighty towns were flying the colors of the Ateneo Catholic Instruction League.

With the enthusiasm aroused, the next step was to stabilize it. It is no easy thing for any boy to give his vacation hours to the work of teaching others piety, even when he is here in Manila with a Jesuit Father ever to encourage and direct. How extremely difficult it would be then for a boy, alone in his provincial town, in the heat of the tropical summer, to do this! Now he would be, not following a leader, but himself a leader. Now he would have no one to help him to start, but many to laugh at this sudden religiousness. What boys, no matter how enthusiastic, could ever overcome these difficulties? They seemed so insurmountable to ordinary boy-nature that I must confess I often felt like discarding the whole plan as impossibly idealistic. But the terrible need for the work, and trust in the grace of God and the known strength of our students forbade any such unfortunate step.

Definite plans were now given to each volunteer catechist. Details in organization of new Catechetical centres were given to a minute degree. But a margin of elasticity was allowed to meet the varying conditions of the different towns. Methods of advertising the classes were suggested as well as getting assistance, opening and conducting classes. All were urged repeatedly to do everything under submission to the Parish-priest.

The great difficulty of inexperience in the teachers was met by a mimeographed sheet of instruction, pointing out the principal defects in the new Catechists, and the way to overcome these defects; and also by the distribution to each Catechist of two charts, each about six by nine inches, which in a graphic way summarize respectively the Dogma and the Moral portions of the Catechism. Both of these charts, planned by Fathers of the Ateneo, have received the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Man-

ila, and have helped much to simplify and vivify the teaching to the little children.

The other difficulty, which was even greater, was presented frankly to the boys. "You fellows, very likely, are going to lose your enthusiasm when the difficulties come," we told them. "Therefore we have planned this scheme to keep your enthusiasm alive. Here is a promise! If you sign it, it will force you to teach." It read as follows:

"I promise during the coming vacation to make an earnest effort to prepare from five to ten chiidren for First Holy Communion.

If successful in my efforts, I promise to send at least three reports to the Ateneo Catholic Instruction League, using, if possible, the above three notes (on April 12, April 26, and May 10 respectively).

If unsuccessful, I promise to send at least one report, giving the reason for my lack of successs.

Signed.....

Class..... Addres ....."

Evidently the accomplishment of this promise was quite possible, and very many signed the document. Only a minimum was stated, "an earnest effort to teach five...". But this once done, and the promise thus fulfilled, more would very probably follow. The three reports mentioned were printed in outline form, leaving only the facts to be filled in, and requiring but little letter-writing from the catechist. Sufficient they have proven to be, however, to keep the Director informed if the enthusiasm is still burning.

Besides all of this routine arrangement, the Director strove to meet personally everyone of the two hundred boys who volnnteered for the work. Almost all had some very special difficulties, and at times half an hour, or an hour or more, was spent in adapting the general plan to the particular needs and other circumstances of the town or *hacienda* of each catechist. But I gave the time cheerfully; for I felt that all that our strong, well-instructed students now needed to begin real apostolic work was minute direction. And results have proven the correctness of this view.

By the middle of April, with only two weeks passed since the closing of the Ateneo Camp at Baguio, reports were encouraging. That week an average of seven letters a day were received from the catechists, many announcing merely preparatory steps. The following week the reports were fewer, but more complete. And through the next six weeks, a stream of communications flowed into the central headquarters, many telling of success and many too of failure, but all showing the looked-for essential, apostolic zeal. Every letter, of course, was promptly answered; advice and encouragement were freely given, but supplies of rosaries and catechisms were not so free.

For not only were the headquarters' supply scanty, but the boys must be taught self-reliance. Constantly they were urged to conduct athletic games on the side as an incentive to the children, and these proved very successful. One enterprising catechist, who started centres in two big towns, even engaged a special "morale" officer for this purpose.

Vacations finished in June, and the results tabulated exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. Sixty three distinct Catechism centers had been either assisted or organized by these student apostles, with a total of over five thousand children on the rolls. Ninety-six of our boys had been actively engaged in the work, and some fifty more, who had keenly desired to work, were completely thwarted by unfavorable local conditions.

That so large a proportion of the students should, young and alone, be able to continue this apostolic work when away from the school and the help and encouragement of the director, was remarkable. Their flaming zeal extended over the whole length and breadth of the Islands. From the northern tip of Luzon in Abra, down south through Ilocos, Pangasinan, Nueva Ecija, Pampanga, past Manila to the Bicol provinces and on to the Visayan Islands and Mindanao, these Catechism centres were functioning throughout the torrid tropical vacation months. Here in a small nipa house, there on a great sugar plantation, now in an ancient battered church or in the spacious mansion of a *principale*, the young apostles toiled on, heeding not the discouragement, the heat, the obstacles. In most cases, the hoped-for cooperation from

grown-ups was lacking, and not a little opposition was met with from companions, who could not understand this strange desertion of picnic and *pasco* and dance-hall for teaching catechism.

Some of the individual accomplishments were remarkable. In one town almost 400 children were on the lists, with classes held every morning and afternoon during six weeks of the hot vacation. The student-Captain was strongly cautioned to moderation, but so ardent was his zeal for the little children that he would take no rest except on one afternoon of the week. In another town, a young boy of First Year High School organized a centre in an unpromising field where the parish priest, through ignorance of the proper methods or for some other reason, had only eight children in the class. The result was a centre of over two hundred. One boy conducted a centre with five different languages being taught, due to the town being the converging centre of Pampangos, Pangasinans, Tagalos and Ilocanos. Another spent an evening in attendance at the lecture of a Protestant minister, who was discoursing about the evils of Catholicism. By simply asking the Reverend gentleman a few questions, and then showing the towns people that the charges were entirely unsubstantiated, the young student silenced the lecturer, who quietly left the town.

Like all good works, this Catechetical Campaign yielded keen enjoyment to the workers. Boy after boy returned to school telling of the genuine pleasure and happiness experienced while working with the little children. One boy wrote a report in somewhat quaint English: "—But the thing which makes my vacation a lucky one is that we are running on successfully our Catechism class! I am taking charge of the girls, who constitute about three-fourths of the class, and Juan is taking charge of the boys,—but the boys are more ignorant about the prayers, so that, although my pupils are many, I and Juan have equal works.

"To be with them is my greatest pleasure. After our class, they will walk out with us, and oh! how jolly they are! To tell the truth, Father, the children are very fond of us. They say we are very much unlike the teachers they have in the public school, who would not laugh

with them, walk with them, and be happy with them. I cannot help feeling the pride of beholding such a flock of merry children deeply interested in their noble lessons and hymns.

"Perhaps there is not a single person in the town who does not appreciate the works we are running. People some times ask me, if we are given salaries by you or are forced to teach or start Catechism classes.

"Then I told them that we don't teach for money or because we are forced to do so, but because in that college the love of our brethen is cherished. This is the first time that this town has a Catechism class. So it's no wonder that they are surprised and delighted."

The Ateneo work has been used as an example to induce others to follow. As Diocesan Director of Catechetical Instruction, Father McNulty has visited many of the other schools and, telling them of the Ateneo plan, proposed to them work almost identical. They responded well, and some thirty centres have now been started through their efforts. In Iloilo, Father Schober explained the plan to 600 delegates of the Catholic Truth Society, many of whom were Mill Hill missionaries. The plan and its details received an enthusiastic response from all, and the necessary organization was set on foot at once. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Father Schoberg.

GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S. J.

CAMP DE SMET:

A JESUIT SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS.

Sunday afternoon in Union Station in St. Louis. June 28, 1925. Hissing locomotives, polite porters, athletic "Red Caps", belated travelers, nervous tension. Around the pullman "Avendon" a crush af smiling but anxious people, mostly parents, blocking the platform, waving good-bye and calling parting words of advice to the happy boys cheering from the car windows. That pullman was to be our home for two nights and a day. "All aboard!" A business-like man in blue slips his gold watch into his pocket and raises his arm. Without a ripple "The Omaha Limited" rolls away into the West. That was the launching of Camp DeSmet, "The First Catholic Dude Ranch in the World".

Catholic summer camps for boys are extremely rare west of the Mississippi. An increasing number of Catholic boys is patronizing western camps and "Dude Ranches", where the company is not always ideal, and where "fish on Friday and Mass on Sunday" are usually difficult. To help in solving this difficulty, Camp DeSmet was established last Summer at St. Francis Mission, Rosebud Sioux Reservation, South Dakota, at the invitation of the hospitable Superior, Rev. J. A. Zimmerman, S. J.

The pioneers of Camp DeSmet were Director, Mr. D. J. Keegan, S. J.; Assistant Director, Mr. J. A Luther, S. J.; Chaplain, Rev. Thomas S. Bowdern, S. J.; and twenty six boys from St. Louis University High School, St. Louis, Missouri.

According to original plans this experiment was to be made with eight boys carefully selected and personally invited. The number was raised to ten, then to fifteen. This was final. At St. Francis Mission eighteen horses and saddles were mobilized for the use of the boys and their instructors. "A Horse For Every Boy" was the slogan. Other camp equipment and supplies were ordered accordingly. And yet when we started west we had twen-

ty-six boys in the party. Had we made the least effort to advertise our expedition, we probably could have brought a trainload. As it was, we had a carload and that was plenty.

If you have ever travelled with a football team returning from a victory, you will know what our first night out was like. High spirits and "high jinks" till the wee hours. Henry, smiling his pullman porter smile, went about his work of making up berths altogether undisturbed by the high explosive hilarity that was bursting all around him.

"Don't let any of these boys bother you, Henry. Remember now, you are boss on this car. Whatever you say goes."

"'Thass all right, Fathuh! Ah like boys. Ah always get along with boys real well. They woan' be any fuss".

Just the same we kept an evil eye on those who showed a disposition to "help Henry". Boarding school teachers know why.

Next day an eight-hour stopover in Omaha enabled us to see something of the city, and to visit its Jesuit school, The Creighton University. We received a warm welcome. Father William F. Rigge, S. J., the venerable and internationally famous astronomer, very graciously conducted us through his observatory, explained the use of his instruments, and showed us how to "see stars".

On the lawn by happy chance we met Father Francis Betten, S. J., the scholarly historian, author of the very history texts that the boys had been using in school. Suddenly to meet in the flesh the "Betten" of the history class awed the boys to an extent that surprised us! At a whispered suggestion from the chaplain, Father Betten with charming courtesy allowed us to make him "the lion" of a little impromptu reception right there on the lawn. The chaplain presented each boy in turn, Fr. Betten had a pleasant word for each, and at the end made a very impressive little speech, which conveyed to the boys his appreciation of their interest in them.

Most of the time at Creighton we spent in the magnificent gymnasium and swimming pool. Here the boys were put through a swimming test. Only two failed to swim seventy-five feet. For two hours they splashed and dived

and swam and thoroughly exhausted themselves, which was exactly what their crafty directors wanted them to do. A tired boy is a good boy.

Then back to the railroad station, and Henry, who met us at the gate smiling, led. us to the "Avendon", now coupled to "The Wyoming Express". Not long after supper in the dining-car eyelids began to fall to our secret satisfaction. Henry could not make up the berths fast enough, so the whole party turned pullman porter.

About "three o'clock in the morning" we reached our destination, Kilgore, Nebraska; but of course we didn't know it. The express merely side-tracked "Avendon" and left us in slumberland. Several hours later Camp Bugler Martini blew us out with reveille. Laughing voices and honking auto horns sounded outside. We got out as fast as we could, to find a fleet of ten autos wait- to take us into the reservation. After getting our pictures taken we said goodbye to the "Avendon" and Henry, climbed into the autos, and started out "over the hills and far away". Several miles out of Kilgore we crossed the State line into South Dakota and the Rosebud Reservation. For a short distance the road actually straddled the line. We never failed to get a thrill out of this whenever it crossed.

This part of South Dakota is a treeless waste which rolls away to the distant horizon on every side, with green billows of hills that look like the ocean itself "holding still" for a picture. To us, accustomed to the wooded hills of Missouri, this country, supporting nothing but prairy-grass. looked like a desert. The only trees we saw were scrub cedars which grew in the canyons of the desperate little river valleys that trenched their way across the plains.

An hour's drive brought us to an oasis in "The Great American Desert", St. Francis Mission, "The Garden Spot of Rosebud". Here are trees, indeed, but every one planted and nursed by Brother Hinderhofer, S. J., or as the Indians call him from his trade, "Brother Shoemaker". The trees have a desperate struggle of it at that, but Brother Shoemaker persists. One day a Jesuit Father was quizzing a Catechism Class of Sioux Nation boys at the Mission.

"Who made the world?"

"God."

"Who made the mountains?"

"God."

"Who made the trees?"

"Brother Shoemaker."

After Mass and breakfast we went to inspect our new surroundings. "So this is Camp DeSmet!" No boys' camp or ranch that I know of has the perfection of equipment which St. Francis Mission put at the disposal of Camp DeSmet. To begin with, the Mission is really *a town* with its own Post-office, (the Jesuit Superior is Postmaster), several stores, a church, a baseball team, an Indian policeman, and a graveyard. What more could you ask? Eight miles away at Rosebud Agency is a $40,000 Government Hospital with a staff of doctors and nurses, not to mention the two school infirmaries at the Mission in charge of experienced infirmarians. The Mission proper is a huge group of fireproof concrete buildings, which house 450 Sioux boys and girls during the school year, and which include a modern gymnasium with a beautiful basketball floor, a stage, and a church that in size and decoration is the equal of most city churches. To utilize all this equipment, idle during the summer months, was the suggestion of Father Leo Cunningham, S. J., who as a Jesuit Scholastic had taught at St. Francis Mission School.

The campers were quartered in the Boys' Dormitory and ate in the school dining-room. Sister Bruno, a veteran hospital cook, cooked our meals. Some of the boys who had been at other camps and ranches were quick to make comparisons very favorable to the board and lodging at the Mission. And all this at a cost to the boys at half the rates usually charged elsewhere.

All the recreational facilities of a modern boarding school were put at the disposal of the campers—gym, basketball, tennis, baseball, golf, radio, movies, billiards, pool, library, etc. Every Sunday night we had an entertainment for ourselves and the townspeople, with a program of movies or of music and elocution and songs by

the campers. Added to all this were horseback riding, polo, rifle range, archery, swimming, hunting, and camping trips to different points of interest, such as the Indian Tribal Fourth of July Celebration, The Bad Lands, The Black Hills, The Rodeo at White River, S. D., etc. The bare statement of all this does not convey one half of one percent of the fascinating novelty of it all and the soul-stirring thrill the boys got in actually living the life of a Diamond Dick novel or a Buffalo Bill movie.

Every week "The DeSmet Herald", a mimeographed camp bulletin, was mailed home to the boys' parents. Of The Bad Lands Trip it says:

July 7.—We are in camp 60 miles northwest of St. Francis, on the south wall of The Bad Lands, on a high ridge between two canyons, in each of which there is a spring and plenty of dead cedar for firewood. Cold nights follow hot days. The Quartermaster issued two blankets all around, but even that is not enough. "White Eagle" (F. Bakewell) and "Hawk Ghost" (G. McDonald) are somewhere out on the midnight hills with blankets and rifles lying in wait for coyotes. They are using for bait the carcasses of the prairie dogs we shot on the trip up. These tender morsels they hope will tempt the hungry coyotes, animals that combine the cunning of the fox with the ferocity of the wolf.

The roaring campfire dies down, the roaring camp songs quiet down while the boys listen to the quartette singing of the Troop Leaders. Rich voices, tuneful harmony, pretty songs, prettier hymns. These singing Jesuits ought to be on the stage. Taps. Silence. At our feet the mysterious Bad Lands. Over us the stars—and God.

July 8.—Reveille. Always too early. Mass in one of the tents by "Pretty Eagle" (Father Bowdern). The Sioux gave most of us Indian names. An Indian rancher and his family, named Rooks, came into camp for Confession and Mass. Breakfast and hike of exploration into The Bad Lands. A half hour's sliding and falling down a canyon brings you out on a basin floor. From then on it is a huge cross-word puzzle.

Have you ever seen the Bad Lands? At different places they have different appearances and formation. Ours

were like this. You stand on the edge of a high bluff. Between 400 and 500 feet below you lies a basin covered with thick, rich grass; fifteen miles away rises the other wall. It is a beautiful river valley without the river. The hardy grass down there thrives on what little rain falls. There is no dew. It looks as fertile, moist, cool, inviting as a park, but it is a desert. The beautiful valley floor is turned into a labyrinth of savage beauty by huge towers, castles and cathedrals of naked shale and tough clay, sometimes of various colors, which refused to be worn away when the rest of the valley was carved out by the weather. To wander very far into this deceitful Paradise without a compass, a canteen, and a good bump for directions, might end in tragedy.

July 10.—Reveille. Mass at the Rooks' Ranch in the log ranch-house. Breakfast. A white rancher, a war veteran, brought his five-year old boy into camp today, and asked for a priest to baptise the child. "Pretty Eagle" baptised him and "Long Hair" (Lawrence Morrissey) acted as Godfather. The latter made his God-son a present of money and a bead necklace. Next day the boy's uncle rode into camp with a gift, an empty shell from a battlefield in France filled with a dozen rattlesnake rattles. This is as close as we got to a rattlesnake, although they are said to be plentiful here.

The Black Hills in the southwest corner of the state are "The Ozarks of South Dakota". You will know what that means if "you are from Missouri". This trip was too far to make on horseback, so the boys went by train to Hot Springs, while the camp truck went overland with our tents and equipment. Says The DeSmet Herald:

July 15.—Off for The Black Hills. The Indians here claim ownership of The Black Hills. They say they have been unlawfully deprived of this land, and are actually sueing the U. S. Government for $700,000,000 damages. We are going over to see if they are worth it. Troop 1 is on horseback, Troop 2 in a truck. Half way in to the railroad we changed places. Did you ever see cowboys gallop into town in a western movie? Well, that represents us riding into Kilgore. The truck will bring the saddles back for us. Two Indian boys will herd the horses home.

Supper in Hot Springs. Then a swim in the famous natatorium. It is 220 feet long with concrete sides and natural pebble bottom, through which the hot springs bubble up in quantity sufficient to cause an overflow of thousands of gallons a minute, easily enough to turn a mill.

July 16.—Trip to Wind Cave in Wind Cave National Park. A real cave. We stayed "under" nearly three hours and went two miles from the entrance. One room called "The Fairgrounds" covers three acres, one acre larger than the biggest cavern in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

July 17.—Today we took the 109 mile circular auto bus tour through the hills. En route we ate dinner in the hotel at Sylvan Lake, 6300 feet above sea level, and climbed Harney Peak, 7240 feet high, the highest peak in the U. S. A. east of the Rockies. The last hundred feet are the hardest. Looking north from Harney, we could almost see the country now famous as the scene of Roosevelt's ranch days.

On the way back the Needles Highway, blasted and tunneled through granite "needles", afforded us mountain scenery as good as the Canadian Rockies. Then there was historic Custer, the town where Indian battles had taken place, and where the relics of frontier days, of outlaws, of the first gold discovery and the subsequent gold-rush, are all preserved. Part of the road goes over the trail of the old Deadwood Stage Line between Deadwood and Buffalo Gap. You remember "Deadwood Dick" of course. Later in the summer on a visit to St. Francis Mission, U. S. Senator Norris of South Dakota told us all about this country, and especially the interesting story of how, when Governor of South Dakota, he had put through the Needles Highway, a notable feat of highway engineering.

Our "field equipment" for these long trips consisted of a Ford truck, a Ford touring car, two tents each with a capacity of fourteen canvas cots, and a trunk full of necessary kitchen hardware. "In the field" we did most of our cooking with a can-opener. The boys were expected to do their share of the work. At the Mission they made

their own beds, "policed the barracks", that is, they kept the dormitory clean, served tables, and cleared tables after meals. In camp each boy was assigned his share of the chores. Most of them had a lot to learn about shifting for themselves in this kind of outdoor life. The camp "faculty" could never have handled these camping trips at all without the generous cooperation of Messrs. B. Zimmerman and M. Schiltz, Jesuit theologians on vacation, and Messrs. J. Zuercher, G. Warth, W. Toomey and W. Birmingham, Jesuit teachers of the Mission School. In fact our experience has convinced us that in a "Cavalry Camp" or "Dude Ranch" of this kind, where the activities demand a faculty of experienced horsemen, chauffeurs, camp cooks and troop leaders, and where the boys are of high school age, there should be four of our men for every twenty boys.

While at home the horses were in constant demand for polo or for riding parties, "hare and hounds" on horseback, riding the range after stray horses, etc. There was variety enough for all. To quote The Herald:

"July 21.—Dog days—and nights! It's against the rules for any of the pet dogs we bought from the Indians to come into the dormitory; but Archibald, "Prairie Dog's" (Claude Bakewell) halfbreed coyote just can't get that into his big ears. Also it is against the rules to hide the dormitory bell. We won't mention any names—but anyhow this morning there wasn't any bell, but there was Archy. How sound Reveille? Easy for Mr. Keegan. Says he to Archy: "Nice doggie! Here doggie!" And poor Archy! One of Bull Ring's arrows applied vigorously to Archy's unsuspecting hide brought forth such howls of injured innocence that the whole camp was up on its left elbow in record time. Poor Archy! It's a dog's life for all of us!

"July 22.—Fire! No fooling! A real live prairie fire several miles south of the Mission. It is the unwritten law of the land that every abled-bodied man must help to fight this terrible menace. The Mission farm hands were already on the road in whatever autos they found standing idle. We piled into the camp truck and followed. Indians galloped in on their ponies. Several hours hard

work brought it under control. The approved technique of prairie-fire-fighting is to sneak up behind it, hold your nose with one hand, and swat the fire with a wet sack in the other.

A big day and now for a big night. Coon hunt. Joe Keller brought his coondogs along and we all climbed into the truck about dark and started for the White River Bottoms, ten miles southeast. The night was dark and stormy—in fact it was black as the inside of a nigger's pocket, but everybody brought his flashlight. We tramped all through the bottoms after the dogs till we were ready to drop. The dogs did their best trailing and baying, but the grass was so dry that they lost the scent as soon as they left the river in any direction. Of course, we caught a lot of coons, but they were so small we threw them back. We got home about 2:30 A. M. 'High Hawk' (Ralph Warner) talked Father Bowdern into saying Mass then and giving us all Holy Communion. Then hot coffee and sandwiches and bed just as dawn was breaking in the east. A beautiful sight, but you are not much interested in poetry after you have been coonhunting all night.

July 23.—Ride eight miles to Rosebud Agency. The Agent, Mr. McGregor, takes us through the offices and explains how it all works. The place is jam full of Indians come to collect their checks.

The camp was a financial success for St. Francis Mission, and a physical and spiritual success for the boys. There is opportunity for character training in such a camp that no day school has a chance to give. The few regulations of camp and the ordinary "fortunes of war" on trips trained the boys to do things for themselves, an education most of them needed. Also, there is opportunity, in the intimacy and hardship of life in the open, to give boys a few lessons in doing things for others at a sacrifice to themselves, an education which few of us ever finish.

The chaplain said Mass every day at a convenient hour whether at the Mission or in camp. Not a word was said to the boys other than the bare announcement of the hour of Mass, yet most of them went to Mass and Communion every day all the Summer. Most but not all, which

was an added proof that those who went did so because they freely chose to do so. Eight of the boys, at their own urgent request, were allowed to accompany the Fathers on missionary trips over the week-ends. Several boys learned to serve Mass. Then, too, they received as well as gave edification. The many opportunities they had of talking with the Jesuit Fathers and Brothers and the Franciscan Sisters, and of seeing little closeups of the hardships and sacrifices of the missionary's life, gave them something to think about. In general, seeing the Catholic Church in action "on the frontiers" was a profitable experience.

Sioux Indians with their different language and customs were a subject of never-failing interest to the boys, who in turn were objects of interest and even of amusement to the Indians. The Indians seemed to think that the funniest sight in the world was fifteen or twenty white boys galloping over the prairies. They may have been right at that, but anyway these stoic philosophers of the plains never failed to chuckle heartily and wave a friendly "*How! Kola!*" in answer to the noisy and friendly greeting of the boys. The Indians gave most of the boys Indian names, in itself a compliment.

The camp was open for eight weeks, although all the boys did not stay that long. Before the last party left for St. Louis, the Indians presented us with a calfskin tanned and decorated in Sioux fashion in memory of the first visit of the white boys to the Sioux country and as an invitation to come again. Back in St. Louis on the first Sunday after the opening of St. Louis University High School, the chaplain sang a High Mass of Thanksgiving to the Guardian Angels for their protection during the Summer. This Mass was served and attended by the boys—the pioneers of Camp DeSmet.

THOMAS S. BOWDERN, S. J.
Chaplain of Camp DeSmet

Establishment of the New England Province

LETTER OF VERY REVEREND FATHER PROVINCIAL

Maryland-New York Province,
July 28, 1926.

Dear Fathers and Brothers In Christ,
P. C.

The Decree of Very Reverend Father General, by which the Vice-Province or Region of New England is to be completely separated from Maryland-New York and raised to the full powers and prerogatives of a Province, is now to be promulgated. All the essential points are, of course, touched upon in the Decree, so that very little remains to be added.

His Paternity has made no change of Provincials for the present, though both Provinces are considered as virtually beginning a new existence. He has approved of the permanent transfer of all who requested it, provided their reasons were approved by the Provincials and their Consultors. No other applications will be considered on either side unless made in writing and fortified by solid reasons. There were a few cases in which there did not seem to be sufficient reason for a complete transfer; in others, the positions held by individuals were such as to warrant a temporary continuance of residence outside the individuals' proper Province. In due time, lists of the members of the two Provinces will be posted in the several houses, that errors, if any, may be corrected before the printing of the catalogues.

What was considered an equitable division of assests and liabilities was made May 21st by the Provincials, Consultors and representatives of both Provinces. This agreement was approved by Very Reverend Father General.

Each Province will for the next three years manage its own finances and meet its own obligations on the basis of

this agreement, after which it will be taken up again for adjustment, if necessary, and for final adoption.

All will be pleased with the pious compact by which the full suffrages are to be granted by both Provinces to all who were members of the entire Province at the time of final division. Those entering on or after July 30th of this year will receive at death only the suffrages of the Province which they enter.

As the works of the Province of the New England develop and expand to other cities, the surplus of Fathers and Scholastics of that Province now in Maryland-New York will be gradually recalled; and, for some time at least, there will have to be no little help mutually given that the great work of missions and retreats may be carried on with the greatest possible efficiency.

Let it be the fervent wish and constant resolve of all of us, dear Fathers and Brothers in Christ, that, though separated geographically, we shall never be divided in spirit, but, as true sons of truly Catholic Loyola, we shall ever be united in the Charity of Christ to do His blessed work with one heart and one mind.

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,

LAWRENCE J. KELLY, S. J.

DECRETUM

WLODIMIRUS LEDÓCHOWSKI

PRAEPOSITUS GENERALIS SOCIETATIS JESU

Provincia Marylandiae-Neo Eboracensis tam sociorum domorumque numero quam operum apostolicorum multiplicitate atque magnitudine iam quinque abhinc annos eo succreverat ut separata eius partis septentrionalis administratio statuenda visa fuerit, quo suavius et facilius plena ipsius in duas perfectas Provincias divisio pararetur. Iamvero, cum vocationes in utraque Provinciae parte, Deo favente, semper numerosiores in annos habeantur, varia Societatis opera prospere admodum evolvantur, et Domus Probationis ac Collegium Nostrorum, quae tunc temporis in regione Novae Angliae desiderabantur, ibidem feliciter constitui potuerint, nihil nunc obstare vide-

tur quominus ad istam plenam atque iamdudum praevisam divisionem procedamus.

Auditis igitur sententiis Praepositi Provincialis et Vice-provincialis Regionis Novae Angliae utriusque Consultorum, necnon PP. Assistentibus in consilium adhibitis, divino auxilio saepe instanterque invocato, pro acutoritate Nobis a Litteris Apostolicis et Constitutionibus Societatis collata, Provinciam Marylandiae-Neo Eboracensem in duas pleni iuris Provincias dividimus, quarum altera pristinum Provinciae nomen retineat, altera Novae Angliae nuncupetur; iisque omnia iura et facultates et privilegia conferimus, quibus secundum Institutum nostrum Provinciae Societatis potiuntur.

Quod territorium autem spectat duarum Provinciarum, earumque personas, domicilia, ceteraque communia, haec praeterea decernimus:

1. Provincia Novae Angliae eam Statuum Foederatorum partem complectetur quae communiter Nova Anglia appellatur; id est, Status Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut et Rhode Island. Reliquum vero veteris Provinciae territorium integrum manebit tamquam nova Provincia Marylandiae-Neo Eboracensis.

2. Intra fines supra descriptos unaquaeque Provincia obtinebit domicilia omnia, cum ipsorum bonis et iuribus et obligationibus, sive iam condita sive posthac condenda. Ad res pecuniarias quod spectat, conventionem iam ex utraque parte disceptatam atque approbatam confirmamus.

3. Socii porro ei Provinciae adscribentur in qua nati sunt vel domicilium habebant cum Societati nomen dederunt, nisi ob aequas rationes in casibus particularibus Praepositus Generalis aliter providerit; extra Provinciam nati ad eam pertinebunt, in qua divisionis tempore versantur, nisi Provinciales iam antea aliud inter se convenerint.

In mutui vero amoris testimonium Socii omnes qui die 31 iulii huius anni ad universam Provinciam Maryladiae-Neo Eboracensem pertinebunt, etiam post separationem peractam, consueta pro defunctis suffragia inter se persolvent.

4. Quod ad Missiones exteras attinet, interim utraque

Provincia coniunctim eas iuvare debebit, earumque regimen Praeposito Provinciae Marylandiae-Neo Eboracensis demandatum permanet.

Hoc nostrum decretum die 31 huius mensis, S. Parenti Nostro Ignatio sacro, quo in singulis domibus more usitato legendum et promulgandum erit, plenam suam vim secundum leges nostras habiturum esse pronuntiamus.

Dignetur S. P. Ignatius, potentissima Beatae Virginis Mariae interposita mediatione, a Sacratissimo Corde Iesu impetrare ut quae a Nobis per hasce litteras decreta sunt, firma et rata de caelo habeantur, utque Socii utriusque novae Provinciae hodie stabilitae, vestigiis Sancti nostri Fundatoris fideliter inhaerentes et ipsi in virtutibus semper magis proficiant et quam plurimos ad aeternam beatitudinem perducere studeant.

Datum Romae die festo Visitationis B. Mariae Virginis, 2 iulii 1926.

Vestrum omnium servus in Christo,

W. LEDOCHOWSKI, S. J., *Praep. Gen. Soc Iesu.*

DECREE

VLODIMIR LEDÓCHOWSKI
GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

Five years ago, the Province of Maryland-New York had so increased in the number of its members and houses as well as in the multiplicity and magnitude of its apostolic works that it seemed well to establish a separate administration for its northern section, and thereby prepare the way more agreeably and easily for a complete division into two altogether distinct Provinces. But since vocations in both parts of the Province have become by God's favor more numerous year by year, and since the various works of the Society are devoloping very successfully, and the Novitiate and the College for Ours, both of which were at that time lacking in the region of New England, have been happily provided, there seems now to be no reason why we should not take steps to accomplish that complete and long-foreseen division.

Therefore, having heard the opinions of the Provincial, and of the Vice-Provincial of the Region of New England, and of their Consultors, and having consulted with the

Fathers Assistants, after frequent and earnest prayer for the divine help, using the authority conferred on us by the Apostolic Letters and the Constitutions of the Society, we divide the Maryland-New York Province into two Provinces, each with full rights, one of which shall retain the old name of the Province, the other to be called the Province of New England; and we confer upon them all the rights and faculties and privileges which, according to our Institute, Provinces of the Society possess.

Regarding the territory of the two provinces, their members, houses and other things heretofore held in common, we further decree as follows:

1. The Province of New England shall embrace that part of the United States which is commonly called New England; that is, the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The rest of the territory of the old Province will remain intact as the new Province of Maryland-New York.

2. Each Province shall acquire all those houses, together with the goods, rights and obligations of the same, which are situated within the respective boundaries aforesaid, whether they be already built or are to be established in the future. As regards financial matters, we confirm the agreement which, after mutual discussion, has been approved and accepted by both parties.

3. The members shall be assigned to that Province in which they were born or in which they had a domicile at the time they entered the Society, unless the General, in particular cases and for good reasons, shall have provided otherwise; those born outside the (old) Province shall belong to that (new) Province in which they are residing at the time of the division, unless the Provincials shall have previously agreed on another arrangement.

As a proof of mutual love, all the members who on July Thirty-first of this year had belonged to the undivided Province of Maryland-New York shall, even after the division has been completed, offer for one another the usual suffrages for the dead.

4. As to the foreign missions, for the time being, both Provinces shall jointly aid them; but their government remains in charge of the Provincial of Maryland-New York.

We now declare that this our Decree shall take full effect according to our laws on the thirty-first of this month, the day sacred to Our Holy Father Ignatius,—on which day it is to be read and promulgated in the usual manner in every house.

May Our Holy Father Ignatius deign by his prayers to obtain this favor from the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the most powerful mediation of the Blessed Virgin Mary—that what has been decreed by Us in this letter be confirmed and ratified in Heaven, and that the members of both new Provinces Established this day, following faithfully in the footsteps of Our Holy Founder, may themselves ever advance in virtue and earnestly strive to bring many others also to happiness eternal.

Given at Rome, on the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Second day of July. 1926.

The servant of all in Christ,

V. LEDOCHOWSKI, *General of the Society of Jesus*

AD PATRES ET FRATRES PROVINCIARUM

MARYLANDIAE-NEO EBORACENSIS ET NOVAE ANGLIAE.

REVERENDI PATRES ET FRATRES IN CHRISTO CARISSIMI:
P. CH.

Promulgato decreto quo Provinca vestra dilecta in duas divisa est, iam nunc uti mos est, vos ipsos PP. et FF. carissimos socios separatos, ex corde alloquor. Non tamen communi sed peculiari quodam animi affectu ad haec scribenda moveor, testimonia manifesta prospiciens gratiarum insignium quibus Dominus Noster Provinciam Marylandiae-Neo Eboracensem hucusque cumulare dignatus est, quaeque in ipsis causis hanc hodiernam divisionem suadentibus iam diu praeluxere. Gratia enim divina favente, tot ad vos venerunt, hos praesertim quinque annos, optimi tirones arduae Christi militiae cupidi, tantopere etiam aucti sunt labores quibus veterani vexillum Ducis nostri latius divulgare conantur, ut divisio in duos diversos laborum campos vix diutius differri posset. Neque quidem immature nec inconsiderate haec nunc divisio fit. Nam hodie nonnisi perficitur definitiva quae

abhinc quinque annis tamquam administrativa divisio coepta est, quaeque interim gradatim quasi et pedetentim ad completam separationem perducta est.

Quid igitur hodie, contrariis affectibus corda vestra exagitantibus guadii scilicet et gratae memoriae amplissimorum Dei beneficiorum, tristitiae quoque cuiusdam, sine qua longum quodvis humanum consortium dissolvi nequit, quid magis consentaneum quam vos omnes et singulos hortari vobisque commendare ut idem iste Christi amor qui vos socios eiusdem Provinciae hucusque coniunxit, deinceps in diversas Provincias separatos magis adhuc ad invicem affectos, atque contra commune vestrum vestrique Ducis inimicum coniunctius adhuc consociatos habeat?

Quae quidem Christi caritas si corda vestra inflammare pergit, facile erit cum amore vere fraterno vobis invicem succurrere in necessitatibus quae, ut fieri poterit, nunc ex una, nunc ex altera parte exorientur. Eodem divino amore impulsi, singuli quoque utriusque novae Provinciae vehementius adhuc operam dabunt ut interna cuiusque sanctificatio singularibus externis benedictionibus Provinciae collatis, quasi pari passu respondeat. Immo verbi S. P. Nostri nunquam immemor "illa enim interiora sunt, ex quibus efficaciam ad exteriora permanare ad finem nobis propositum oportet," suum quisque maximum studium faciet, ut perfectam ipsius Christi vitam internam intimius semper in se aemuletur.

Socios vero Provinciae Novae Angliae, qui ex Provincia materna separantur ac proinde sensu magis proprio novam Provinciam constituere dici possunt, paucis praeterea in particulari compellare velim. Mihi emim maxime cordi est ut etiam haec nova Provincia et numero et virtute semper magis crescat, veraque fiat mater Sanctorum. Quo igitur generosius benigna Dei Providentia optimas vocationes huic praesertim regioni largita est atque, uti speramus, adhuc est largitura, eo dilitigentius adlaborandum erit ut iuvenes, quos Deus nobis dederit iuxta antiquas Societatis traditiones sanctasque nostras leges, formentur et eximii operarii in vinea Domini evadant.

Qui vero pondus diei et aestus iam portant, meminerint ignem nunquam dicere satis, et meliora semper charis-

mata aemulantes in dies progredi curent in perfectione propria et zelo animarum, ea ratione quae nobis in Constitutionibus et regulis praescribitur, cum haec via sit quam Deus ipse ad maiorem gloriam suam propagandam per S. Patrem Ignatium, cuius festum hodie celebratur, nobis indicavit.

Utrique dilectae Provinciae vobisque omnibus et singulis, Reverendi Patres atque Fratres in Christo carissimi, ex corde benedico, meque vestris Sanctis Sacrificiis et orationibus commendo.

Datum Romae die festo Visitationis B. Marie Virginis, 2 iulii, 1926.

Vestrum omnium servus in Christo,

WLODIMIRUS LEDOCHOWSKI, S. J.,
Prep. Gen. Soc. Iesu.

TO THE FATHERS AND BROTHERS OF THE PROVINCES OF MARYLAND-NEW YORK AND OF NEW ENGLAND.

REVEREND FATHERS AND DEAREST BROTHERS IN CHRIST: P. C.

Now that the Decree dividing your beloved Province into two has been promulgated, I address myself to you, according to custom, dearest Fathers and Brothers, members of the separated Provinces, in words that come from my heart. It is not, however, an ordinary impluse that might be proper to an occasion of this kind, but a certain special affection of my soul that prompts the words I am about to write, having before my eyes the manifest proofs of those remarkable favors with which Our Lord has until now deigned to enrich the Province of Maryland-New York, and which for a long time have been clearly visible in the very causes which made the division desirable. For, by the favor of Divine Grace, so many excellent novices have come to you, especially these last five years—so many young men eager for the arduous warfare of Christ, and so great also has been the increase of labors in which the older men strive to carry forward the banner of our Leader, that the division into two different fields of labor could scarcely have been long de-

ferred. Nor is the division made either prematurely or inconsiderately at this time. For to-day there is merely accomplished in a dfinitive way that which was begnn five years ago as an administrative division, and which in the meantime has been brought by slow degrees to a complete separation.

To-day then, when your hearts are stirred by conflicting feelings, of joy, namely, and of gratitude in recalling the bountiful favors of God, and of a certain sadness too that must always attend the breaking of long companionship, what can be more befitting than to exhort you, each and all, and to commend to you, that the same love of Christ, which has hitherto bound you together as companions and members of the same Province, may henceforward, after you have been separated, keep you still more attached to one another and bound in a still closer companionship and league against the common enemy of yourselves and of your Leader.

And if indeed this charity of Christ continue to inflame your hearts, it will be easy to come to one another's aid with true fraternal love in those needs which, as may well happen, will arise now on one side, now on the other. Impelled by the same divine love, all the members of both new Provinces will strive still more vigorously that the internal santification of each and every one may keep step, as it were, with the remarkable external blessings granted to his Province. Indeed, never forgetting the word of Our Holy Father; "for they are the interior things from which force must flow to the exterior for the end proposed to us," each will make it his chief concern to realize ever more intimately within him the perfect interior life of Christ himself.

But to the members of the Province of New England who are now separated from the mother Province and who, therefore, in a more proper sense can be said to constitute a new Province, I would address a few special words. For it is my most heartfelt wish that this new Province also make new and continued increase in numbers and in virtue and become a true mother ot Saints. The more generously the kind Providence of God has bestowed excellent vocations on this region especially and, as we hope, will still bestow them, all the more dili-

gently should we strive that the young men whom God has given us be formed according to our holy laws and the ancient traditions of the Society, and become workmen of distinction in the vineyard of the Lord.

Let those who already bear the burden of the day and the heat remember that fire never says "enough." Ever zealous therefore of the better gifts, let them take care to make daily progress in their own perfection and in zeal for souls according to the manner prescribed for us in our Constitutions and rules, since this is the way which God Himself has pointed out to us for spreading His greater glory through Our Holy Father St. Ignatius, whose feast is celebrated to-day.

To both beloved Provinces and to each and to all of you, Reverend Fathers and dearest Brothers in Christ, I give my heartfelt blessing, and I commend myself to your holy Sacrifices prayers.

Given at Rome on the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Second day of July, 1926.

The servant of all in Christ,

V. LEDOCHOWSKI, *General of the Society of Jesus.*

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501 E. FORDHAM ROAD,

NEW YORK, JULY 28, 1926.

DEAR FATHER RECTOR,
P. C.

To clear up some doubts that exist as to the time when newly appointed officials (as Ministers and Perfects of Studies) should begin to excercise their duties, let it be undertood that such appointments shall take effect on the Feast of St. Ignatius, but not before.

Prayers have been ordered throughout the world by the Holy Father for the deliverance of Mexico from the throes of religious persecution. These prayers are to be offered next Sunday, August 1st, the Feast of the Chains of St. Peter. In Our houses as in Our churches, let the directions of the Holy Father be carried out as fully as possible. The Ordinaries have in most cases made announcement of the prescribed prayers in their respective dioceses.

By a Rescript of the Holy See dated May 5th, and honoring the Second Centenary of the Canonization of St. Stanislaus, a plenary indulgence is granted on each of the ten Sundays preceding the Feast of St. Stanislaus under conditions similar to those for gaining the indulgence of the ten Sundays in honor of St. Ignatius. This should be announced to the faithful in due time before the recurrence of the feast.

By another Rescript dated May 14th of the present year, Our priests may offer the usual Requiem Mass for the dead of the Society on November 3rd, provided it does not fall on a Sunday. This date, November 3rd, is the one to which the celebration of the last Sunday of October had to be transferred, being displaced by the new Feast of Jesus Christ, Our King.

Sincerely in Our Lord,

LAWRENCE J. KELLY, S. J.

THE MARTYRS' SHRINE AT FORT STE. MARIE

DEDICATED JUNE 26, 1926

AN ANCIENT JESUIT SHRINE RESTORED

In the seventeenth century, when the Jesuit missionaries, Blessed John Brebeuf and his companions, were laboring among the Hurons along Georgian Ray, they suffered many hardships, not the least being their isolation from one another and the loneliness of their lives among Indian savages. All of them were men of culture, hailing from France, then the most polished nation of the world, and it were asking too great a sacrifice to oblige them to live in the companionship alone of savages steeped in ignorance and superstition.

The arrival, in 1638, of Father Jerome Lalemant as Superior of the Huron missions gave a new turn to events. Lalemant was a man of singular energy and initiative, and while he realized that distance and difficulties of travel through the dense forests of New France and over lakes and bays in frail bark canoes, were obstacles which for the moment could not be easily overcome, he felt that if something were not done to relieve the situation, the influence of savage environment would, in the end, have a dampening effect on the zeal of the heroic missionaries who were already making so many sacrifices for God. He resolved at least to provide them with a place they could call "home"; or, as the *Relations* inform us, "a house remote from the villages which would serve among other things as a retreat and place of recollection for those gospel laborers who after combats would find this solitude a place of delight."

A favorite spot was chosen on the east bank of a little river connecting Lake Isaragui with Georgian Bay, and there, under the supervision of Father Isaac Jogues, a building dedicated to Our Lady St. Mary went up so rapidly that it was ready for occupation in the autumn of 1639. The missionaries, six of whom were destined for martyrdom, were soon united under one roof and from that time on the residence of Ste. Marie was, in the words of Father Paul Ragueneau, "the central point of the country and the heart of all our missions." It became

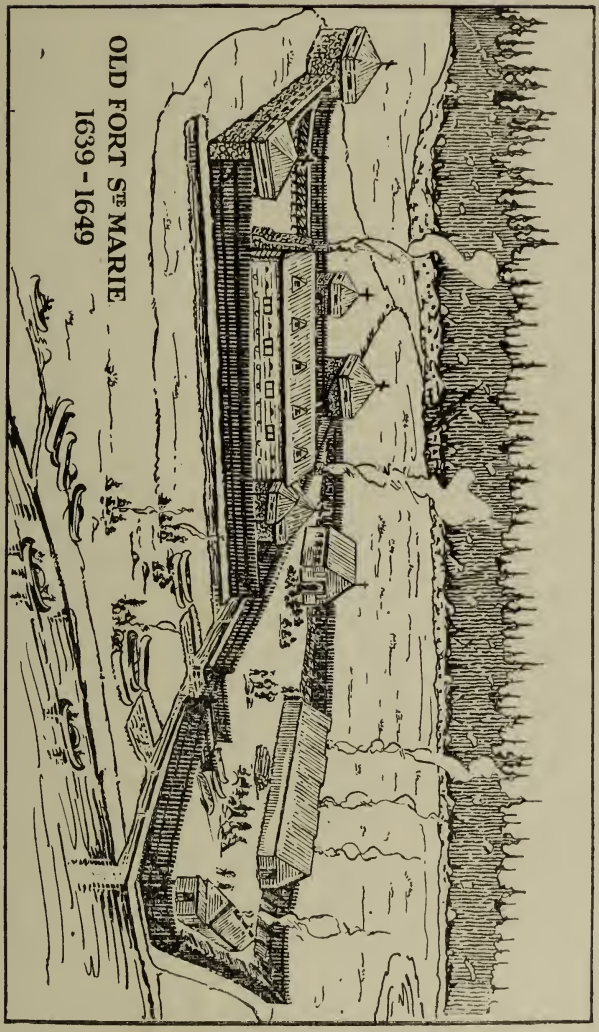
the headquarters of those Jesuits whose names will be identified forever with the history of the Church in North America.

The new venture attracted the attention of Cardinal Richelieu, who sent thirty-thousand livres from the Royal treasury to help fortify the residence. Bastions and palisades were built, and Ste. Marie was practically transformed unto a fort. The change came none too soon, for the Iroquois were growing troublesome. Those ruthless marauders were already blocking the main Canadian waterways, and no one could tell when they would reach Georgian Bay to slaughter the inhabitants and destroy the missions.

The Huron converts were impressed with the nearness of the danger, and realizing the peril they were in from their pitiless enemies, they began to lead more intense Catholic lives. They flocked to the Fort to receive instruction; pilgrimages of devotion became frequent; a wave of fervor was rolling through their villages.

In order to encourage those faithful Huron converts to persevere in their good dispositions, Pope Urban VIII, on February 18th, 1644, issued a Brief granting a plenary indulgence to all who would make pilgrimages to Fort Ste. Marie. It is surmised that the future martyr, Blessed Isaac Jogues, was responsible for the granting of this favor. He himself had just reached France after his long captivity among the Iroquois, and was at that moment petitioning the Sovereign Pontiff for permission to celebrate Mass, a function he had been debarred from for many months owing to the mutilation of his hands. In the document of Urban VIII, one may easily detect the kindly interest of Isaac Jogues in the spiritual welfare of the dusky converts of the Huron misson.

The Papal Brief of 1644 had a marked effect on the pilgrimages to Fort Ste. Marie. In a letter written in the following year, Father Paul Ragueneau stated: "During the past year we counted over three thousand persons to whom we gave shelter, and sometimes within a fortnight to six or seven hundred Christians." Writing elsewhere, the same missionary tells us: "It is a very great consolation to see, arriving here



Fort Ste. Marie as it was from 1639 to 1649. Six of our Martyrs lived here.

from two, three and four leagues' distance on Saturday evenings, a number of Christians, who come near our residence in order to celebrate the Sundays with us."

Father Jerome Lalemant, in his turn wrote: "This house has frequently the consolation of receiving Christians who come to it from various points to perform their devotions in more quiet than in their villages, and in this solitude to entertain at greater leisure sentiments of piety and religion. During the Summer, from fortnight to fortnight, there are always a goodly number who come to us on Saturday to pass the Sunday in a devout manner, leaving only on Monday morning."

Fort Ste. Marie had become a popular shrine—then the only American shrine north of Mexico. The Hurons were gathering there in thousands, and fruits of salvation were being reaped in abundance. But this consoling condition of affairs was soon to end. The Iroquois swooped down on the Hurons in 1648 and 1649 and destroyed the missions. A year later, the country had to be abandoned by both Jesuits and Hurons. After a few years all traces of early settlement were blotted out, and dense forests covered a land once populated by twelve or fifteen thousand Indians. Fort Ste. Marie, or what remained of it, disppeared, and for over a century and a half lay hidden under a dense coating of shrubbery. It was only about the middle of the nineteenth century that the foundations of the ancient shrine were laid bare.

While the spot on which this first American shrine was built was always a favorite rondezvous for sight-seers and historic students, the recent Beatification of six of the martyrs who lived there—namely, Blessed John de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Isaac Jogues, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier and Noël Chabanel—has given a new interest to the venerable site. Writers begin to recall incidents in the lives of the illustrious martyrs which connected them with the spot. Fort Ste. Marie was built by Blessed Isaac Jogues, and it was from there that this heroic man set out in 1642 on the journey to Quebec when he was seized by the Iroquois and carried into captivity. The ashes of the two martyrs, Blessed John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, still rest in the soil of the Old

Fort. It was at Fort Ste. Marie that Brebeuf had several of his visions, notably the one in October, 1644, during which he beheld his own garments and those of his fellow-Jesuits all stained with blood. It was from Fort Ste. Marie that Blessed Gabriel Lalemant went in September, 1648, to share, with his companion Brebeuf, torture and death in the following March. It was from Fort Ste. Marie that Blessed Anthony Daniel allied forth on July 2, 1648, to die two days later, at the hands of the ferocious Iroquois. It was at Fort Ste. Marie that Blessed Charles Garnier went in 1646 to renew his spiritual strength while on his way to Etharita, where he had to shed his blood for the faith. It was while living at Fort Ste. Marie that Blessed Noël Chabanel in 1647 made the heroic vow to remain on the Huron missons until death, and where he had numerous and well-defined presentiments that he would be asked to sacrifice his life in God's service.

All these souvenirs still haunting the ancient ruin have not been allowed to rest in oblivion. On June 21st, 1925, at the moment when the martyrs were receiving the honors of Beatification in St. Peter's at Rome, a monument was being dedicated to their honor on the very site of the Old Fort. In the course of the present year, the erection of a large shrine for pilgrimages has been built in their honor. This noble temple, reared on the brow of the hill with which the six martyrs were familiar, is nearing completion, and will be solemnly dedicated on June 27th, in the presence of thousands of pilgrims, many of whom will be on their way home from the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago.

Fort Ste. Marie is only a hundred miles north of Toronto, and is one of the most accessible points in America. Steamers from Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and other ports may dock at Midland and Port McNicoll, both nearby lake terminals. Pilgrims traveling by rail get off at the Shrine, "Old Fort" being a station on the Canadian National Railway; while a splendid government highway connects the Shrine by motor-cars with all parts of the Canada and United States.

To give a touch of completeness to the work that will

be done at the venerable Shrine in the coming years, His Holiness Pius XI has renewed the plenary indulgence granted by his august predecessor, Urban VIII in 1644. The original papal document, still extant and as fresh and as readable as it was when issued, was taken to Rome accompanied by an humble petition asking that the precious indulgence be restored in favor of all modern pilgrims visiting Old Fort Ste. Marie. The petition was graciously granted; so that the Papal favor destined for the dusky Huron converts of the seventeenth century, and enjoyed by them down to the destruction of their mission in 1649, may now be gained by their white brethren in the twentieth, thus linking in delightful continuity the ancient Huron Shrine at Ste. Marie and the new and splendid one which was dedicated last June.

ADDENDUM.

The martyrs' Shrine was dedicated on June 26 last by His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, who came by steamer direct from the Chicago Eucharistic Congress, accompanied by four hundred Boston pilgrims. On the following day, Sunday, June, 27, about twelve thousand persons assisted at the formal opening. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Toronto. The Bishops of Hamilton, Sault Ste. Marie, Peterboro, Calgary and London, together with a large group of Canadian clergy, were present.

The Shrine has become very popular. Owing to its accessibility both by land and water, thousands are flocking to it every week. Diocesan pilgrimages have already been made under the leadership of the Bishops of Peterboro and Hamilton. Others are being organized, and a great deal of enthusiasm is being displayed for the Martyrs. Everybody admits that the Shrine is a valuable asset for the Church in Canada.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

AN IMPORTANT MISSION ENTRUSTED TO A JESUIT

A Jesuit from India has come to America on a very important mission. That Jesuit is Father Van der Schueren, and the object of his mission is to help the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. He has the highest ecclesiastical approbation. An outline of his work is given in a circular which he has sent to his friends at home and abroad. Before we cite that circular, we take the liberty of stating a few facts about the man himself.

Fr. Van der Schueren is a giant in stature, a patriarch in appearance, an apostle by nature, and a missionary of long experience. These gifts both natural and acquired are now to be used for the benefit of the Foreign Missions under the auspices of the Pontifical Society. He was born in Belgium sixty-three years ago, and he entered the Society at the age of twenty. He began his Noviceship in England, and after a year he went out to the Mission in 1884. During the next thirty years he was engaged in educational work, mostly at St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, as Teacher of the Matriculation Class in the High School, or as Professor and Head of the University Department. In 1912 he was selected to represent all Catholic Education in India at a Conference convened in Simla by the Government of India. In 1913 he was appointed by the Syndicate of the Calcutta University as Inspector of the University's Affiliated Colleges in Bengal. In 1914 ill health compelled him to return to Belgium. He was in England at the outbreak of the War, and spent the next fifteen months there ministering to the Belgian Refugees. He devoted part of his time to preaching and lecturing in England and Ireland, in order to obtain funds for the Belgian Mission of Bengal, which, being deprived of support from home, was threatened with disaster.

In 1915 he returned to India on a free passage given to him by the Secretary of State for India in London. When he reached Calcutta he resumed his functions as Head of the University Department. At the same time he start-

ed an intensive and a most successful campaign in Calcutta to obtain local help for the Mission. In April, 1915, he went to Australia and remained there until November, preaching and lecturing. His visit to Australia was very successful, and much of that success was due to the letters of introduction given to him by Lord Carmichael, then Governor of Bengal and formerly Governor in Australia. On the very day that he arrived in Melbourne, he received from the Prime Minister a first-class pass on all the Railways during the whole of his stay in Anstralia. In 1917 he was again Head of the University Department and also Professor. Despite his many duties in this double capacity, he managed to find or make time to solicit aid for the Mission from a rich non-Catholic mercantile community. His success was great beyond expectation. During five succesive years in the month of January he made personal calls on the leading merchants of Calcutta to beg for the Mission. He enlisted the sympathy and won the generous support of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, the greatest horse-racing club in the East. Although there was not a single Catholic in the governing body of that Club, he received every year from them a donation of Rs. 10,000 (about 3,600 dollars) for the Mission. There are no big Catholic firms in Calcutta, and Father Van der Schueren's personal calls were made on English Protestants, Scotch Presbyterians, Hindus, Mahometans, Parsis and Jews. Their generous response is a tribute alike to the zeal of the Belgian Missionaries and to the magnetism and eloquence of their advocate and beggar. The unselfish devotion of these Missionaries and the good they are doing touch the heart and the purse of Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan. The total amount contributed by these non-Catholics was about 52.000 Rupees or 20.000 dollars for one year. Even now when he is far away, he still receives donations for the Mission from his friends in Calcutta.

In 1918 he went from Calcutta to San Francisco as guest, friend and private chaplain of a man who, as Head of a company, owned and operated the steamer which made the voyage. He visited the principal cities of America, preaching and lecturing everywhere. At the end of

October he returned to Calcutta on the same steamer and with the same friend. For the last time he resumed his duties as Head of the University and Professor, and he remained in office until March, 1920, when he set out once again for America as guest of the same friend. After three months in the United States he proceeded to England and Belgium, and from there he went to Rome at the personal invitation of the Very Reverend Father General. At the instance of Cardinal Ceretti, the Foreign Secretary of State at the Vatican, he was received in private audience by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, and sent on a special private and unofficial diplomatic mission to Sir William F. Duke, the permanent Under-Secretary of State for India in London. Sir William had been Governor of Bengal, and had then formed an intimate personal friendship with Fr. Van der Schueren. The object of the mission was to facilitate and regulate the granting of passports to missionaries destined For India. The mission was successful, and a final congratulatory telegram from Cardinal Gasparri set the seal to the new regulations accepted as satisfactory.

In 1921 and 1922 he was in India once more, but engaged in a new line of work. In 1921 he published two booklets with accompanying illustrations on Mission Work in Choto Nagpur, and the following year he brought out two illustrated volumes on the same subject. These publications are a tribute to the skill of both writer and publisher. They have had a wide circulation in America, Europe and Australia. The end of 1922 saw him break down in health, and at the suggestion of a friend, who offered to meet all expenses, he spent the year of 1923 in Australia. In addition to regaining health, he preached and lectured in various parts. In November, 1923, he was back again in India. In May, 1924, he returned to Europe as a companion of the late Archbishop of Calcutta, the Most Reverend Dr. Brice Meuleman, S. J. Returning to India in 1924 he spent the following year there, and published his third Illustrated Book on the Missions. When these publications were just coming from the press in December, 1925, the author was called to a vaster sphere and wider field of action. That vaster sphere is ex-

plained in the Letter of Reverend Father General and the circular given below.

His many activities in the field of Education and in furthering the interests of the Mission brought him into close contact with the higher Government Officials, the Rajahs and leading Indians in Calcutta and the Mission territory, and as a consequence he became known as "the friend of Governors and Rajahs." So intimate was this friendship with the Governors of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, of the Central Provinces, Assam and Burma, that when he visited their respective provinces, he was always invited to be the private guest of their Excellencies, at the Government House during his stay in their territory. How he was received and treated by the Rajahs in the Mission field, is narrated and amply illustrated in his books. As far as I know, he is the only Jesuit ever decorated by two Kings. From the King of England he received the Order of Kaiser—I—Hind with the gold medal and clasp. From the King of Belgium he received the Knighthood of the Order of Leopold, which is the highest of Belgian Orders. That Order was conferred in July, 1924, in a private audience with King Albert. His name figures in the Birthday Honors published simultaneously in London and India on June 3, 1923, which is the birthday of the King of England. But far more than the favor of Kings, the honors of Rajahs, or Orders of Knighthood he values the approbation of his ecclesiastical superiors.

Fr. Van der Schueren visited Woodstock September 18, 1926, and gave two familiar talks to the Scholastics. His talks were both interesting and inspiring. They were well calculated to awaken missionary zeal by cooperating at home or working abroad among the heathen. Those who desire further information about the Missions of India will do well to read his books on "The Belgian Mission of Bengal." Incidentally the books contain a great deal of interesting detail about jungle life in India, such as hunting tigers and taming elephants. They are profusely illustrated by halftones made from actual photographs. The labors of the Belgian Missionaries compare favorably with any recorded in the annals of the Society. These two talks given at Woodstock will serve as an appetizer

for more, and more will come when the venerable missionary finds another opportunity to repeat his visit.

LETTER OF FR. VAN DER SCHUEREN

The following circular was written while the writer was a patient in St. Francis Hospital, New York. It is dated August 5, 1926.

My Dear Friends:

I think it may interest you to know that I am in the united States of America, and it may further interest you to learn what has brought me here and the nature of the work in which I am engaged.

The first idea of my coming one day to America to make my abode here dates from June, 1920. After having heard me preach in his church of Wilmette, Chicago, Mgr. Francis Kelley, the head of the Church Extension Society and now Bishop of Oklahoma, told me: "Father, a great movement supported by all the Archbishops of the American Hierarchy is going to be set up and organized in the United States for the more effective working of Home and Foreign Missions and to increase the funds for the support of both. When this organization is complete, you will have to come back to America, not to work for your own Mission, but to work for all the Foreign Missions by preaching and lecturing everywhere, rousing the American Catholics to an increased interest in Foreign Missions, and thus helping the new organization in favor of all Missions." Then Mgr. Kelly humorously added: "Your beard, your seventy-six inches and your forty years in India are most valuable assets which will impress any audience before whom you will appear. American Catholics will listen to you, and will do what you tell them."

More than five years after this, in December, 1925, I received in Calcutta, after previous correspondence, a cablegram from Mgr. William Quinn of New York, inviting me to come to America to work in the interest of the recently established Pontifical Society for the Propagation of Faith; i. e. for all the Foreign Missions. Mgr. Quinn had been elected by the American Hierarchy to be the National Director of this Society in the United States, while in nearly all the dioceses a Diocesan Director had been nominated by the Bishop of the diocese to work in coopera-

tion with the National Director. My work was to visit various dioceses and do propaganda work for the Society under the direction of the Diocesan Director. He would arrange visits on my part to the principal parishes, where I would preach at all the Masses and at the evening service on Sunday, and on weekdays give mission talks in Seminaries, Religious Houses of Study, Universities, High Schools, Boarding Schools, Convents, etc. The immediate and direct object of all my work would be to make Foreign Missions better known, create an increased interest in them, and obtain more generous support for them. My earnest appeal would be that all Catholics should become regular members of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

I realized the vastness of the field and the strenuous nature of the work, and the impossibility of my completing the task during the few years of life which may be left me: but I also realized the importance of the work and what it may mean, with God's help, for the propagation of the Faith and for all the Missions. I came therefore to America fully prepared to spend here whatever strength and life Divine Providence may give me, and to carry on this work until I fall. It was indeed a wrench, and my heart bled when I left the Mission in India, in which I have spent forty-one years in perfect happiness, where my life's work has been, where I have so many dear friends, and which I love so much.

I arrived in San Francisco on the 21st of April, and on my arrival there found letters awaiting me from the Diocesan Directors of the Archdiocese of San Francisco and of the Dioceses of Sacramento and Spokane. I was to spend seven weeks in the West, and a full program of sermons was soon made up for these seven Sundays supplemented by numerous lectures on week days. I spent the first Sunday in Sacramento—preaching twice in the Cathedral, and preaching also in two other parish churches and giving two lectures on Monday. Unfortunately, while I was in Sacramento a wound formed on my left foot, and with the exception of one Sunday at St. Peter's Parish, San Francisco, I spent the remaining Sundays and five remaining weeks in St. Mary's Hospital.

I have no intention of infflicting upon you the history of the six weeks, but a brief summary of the main outlines may perhaps be of interest. On the fourteenth of June, although the wounds were not quite healed, the doctors allowed me to start for Chicago to be present at the Eucharistic Congress. I was in Chicago but saw nothing of the Congress, as the wounds were still open and I dared not leave the house. On June 28th I arrived in New York and immediately came to St. Francis Hospital, and it is from my bed in the hospital that I am writing this. But here ends my tale of woe.

Tomorrow I leave the hospital. The wounds on both feet are entirely closed. Moreover, the diabetic numbness in the feet has greatly diminished, and I have a feeling of sensitiveness and of life-giving circulation in them which I have not experienced in twelve years. The doctor said that my constitution is quite good and sound and strong, and that the diabetes is not at all severe. I begin to believe what a doctor of high repute told me more than once these last twelve years: "Father, you will not die of diabetes; or, if you do, you will be a very old man when you die." This is all very encouraging and cheering. However, after two and a half months in the hospital, I cannot help thinking that I am in some way similar to a bronze statue with feet of clay. The metallic superstructure may weather the storms and stress of climate, but what about the clay feet?

In a few days I hope to set about the work in right earnest. I realize how much is to be done, and with the vigor of renewed health I feel like a horse champing and pawing the ground to get going. The nature of my work is likely to take me to many of the principal cities in the United States, in the North in Summer time and in the South during the Winter months. In some of these cities I preached and lectured in 1918 and 1920, and in these I have many good friends whom it will be a very great pleasure to meet again. My stay in any city may be short and perhaps extend over a week-end only, and yet I would naturally be anxious to meet, if possible, every old friend that I find there. To enable me to do this, please on the receipt of this lotter send me, to 109 East 38th Street, New York City, a short note or a postal

card giving me your present address, and telling me if it would give you pleasure to meet me again in case I should visit your city. I will keep all these and when a date has been fixed for my visit to a particular city where old friends dwell, I will write to them in good time to announce my arrival and propose arrangements for a meeting. Although, of course, I will always be pleased to receive and welcome visitors, still it will be ever so much more pleasing and gratifying to me to meet dear old friends in their families if I can possibly do so.

I have been asked whether, while I am working here for the Propagation of the Faith, I may receive special donations for the Belgian Jesuit Mission in India. I think it may be useful if I make my position in this respect quite clear. I am not here to work for our Mission. However, since my visits to America in 1918 and '20, to Australia in 1916 and '23, to England in 1915,'20 and '24, numerous kind friends in these various countries have continued all these years sending me in India special donations for our Indian Missions. It would indeed be a sad day for the Belgian Mission among the aboriginal tribes of Choto-Nagpore, a terrible blow dealt to it with a great and inevitable setback to the Mission work, if my departure from India were to mean the drying up and stopping of this life-giving flow on which the progress and, in a way, the very existence of the Mission so largely depend. This is all the more true at the present moment, when the depreciation of the Beligan franc threatens the Mission in India with a very severe crisis, which may spell disaster unless friends from other countries come to the rescue. To the friends of the Mission, therefore, in Australia, England and Ireland, I say: "Please continue maintaining your Catechists, and send help to the Belgian Mission in India. You may address your cheques and donations direct to the Very Rev. M. Veys, S. J., 32 Park Street, Calcutta, who is the Superior of the Mission, or you may send them to me in America at my permanent address here to be forwarded to him by me. I prefer the latter alternative, as I naturally like to keep in personal touch with my friends, and I hope you will prefer it also. and that the flow which is to keep the Mission going will continue undiminished."

To my personal friends and the friends of the Mission in America I say: "Please continue the maintenance of your Catechists and your help to the Mission, but send all your checks and donations to me personally at 109 East 38th Street, New York City, my permanent address. Every donation will be sent to the Mission in India, but not by me directly. I will remit whatever I receive to the Central Office of the Propagation of the Faith in New York with a statement showing that the donation is for the Beligan Mission of Bengal, and indicating the diocese (but not the name of the donor or donors) from which the donation comes. The donation will be credited to the diocesan office of the Propagation of the Faith, as if it has been received in that office for the Mission in India; it will also be credited to the National Office, which will forward it to Rev. M. Veys, S. J., Calcutta, and publish it without the name of the donor in the list of "Specified Gifts" published every month in "Catholic Missions." I owe this in loyalty to the Pontifical Society of the Propagation of the Faith whose servant I have become, and with whose interests my life is now identified; while to the donors and benefactors it means no difference whatever, as their donations will go to the Mission in India as well as if they had been sent direct by them to the Superior in India.

This has become a long letter, but my friends are prepared for this, as they know I am always long, and they are always kind enough to overlook this fault. This sounds like the end at last. And yet I feel that there is something that I must say. Among the last parapraphs I have written one deals with the prospective meeting of old friends, and the very next deals with donations. I feel that I must emphasize that there is no connection whatever between the two. I think I ought to have left a blank page between them to bring this out clearly and forcibly. I am here not to beg but to do honest work, and I wish to meet old friends and all of them if possible as a friend, and not as a beggar looking for new favors. I do appreciate friendship purely for its own sake. I feel somewhat awkward in writing this, but as I am writing a personal letter to personal friends and not an illustrated booklet, the purpose of which is manifestly different.

May I ask, in conclusion, for the help of prayers that God may grant me the health and strength I need for this great work, and may bless it and give success to my efforts?

With very hearty greeting and all good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

T. Van der Schueren, S. J.

Permanent address: 109 East 38th Street, New York City, U. S. A.
When I am in New York, I reside at St. Ignatius, 980 Park Avenue.

THE HISTORICAL CONVENTION AT FORDHAM.

In answer to Reverend Father Provincial's call, the History teachers of the Eastern Provinces met at Fordham on June 29th and 30th for their first convention, and organized the Eastern Division of the American Jesuit Historical Association. The purpose of the Association is to assist in promoting historical studies in the Province, and in so developing and equipping the teaching departments of the colleges as best to meet all the problems and questions raised by so many pseudo-historians and the so-called "higher critics".

The first steps towards cooperative action were extremely successful and encouraging. The good attendance, serious interest taken and the unanimity of view left nothing to be desired, and gave every promise of substantial results. There were three full sessions, and discussion was so eager that each meeting went well beyond two hours notwithstanding the expectional heat of late June. Father Provincial himself, the Very Rev. Lawrence J. Kelly, S. J., opened the convention with words both encouraging and enlightening. His Reverence stressed the importance which historical studies hold in the educational world at the present day, at the same time reminding all that the enemies of true Christianity had found no better weapon than History to use against the very foundation of the Christian Faith and the Catholic Church. Inasmuch as History is a principal study in the non-Catholic schools in America and is taught by eminent men, it was Father Provincial's view that even our own colleges and universities must give the subject a rank of

honor second only to philosophy, and assign it to specially trained men, who in the higher departments should be exclusively members of the Society.

At the conclusion of his address Father Provincial appointed Fr. Demetrius B. Zema, S. J., as Chairman, and Mr. Martin P. Harney, S. J., as Secretary of the convention protem.

One of the most interesting features of the first session was a paper by Father Zema on "Some Observations on the Nature of History." The first part of the paper was a critical examination of the various conceptions of History that had found currency in the 19th and 20th centuries. All of them suffered from the defects of a false philosophy behind them. In the second part Father Zema submitted an adequate definition of History, in which the scientific nature of the subject, as it has come to be treated in modern time, was brought into sharp relief. This gave the key-note to the day's discussions which centred on two main questions: (1) the present position of historical studies in the Church, in secular Colleges and Universities, and in our own Provinces and schools; and (2) the educational aims and values of History.

Lively discussion took place when the question of educational aims was brought up for consideration. But when all views had been expressed, the assembled teachers unanimously went on record as recognizing the fact that the study of History has guidance value, cultural value as well as moral value,and that these aims should be clearly kept in view in the teaching of the subject. However, in view of the mass of misinterpretation, distortion and biassed conceptions with which the history of Christianity and of the Christian Ages has been beclouded, and in view of the fact that such falsified history has permeated modern literature in all its forms, and in view of the further fact that Catholic students must in their post-graduate years, if not before, encounter such literature, and must in social, professional and university life, deal with men fed on deformed history, the Association deemed it of the highest importance that the disciplinary value of History in forming a discerning and critical judgment should be particularly emphasized in our study and

teaching of History. In keeping with this condition of things the students must be trained to look for sources, evaluate authorities and learn to discriminate between mere assumption, hypothesis, conjecture and supported fact in the statements of so many writers. This, it was pointed out, would give History implicit apologetic value besides correct information. The havoc wrought by the schools of the so-called "higher criticism" both in this country and in Europe is truly alarming. In learned and popular volumes, lectures and articles it is "scientifically" and "critically" shown how Christianity is an evolution from pagan cults; how the Catholic Church has departed from its primitive purity and simplicity. The martyrs of the first Christian centuries are held up to scorn as bigots; the great theological controversies of the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries are dismissed as trivial blickerings; the civilizing force of Monasticism minimized; the Church is held responsible for the break up of the Roman Empire; Mohmmed is honored. The Popes of the Middle Ages are held up as grasping theocratic tyrants, and the actions of the Christian peoples of those same ages vilified. Abuses in the human membership of the Church are exaggerated, while the so-called "reformers" and their abbettors are exalted. The atheistic philosophers of France are hailed as leaders of modern enlightenment, and the Catholic Church in the 19th century reproached as being reactionary and hostile to the liberties and rights of man. Such writers and teachers must be met on their own ground, i. e. on the ground of scientific and critical history, and our students must be taught to be able to stand on that ground. Such was the mind of the convention.

The second session began business by adopting a constitution for a permanent organization to be known as the American Jesuit Historical Association—Eastern Division. This was followed by two illuminating papers. The first entitled "The Cambridge Historical Tripos" was a communciation from Fr. Lawrence K. Patterson, S. J., now doing History at Cambridge, in which he describes graduate courses in History as followed out at the great English University. In Fr. Patterson's absence,

Mr. Edward Ryan, S. J., read the paper. The second paper by Mr. Martin Harney, S. J., was an instructive account of how the extra-class Academy of Contemporary History carried on its activities at Boston College.

Methods and the History Schedule of the New Province Syllabus were the topics of the morning's discussion. In keeping with their declared recognition of the scientific character of the modern History and its value for developing an inquiring, discerning and critical judgement as to the value of sources and authorities, the Association unanimously declared itself for methods that call for more individual and personal work on the part of the student, more reference to sources, more acquaintance with authorities, more recourse to libraries and more attention to historical geography.

The History Schedule of the New Syllabus was looked into from many angles and discussed with earnestness and frankness.

The third and last session opened with a masterly criticism of Monsignor de Roo's five-volume vindication of Alexander VI, by Fr. Robert Swickerath, S. J., which was read by Mr. John M. Maher, S. J. Discussion on the Schedule was then resumed, and after all had been said on this point the convention turned its attention to the question of Needs in the department of History. With equal candor, observations and ideas were exchanged on such matters as special preparation of teachers, proper conditions for teaching and study in the colleges, material equipment: classrooms, books, maps, illustrative material, library facilities, etc. As action was the goal of discussion, each point considered regarding the New Schedule and Needs was taken up and voted on separately in the form of resolutions; while the task of drawing up these in due form and of presenting them to the authorities for consideration and action was entrusted to a Committee on Recommendations composed of Frs. Moorehouse F. X. Millar, S. J., John F. X. Murphy, S. J. and Mr. Martin P. Harney, S. J.

It was also thought advisable and profitable to investigate as closely as possible the courses, methods and equipment of colleges and universities other than our

own. This would be serviceable information. For this the assembled teachers were formed into a committee of the whole with the understanding that each member would inform himself about the college in the vicinity of his own and report subsequently. Chief among the institutions of whose history departments detailed information is particularly desired are Harvard, Yale, Columbia, New York University, University of Pennsylvania and Johns Hopkins.

The last item of business was the election of permanent officers for the coming year. The choice of the Association fell on the following: Fr. Demetrius B. Zema, S. J., President; Fr. John F. X. Murphy, S. J., Vice-President; Fr. Mark Smith, S. J., Secretary. The Executive Committee of the Association will be composed of the three officers already named and in addition of Frs. Robert Swickerath, S. J., and Moorehouse F. X. Millar, S. J.

The convention then adjourned. Great satisfaction at the work done was felt by all who attended. One thing especially notable was the unanimity of opinion in regard to problems, and also in regard to means of solution. Another outstanding fact was the enthusiastic interest taken, that did not once flag in spite of the hot weather. Of this the sustained animation of the Discussions was a proof. Thus was inaugurated the Eastern Branch of the American Jesuit Historical Association, etc.

MARTIN P. HARNEY, S. J.

Apostolic Letter of Pope Pius XI

TO THE

VERY REVEREND VLODIMIR LEDÓCHOWSKI
General of the Society of Jesus,

Commemorating the Canonization
of St. Aloysius Conzaga.

FOR

The Second Centenary of that Saint.

BELOVED SON, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION:

A singular note in the life of the Divine Master is His special love for the young. He attracts and draws to Himself the innocent children. He severely rebukes, and threatens with heaviest punishments those that scandalize them; and to the unblemished young man He holds out as both allurement and reward the complete and perfect ideal of sanctity.

The Church, having imbibed this very spirit from her Founder whose mission and work she was to continue, has from the beginning of the Christian era showed and proved herself inflamed with similar ardent love for the young. She began, therefore, to provide for the physical and moral welfare of the little ones; to open schools and universities, and instruct her children from the first elements of knowledge to the highest; and to approve and encourage the founding of religious Orders and Congregations which, by opening Acadmies, Colleges and Schools, and by starting various Associations, might attend to the proper education of youth. The Church has always claimed that to impart such education was her own inviolable right. She could not help teaching before the whole human race entrusted to her care, that she alone possesses the true doctrine of morality, and that she is the only safe teacher of the most difficult art of forming the true character of man on Christian principles.

We greatly rejoice in Our days to see everywhere numberless young men and women from all ranks of society gathering around the Priests and Bishops, eager to per-

feet themselves in every point of Christian doctrine and life, and to help the Church to carry on her work of reforming and saving mankind. And remembering the many bands of young people that during the Holy Year came to Us from all parts, We feel once again the joy We then felt, when We thought that with such bands organized in all countries, it would be possible one day to form a strong yet peaceful army which the Holy See could use for the renovation of a decadent world. The love We bear for the young strikes deeper root in Our heart when We consider the many and execrable snares laid for their innocence and faith. In this warfare against their entire spiritual life, it often happens that the strength of the body and soul of many, who would otherwise have been useful to the Church and to Society, grows weaker or is even totally impaired.

The Second Centenary, therefore, of the Canonization of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, which will be completed on the last day of this year, brings with it so many advantages for the spiritual advancement of youth, that We most willingly turn Our thoughts and words to Our younger children who, all the world over, grow up as the hope of the Kingdom of Christ. As they must have recourse to this strong and powerful protector in the battles and dangers of life, so must they follow him as a wonderful model of every virtue. If they study his life well, they will clearly see which is the way to perfection, which are the fittest means they must use to attain it, and which are the priceless fruits of virtue they will reap, provided they follow in the footsteps of Aloysius. Let them see him in his true light and such as he really was, and not as the enemies of the Church have falsely represented him or even unwise writers portrayed him, and they will find in him a unique model of all youthful virtues, even now after so many recent examples of sanctity.

Glancing through the pages of the Church's history, one easily discovers that a large number of the youths and men who are most worthy of admiration for their innocent life, and whom the Holy Ghost has raised up since the death of St. Aloysius to our own day, have been modelled on his example. To give but a few instances, We

would mention John Berchmans, who, while a student in the Roman College, had resolved to copy Aloysius in every detail; Nunzio Sulprizio, a young workman, who who did likewise from his childhood to his death; Contardo Ferrini who, rightly called by his companions a second Aloysius, had for the Saint the tenderest devotion, taking him as the model and guardian of his chastity; Bartholomea Capitano who, in her life and in her death, perfectly reproduced Aloysius to whom she was greatly devoted and by whom, in this Centenary year, she seems to have been made to share his glory, with her enrolment in the catalogue of the Blessed. It may safely be affirmed that Aloysius also helped not a little to the conversion and sanctification of St. Gabriel of our Lady of Dolours, who, in spite of the levity and carelessness of his youthful years, never ceased to recommend himself to him whom he had been taught to revere as the Patron of Youth. And to quote also one at least of the most recent educators and teachers of the young, the Venerable John Bosco had not only himself a tender devotion to St. Aloysius, but he strongly recommended it also to the boys whom he undertook to train in holiness, and left it as a kind of inheritance to his children. Of the former, the one most advanced in the imitation of St. Aloysius was Dominic Savio, a spotless boy, whom God allowed the world to see and admire for so brief a period.

It was certainly a profound disposition of God's Providence that Aloysius should die at a very early age, when his eminent qualities of mind and heart, his resolute and active will, and his singular and almost superhuman prudence combined with zeal for religion and souls, gave promise of an apostolate exceedingly fruitful. It pleased God, however, that young people should learn from an angelic youth, whom similarity of age would naturally make them love and follow, what was their special and main duty—to prepare themselves for the battle of life by the solid practice of Christian virtues. We deem that those who lack the interior virtues which so splendidly shone in Aloysius are neither fit nor equipped to face the dangers and battles of life or undertake apostolic work. Having become "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," they will be of no use to the cause they meant to promote

and defend. They will even do harm, as experience has more than once demonstrated in the past. The Centenary celebrations of St. Aloysius, therefore, come opportunely and at the right time. By the example of his life, the Saint recommends to young men, already too much inclined by nature to external things, and only eager to throw themselves into the arena of action, not to think of working for others before they have made progress in the study and practice of interior virtues.

First of all, Aloysius shows to the young that the fundamental basis of true Christian education is the spirit of a living Faith, enlightened by which as by "a light that shineth in a dark place," they may know the nature and importance of this life. Having determined to order his life, not according to worldly principles, but in the light of eternal ones, from which whosoever departs ceases to be a spiritual man, the Saint was accustomed to consider such motives—all taken from Revelation—in the solitude of the Spiritual Exercises, to which, first in his tender years in the world, and later on as a Jesuit, he often betook himself with greatest profit and consolation of his soul. Under the guidance of Aloysius it should be deeply impressed on the mind of every young person that man's life is not to be debased in such a way as to be confined to the care and enjoyment of perishable things, by which the mind and the senses are often carried away. It should be rather looked upon as a training ground in which, while serving Christ alone, we strive to attain eternal happiness. Youths will easily get this true view of life if, following the example of St. Aloysius, they sometimes wholly withdraw from the tumult of the world to make for a few days the Spiritual Exercises which, as long experience teaches, are fitted firmly and faithfully to absorb their tender and docile souls.

Illumined by the splendour of the eternal truths, having resolved upon using all possible means in order to live a spotless life, Aloysius adhered so strongly to his resolution as to be free, during the whole of his life, from every stain of mortal sin. In particular, so diligently did he preserve the flower of his purity free from the slightest blot, that among his companions he went by the name of Angel—by which name the Christian world has ever since

been accustomed to honour him; and Blessed Robert Bellarmine, a Spiritual Father of great experience, thought he was confirmed in grace. Nor did Aloysius attain to such a high degree of sanctity because he was, by God's special favour, exempted from those battles which, within our soul and without, we must fight against our fallen nature. From impure temptations he was indeed freed through a singular grace; but born as he was to high rank, he was not exempt from the fire of anger and the tingling of pride. With a determined will, however, he not only repressed such inclinations, but subjugated them entirely to the rule of reason. Morever, well knowing man's innate weakness, and placing no trust whatever in himself, he sought to gain the help of Divine grace by praying day and night, even for many hours together, and using before the Divine Clemency the intercession of the Virgin Mother of God, in whose devotion he greatly excelled. Above all, he approached the Holy Table, which he understood to be the fountain and support of the whole spiritual life, as often as allowed in those days, to draw therefrom strength ever new. As, however, man's co-operation must go hand in hand with divine grace, to maintain his innocence and purity, Aloysius added to a fervent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Mother of God, a detachment from all worldly things and such mortification of his senses as most men may well admire but can never equal. It is a marvellous fact and hardly credible that, in so great a corruption of morals, Aloysius could vie with the Angels in purity of soul; that in such a keen seeking of pleasure he could distinguish himself for his extraordinary abstinence and for the austerity and rigour of his life; that in such eagerness of honours, he should despise and loathe them, so as willingly to renounce the Principality, which by hereditary right was to be his, and desire to join that religious Order, wherein a special vow shuts the door even to sacred dignities; that in the excessive worship of the ancient culture of Greece and Rome, so increasing should be his attachment and application to heavenly things, that both by a particular gift of Heaven and his own wonderful industry, he lived so entirely absorbed in God as to suffer no distraction whatever in his prayer.

These things are, indeed, so singular —heights inaccessible even to men of consummate virtue. Let this, however, warn our youths of the true means by which their most excellent grace and ornament, their innocence that is to say, and purity of morals is preserved. Concerning this matter, We are not unaware that many educators of the young, frightened by the moral corruption of our day, through which so many youths plunge into ruin to the deepest detriment of soul, and desirous of removing from civil society such a serious calamity and loss, are all intent on thinking out new systems of education. We wish they could properly understand that they will be of no service to the State, if they neglect those methods of action and that discipline which, derived as they are from the fountain of Christian wisdom, and tested by the long experience of centuries, Aloysius found in himself extremely effective—a living faith, the flight from seductions, self-control, active piety to God and to the Blessed Virgin, and a life frequently refreshed and strengthened by the Bread of Angels.

If young men attentively consider Aloysius as a perfect model of chastity and of sanctity, not only will they learn thoroughly to check sensuality, but they will also avoid the snares into which those fall who, imbued with the reveries of a certain science that despises the doctrine of Christ and of the Church, allow themselves to be led astray by an immoderate thirst for liberty, by pride of mind and independence of will. Aloysius, conscious though he was of being the heir to a Principality, willingly allowed himself to be guided in his studies and his spirit by the teachers assigned to him. Later on, as a member of the Society of Jesus, he submitted himself so perfectly to the commands and directions of his superiors as not to depart, even in the most insignificant duties of religious life, from what the Institute prescribes.

No one fails to see how greatly opposed this conduct of the Saint is to that of so many young men, who, deceived by appearances and chafing under every restraint, despise the advice of their elders. Everyone that wishes to serve the banner of Christ must hold it as certain that, once the yoke of discipline is shaken off, he will reap shameful defeats instead of victories, nature having so

providentially arranged that young people cannot make intellectual and moral progress or shape their lives according to Christian principles, unless they are guided by others. And if great docility is required in every branch of knowledge, how much more in all that concerns an active apostolate! Such duties being closely connected with the office entrusted by Christ to the Church, they cannot possibly be done holily and profitably, unless they are performed with submission to those whom the Holy Ghost has placed as Bishops to rule the Church of God. As once in the Garden of Eden by promising great and incredible things as a reward for their disobedience, Satan led our first parents to rebel against God, so nowadays, by the bait of independence, he corrupts youth, and swelling them with empty pride, drags into the mire those whose true greatness is only to be found in submission to lawful authority. Aloysius, though on account of his signal prudence he was admired by his countrymen who hoped for great things from his future government, and later on was looked upon by his Jesuit brethern as quite fit to be eventually raised to the Generalship of the Order, despised himself and with a submission at once most humble and most noble, obeyed all those that held the place of his eternal Lord and King in his regard.

Aloysius reaped the sweetest and choicest fruits of a most holy conduct of life, led according to the light and rule of faith. So well, indeed, did gifts of nature and grace blend in him that he presents himself to us as a perfect model of a young man. Do not the excellence of his mind and the maturity of his judgment, the nobility and strength of his soul, the polish and pleasantness of his manners make him such? Proof of the high intellectual power of this innocent youth who, free from all inordinate passions, was wholly given to contemplation and perfect knowledge of what is true and good, is the success with which he went through his course of studies, the universal applause with which he held philosophical debates, and his writings, and above all his letters, which, though few on account of the short span of his life, are worthy of admiration as showing a profound knowledge and appreciation of things.

Aloysius showed clearly his sound judgement and acuteness by the manner in which he transacted and brought to a successful issue the most difficult affairs entrusted to him by his father; and after the death of his father by the no less arduous task of effecting a reconciliation between his brother and the Duke of Mantua, thus putting an end to feuds and hatred. The nobility of his heart and the gentleness of his manners were universally lauded by all who came in touch with him, in everyday life or amidst the splendours of the court, whether they were citizens or servants, princes or courtiers; but epecially by the superiors and members of the Society of Jesus, who greatly admired him.

We know, however, that strength of character and firmness of will were most peculiarly evident in St. Aloysius. Having from childhood resolved to become a Saint, he was with such strength and courage faithful to this resolution till death as never to hinder or delay the spiritual ascent which he began with the first use of reason. Can there be, then, any more timely and fit model for the love and imitation of the young and especially of students? Besides filling their mind and heart with sound and solid culture, these require a wise, calm and balanced criterion to judge and feel rightly concerning men and events, so as not to let themselves be led astray by false impressions, by unruly and enfeebling passions, or by popular opinion. They must distinguish themselves by kindness and amiablility in order to maintain peace in their families and in society, and by strength and constancy of will in order to direct themselves and others on the path of goodness.

We find, likewise, in Aloysius the admirable diligence and alacrity in helping his fellow-men, which forms the essence of the apostolate that often attracts so powerfully young people. Though his main and constant occupation was to meditate on the things of Heaven and to converse intimately with God, so that his life could be said to be "hidden with Christ in God," still there often burst from his heart sparks of apostolic zeal, which forecasted in some way the ardent flames of later years. Thus we see him, when still a boy, edifying all with whom he came in contact by his good example and pious conversation,

and on occasion stirring them up to the practice of virtue. As he advanced in years and longed for greater things, we see him look forward to the highest and the hardest works for the salvation of souls, and turn his thoughts to the conversion of heretics and pagans in foreign lands. The Roman populace saw Aloysius, when a student in the Roman College, go through the squares, the cross-roads and streets of the city to teach the children and the poor the elements of Christian Doctrine. They were witnesses of the heroic charity with which, when Rome was ravaged by an epidemic, he served those infected with it, and caught himself the first germs of that disease which a few months after was to bring him to the grave when barely twenty-four.

Here, then, lies open to all our youth a very wide field where they may strenuously work under the leadership of Aloysius. They should imitate and copy him in leading an exemplary life, in cleanness of speech, zeal for missionary work, in teaching catechism, and devoting themselves to various works of charity. If bands of Catholic youths were to devote themselves to works such as these, they would revive and fittingly adapt to our our times, the Aloysian Apostolate which, far from ceasing with the death of Aloysius, continues its salutary efficacy from Heaven. As a matter of fact from his heavenly throne, where the Carmelite Virgin, Magdalen de Pazzi, in one of her visions saw him reigning, and where, two centuries ago, our predecessor of happy memory, Benedict XIII, declared him seated among the elect by solemnly enrolling him in the catalogue of the Saints, Aloysius has never ceased to shower his favors on all his his clients, but especially on the young. Hence it is that there are so many sodalities named after him, and proud of being under his protection. Hence it is that there are so many youths, boys and girls, that blend the spirit of penance with innocence of life. Hence it is that St. Aloysius and the Christian young people seem to vie with one another; he in pouring on them heavenly gifts, they in invoking him as their celestial Patron. What wonder, then, if the Popes have chosen Aloysius as the model and patron of youth?

Pondering, thorefore, once more all these things and

vehemently moved by that anxious care that We, more than all men, feel for a thoroughly good education of the young and for their salvation in these times of unusually grave dangers, and, moreover, as a token of gratitude for past favours, and to obtain even greater favors from Aloysius, following the example of our Predecessors, and in particular of Benedict XIII and of Leo XIII, We solemnly confirm, and, if need be, by Our Apostolic authority declare St. Aloysius Gonzaga the heavenly patron of all Christian youth. And while We entrust this choicest offspring of the Catholic family to to the charge and faithful protection of Aloysius, that it may grow and flourish more profusely; and, while openly professing the Christian Faith, it may more widely display innocence of life, with all Our heart We entreat them to keep Aloysius before them as model, to honor and invoke him constantly, by means also of those exercises, such as the practice of the Six Sundays, which, as from long experience We know, bring many great blessings.

Meanwhile We greatly rejoice that the Committee appointed to promote and hold the Centenary Celebrations under the watchful direction of our Cardinal Vicar, have recommended young people, that, after some spiritual recollection, they make a solemn promise to live a righteous and pure life, and register this promise by their own hand on specially prepared lists, and confirm it by an oath. All these lists, bound up in volumes, will be brought to Rome by delegates of the youth of the whole Catholic world, and after the Roman Pontiff has, so to speak, ratified them, they will be placed, as a mark of devotion and as a souvenir, in the Church of St. Ignatius, where the venerable bones of Aloysius rest. Nothing seems fitter to stir up the generous souls of young men. The Celebration, accordingly, of the Centenary will not fail to bring about the spiritual renewal of all the young people. This is its end and aim.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 13th of June, 1926, the fifth year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS PP. XI.

—*Bombay Examiner.*

NEGLECTED CHILDREN—THE REMEDY?

The Catholic children of this country are suffering from neglect. Without even stopping to think, you can tell off a number of parishes where one third or one half or more of the children are not attending the parochial school. You can recall, without half trying, parishes where there is no parochial school. Cleveland allows that 40,000 Catholic children in the city are attending non-Catholic grade schools, and that an extra 20,000 Catholic children in the remainder of the diocese are also in public schools. The figures for Detroit are not available, but it is certain, I think, that the numbers there are equally large, perhaps larger. Milwaukee admits that approximately 15,000 Catholic children are in the public schools. St. Louis has certainly 20,000 Catholic children in the public schools. And so it is for our cities generally.

Where do the children learn their Faith? At Sunday Mass? At Catechism? Not one-tenth of them go to catechism; the percentage of irregular attendants is rather high. At home? Any one who has dealt with children of grade-school age knows that the children nowadays do not learn their Faith at home. They do not even learn their prayers at home, much less their catechism.

"Mitzi, do you know the Hail Mary?" (Mitzi was an eleven-year-old Slovene girl who was attending a mission for children.)

"No."

"No, *Father*?" (Mitzi and her like have to be taught to say "Father" when addressing the priest. Probably they have never really spoken to a priest in their lives before the children's mission brought them into contact with one.)

"Well, won't mother teach you if you ask her?"

"Well, Grandma said she would teach me out of the book, but Grandma only knows it in Slovene. I asked her a couple of times, but she's always tired or something."

That is the story of Catholic children belonging to for-

eign-born parents. And it is the same story for Catholic children born of native Americans.

"Mother doesn't say her prayers." Or "Mother doesn't care whether I say my prayers or not." Those are typical answers got on a children's mission.

And Mitzi, you may be sure, hasn't been to Confession, nor has she made her First Communion. Mitzi and all her like need help. Here is an another example. "And why don't you know the Hail Mary?" (The one being questioned was an eleven-year-old Italian girl.) "O, I used to go to catechism and I knew it once, but I went on a trip to Italy, and we stayed there six months and I forgot my prayers."

The problem, then, is simple enough. Thousands, hundreds of thousands, even, I fear, millions of our Catholic children do not get instruction in their Faith. They must be reached, if they can be. They must be taught, if they can be. They must be held and drilled in the Catholic Faith, if they can be. Otherwise the cry of the pleading Saviour, "Suffer the little children to come to Me and forbid them not," will remain unheeded and unknown.

Now a means has been devised that promises well and, if employed extensively, is practically certain of lasting and most excellent results. This means is missions for children. Missions for children are not a novelty in the Missouri Province. Some twenty-five years ago Fr. Cornelius Shyne, S. J., set himself to work out a way of reaching the children in a more effective and permanent way. His problem was two-fold. He must first gather the children if he was to give them exercises independent of the missions given to the grown folks. And next, he must elaborate a method of instruction and a content for his talks that would be suited to the young minds of his prospective audience. Now Father Shyne is a skilled missioner, and that means that he is a master in giving the Exercises. He concluded from his experience with children that the Spiritual Excercises could very easily be adapted to the capacities of young folk; and he saw that the great divisions of the Roman Catechism were already covered in the same exercises. His content of talks, then,

was ready at hand; he must interweave the Exercises and the Catechism.

So he worked out a scheme, elastic and adaptable to local circumstances, but in general formed somewhat in in the following way. The mission for children will last for three days; three strenuous days of five thirty-minute instructions, Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The mission will open with the general principle that "no one ever gets anything for nothing." The children understand that principle very well; some of them understand it only too well, for they share the responsibility of filling empty mouths at home. When finally the idea has been deeply implanted that Heaven is to be won by individual efforts, the advance is made slowly through the Spiritual Exercises with the "What must I believe?" —"What must I do?"—"What must I make use of as helps of doing?" of the Catechism intimately interwoven. The Creed is set in the End of Man and Creatures; the Commandments, in the meditations on Sin and Hell; the Sacraments in Death and Judgment.

The first talk of the first day is a short introduction. Its purpose is to break down the timidity, to soothe away the distrust or disgust that may be in the minds of the congregation. The next talk is concerned with making clear to the children the fact that there is another life that is led on earth, the supernatural life of grace; in other words, it is explained that none can go to Heaven without having a title to Heaven, and it is shown how that title is got and what it is. To this end Baptism is taken as a concrete example of the initiation to this new life; the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity are made definite and objective—as far as that is possible with children only for audience. When you consider the state of spiritual starvation of many of the children who make a children's mission, you understand at once that this fundamental orientation is not time lost. The third talk on the first day is on the End of Man; the fourth, on the End of Creatures; the fifth, a general review in the light of what had been seen of the value, the glory, the supreme necessity, the "timeliness" of the Catholic Church today —and always. It is really a "repetition" of the preceding meditations.

The second day begins with Sin and its malice; then goes to Personal Sin and the Commandments; next, to Hell; then finally to Death. At some time during the second day a half hour is devoted to showing the children Fr. Keith's slides on the Life of Christ and the Mass. As these pictures, even if only a selection is shown, cannot be covered in one half-hour session, another session is given them on the third day. The object of these pictures is evident. The children must visualise Our Blessed Lord, the Mass and other things. They must understand, as well as may be, the central Source of all our grace and help. They must be given as intelligent an idea of the Mass as is possible. No better means than the pictures can be used.

The third day has for its first instruction Confession and the idea of the Sacraments; the second instruction is devoted to Prayer and Communion. The third talk is on the Mass pictures; the fourth, on the Mercy of God; the fifth, on the Passion. The Mission concludes on the morning of the fourth day with Mass and general Communion and the Papal Blessing.

Such was the content of talks that Fr. Shyne arranged to be used on his missions to children. His method was known to him, as it would be to any experienced educator—the method of all sound pedagogy: to interest and through interest to instruct and permanently to impress the young minds whom he gathered. No formal sermons but question and answer were what he wanted; and always when handling a topic, "Illustrate, illustrate, illustrate!" As he puts it, "Get your particular topic. Avoid rambling commonplaces. It is the particular topic that hits the point and penetrates. Be definite. Have a point before you which you must hit if you wish to help." And he began his work. He determined on the summer time as the best time under the circumstances for giving these missions to children. In the summer both he and the children were free. He could have them for three whole days apart with himself and another—for he insists that two men are the proper allotment for a mission for children—and during that time he could reach them and impress them and permanently help them in those matters where they most need help. For several years Fr.

Shyne conducted missions for children. He gathered a group of young priests—third-year Fathers, fourth-year Fathers—and drilled them in his method by object lessons and by inspiring talk. The work went swimmingly. And then—well, a combination of circumstance first took Fr. Shyne himself from the work, and then stole away those whom he had trained. Children's missions were extinct for a time.

It was only last year that Fr. Shyne found it possible to start them anew. He kept saying to himself during those long years, "I know that if Our Lord wants them, He can bring them back." And He has brought them back. Last year thirteen missions for children were given during July and August in the Milwaukee Archdiocese and one in Chicago. This year the movement has spread. Cleveland on the East and Wyoming on the West are the territory covered. Nine men have been continually busied in the work. Over 30 missions were given. About 6,000 children were reached. This year the work was under the direction of Fr. John Lyons, head of the Catholic Instruction League.

The children are gathered for the mission by the pastor's announcement during Sunday Mass for some three or four Sundays. But, better, they are gathered by the devoted and heroic ladies who teach catechism in the parish, and by the Sisters who, in increasing numbers, are doing the same thing. This means, of course, that the children who most need help, the utterly neglected children, are not being reached and brought to the Missions. But some always find their way to the mission, either through the advertising of zealous neighbors or relatives or by the remarks of the pastor at Sunday Mass. Besides, the children themselves are splendid recruiters. Always the attendance at a mission grows from day to day. It works somewhat this way. "Tony, old man, don't you know some fellows who ought to be making this mission?" (Tony is a twelve year old boy, a most irregular attendant at catechism, whom the missioner has made friends with. Indeed, it is the missioner's business to make friends with all the children at the mission. It is a pleasant part of the mission and an easy one, for the children seem to have a predisposition to love and flock around the priest of God.)

"Yes, Fadder," (Tony has known the priest for a day and has learnt to say "Yes, Father.")

And Tony recruits. Only this Tony had a bit of hard luck with his recruiting. On arriving at the church the second day of the Mission, I found Tony looking very woe-begone and a bit the worse for the battle. "Matter, Tony?"

"Aw, Fadder, I brought two kids here this morning—tough birds—and while I was chasing a ball across the street they skipped."

But most of these who are brought in and shyly introduced to the missioners or to the catechism teachers who attend to the registration and help keep the children busy at their games between instructions, do stay. One mission this summer opened with 76 at Mass the first day. Apostolic work by the children brought the number to 95 by afternoon. 127 were present the second morning. 148 were there the third day to get into the picture that is always taken at the close of the mission. The missions secure definite results, too. Always the registration in the catechism classes increases after a mission has been given. The attendance at the parochial school, if there be one, goes higher. And many of the children get fired and convinced with the essential idea that their religion is an integral part of their lives.

"Son, you can go off to Grandma's this evening at the lake and stay the week I promised."

"Aw, Dad, I can't go now. I'm making the mission. I can sacrifice that trip for my Faith, I guess."

The missions have to grow and reach more and more if they are to do what they are capable of doing. But they can grow. Pastors who have had them are enthuiastic. During this past summer three parishes asked for and got a second mission, having had one the year before. At least two other places wished for repeats, but could not be supplied. The catechism teachers—The Catholic Instruction League—are most enthusiastic and insistent for missions wherever they conduct catechism classes. The children like to make the missions. With a tool in our hands we can make a splendid dent in the phalanx of neglected children. We can, in time, plug many a hole in the dike where "leakage" is now such a prominent factor.

R. Bakewell Morrison, S. J.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

Our Lady Mediatrix Of All Graces. By Rev. Raphael V. O'Connell, S. J. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. Net Price $1.25.

The meaning of the foregoing title is that all graces come through the Mediation of the Blessed Virgin. The aim of the writer is to show that this is not a mere pious opinion, but a portion of Divine Revelation. The title may be new, but the idea is old. It is contained more or less explicitly in the Liturgy of the Church, in the writings of the Fathers, in the teaching of the Doctors, and in the universal belief of the Faithful. A special Commission of Theologians has been appointed to examine the question with a view to formal definition. Leo XIII and Puis X often refer to it as an accepted Catholic doctrine. A proper Mass and Office have been granted to Bishops and Religious Orders who asked for them. Hence we have reason to hope that it is only a question of time and of fuller development until the view be defined as a Dogma of Faith. All who feel a special devotion to Mary rejoice at this new title, and pray for a happy consummation in the near future.

The writer has a tactful way of blending instruction and devotion. Even when he examines a question on theological grounds, he avoids the technicalities of the class room or of a formal dogmatic treatise. He never forgets that he is writing for the laity as well as for the clergy, and his short chapters are well adapted to the fitful reading habits of the present day. The longest of them can be mastered in a quarter of an hour, and afterwards used as "points" for meditation. Incidentally, the volume contains a great deal of information on the nature and function of grace, both habitual and actual, on the Fall of man and the scope of Redemption, and on other kindred topics. Nor is he afraid to face obvious difficulties. Here are a few which he proposes and answers as far as his space and aim would permit:

1. If the Holy Ghost pours grace abroad into the souls of the faithful, where is there room for the Mediation of a creature?

2. If the Sacraments produce grace by their own intrinsic efficacy, and are adapted to the various needs of man, is not that sufficient without any further aid or outside influence?

3. If grace leads to grace, and merit to merit in a strict sense, will not that suffice for salvation?

4. If all graces must come through the Blessed Virgin, what is the good or the need of invoking the Saints?

5. How could the Mother of Grace have in mind the wants of those who lived before she was born?

6. How can a finite mind like hers comprehend the infinite needs of countless millions in the present, past and future?

7. Does Mary distribute the treasures of Divine Grace as the mother of a King might dispense his bounty?

Those who desire information on these and similar topics would do well to read Father O'Connell's latest book.

Toward to the end of the volume there is a practical chapter on Devotion to Our Lady. Indeed that follows as a logical consequence of the whole treatise; for if all graces come through the hands of the Blessed Virgin, it behoves us to foster devotion to her by every means in our power. It is one of our primary devotions, and the cult of special Saints is relatively of secondary importance. For that reason the laity should be urged to buy and read the present volume.

The author thus sums up the Mediation of Mary: "Even now in Heaven, while no gift is bestowed on us by God except in virtue of the Passion and death of His Divine Son, the Precious Blood must be presented to God by Mary, and, apart from her cooperation, no grace descends to earth, no dew from Heaven refreshes the human heart. . . . . Mary's slighest wish is law because her Son has made her the dispenser of all His treasures. . . . . We may, if we will, go directly to God, we may address our appeal immediately to Our Divine Lord; but even thus, if Mary's Mediation is universal, our petition, in order to be granted, must pass through Mary's hands; she must first add to it the weight of her all-powerful intercession."

Religion, Doctrine and Practice For Use in Catholic High Schools. By Francis Cassilly, S. J. Creighton University, Omaha. Published by the Loyola University Press, Chicago, Ill. $1.60 net.

What Fr. Cassilly offers us in this work is a practical school book He has felt, as so many teachers of religion have felt, that the average manual is uninteresting or unreal or incomplete. When you are dealing with actual boys and girls, whether you are teaching religion or any thing else, you have to awaken and sustain their interest. And so Fr. Cassilly has aimed at producing a book that is "up to the attractive level of modern school books on other subjects." This he has succeeded in doing. As a book pure and simple it is a pleasure to handle. The paper is good, the printing is excellent, and the twenty full-page illustrations are varied and attractive. In regard to the contents, there is much that is refreshing both in scope and method. We have something more than just a boiled-down treatise on theology. Nothing is left in the abstract; whenever it is possible, a doctrine is illustrated either from the life of Our Lord or of a Saint, or from Church history. Then again at the end of each section there is pointed out some quite definite application of the teaching to Catholic life. A special feature of Fr. Cassilly's method is his progressive treatment of the matter. Realising that a boy in first year high has neither the interests nor the insight which he is likely to have in his third and fourth year, Fr. Cassilly graduates the work without reference to strictly logical exposition. Thus he begins with the more concrete matter of the Commandments, passes in part II to the Means of Grace, and re-

serves the dogmatic exposition of the Creed till the end. There is, too, in the earlier chapters a greater simplicity more suited to younger boys. The method of question and answer is preserved; but, while the questions are made short and clear in order to formulate a thesis, the answers are discursive: they expound, illustrate, and, in a word, do all that is possible in order to interest.

Christian Apologetics. By the Rev. W. Devivier, S. J. Translated from the French original. Edited and enlarged by the Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S. J. Published by Joseph F. Wagner, 54 Park Place, New York. Two volumes cloth, $6.00 a set.

"Many weighty reasons conspire to make this work a veritable treasure to the clergy. Dealing as it does with that branch of sacred learning which is the essential background of a fruitful apostolate, it holds a foremost place among the tested manuals of Apologetics.

"As guarantee of the worth of Devivier's orginial work, there is in the first place the fact that it ran through twenty editions within a few years, and won unstinted praise from the hierarchy and clergy, especially of Belgium and France. Father Sasia's translation, issued in 1903, was also very favorably received. The present publication contains a wealth of new material and brings the book up-to-date.

"A second reason for hearty commendation is its faithful adherence to traditional Catholic matter and method. While its purpose is *vetera novis augere*, this is not accomplished by marring the perspective. The great, solid lines of Catholic defense are not weakened by a showy parade of *new learning*. The *art* of practical apologetic varies almost with every individual case. But the *science* in its main positive structure remains unchanged.

"Many of the *compendia* recommended as aids to 'busy priests' are either too limited in their scope or too jejune in their treatment of individual subjects. This work covers the field for practical purposes, and is very satisfying because of the clearness, precision and thoroughness with which it treats of many even delicate questions of Apologetics."—*Conference Bulletin of the Archdiocese of New York.*

The Vision Beatific. By Rev. John D. Walshe, S. J. The Eaton Press, San Jose, California. Price $1.00.

When Priests and out-door Monks keep their Golden Jubilee, they often take an extended trip, as if to compensate for their voluntary confinement. They travel in order to renew old friendships or to make new ones. They visit the grandeurs of Nature, such as Niagara Falls, or the marvels of art, such as the Basilica at Buffalo. But these trips are usually and naturally confined to earth. It remained for Father Walshe of California to celebrate his Golden Jubilee by a poetic excurison to Heaven. Paradise has ever been the goal of his ambition, as it will one day be the recompense of all his drudgery and voluntary confinement. He took with him his Guard-

ian Angel as his guide and companion, and in doing so his choice is more orthodox and less allegorical than that of Dante.

To prosaic souls some of his descriptions may seem fanciful, realistic and material. No doubt they are tropical in a double sense. But when we treat of the spiritual world, we have to reason from analogy. Our metaphors are necessarily drawn from material things. And we have good authority for so doing. Holy Writ describes Heaven as a beautiful city, and calls it the New Jerusalem. To picture the ineffable beauty of that celestial city, it uses things most valued among men, such as precious stones. It tells us that there are twelve gates to the city, and that each gate is made of a single pearl. It says the foundations are of precious stones, and it goes on to enumerate a dozen. The streets are paved with pure and transparent gold. A carping critic would say that gold must change its nature in order to become transparent. Hence the Jubilarian of the Pacific Slope has good authority for his realistic metaphors.

Judging from reviews which I have seen, "The Vision Beatific" has been well received by the Press, irrespective of creed or caste or politics. Of course, it appeals most to souls who are harrowed with care and who long to be dissolved. Those who feel that earth is an exile and a vale of tears, are best fitted to appreciate Fr. Walshe's beautiful poem. A certain priest says that his mother was accustomed to read a portion of it every day, and when she died the little volume was found beneath or beside her pillow. That fact, when interpreted, means that "The Vision Beatific" contained the substance and the groundwork of her hope. What it was to her, it will doubtless be to many others. And many others will hear of it when it is republished by the Macmillan Co. of New York, as it soon will be.

The diction is scriptural throughout, and as such it has a natural dignity. The metre is generally iambic pentameter blank verse. The poem contains three Cantos, a Prologue and an Epilogue. In the first Canto the poet meets his Guardian Angel, in the Second he treads the Elysian Fields with God's Elect, and in the third his yearning soul is filled with bliss supreme. Fr. Walshe has written other shorter poems, and his readers hope that he will live to publish all in one volume. He will soon be four-score. Surely he has received the length of days promised to the just man.

Once Upon a Time. By Rev. D. P. McAstocker, S. J. The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass. Price $2.50.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, there lived and died in the California Province a man of unusual sanctity, named Father Adrian Ignatius McCormick. The present volume (now in its second edition) is the story of his life. Though it claims to be an exact record of facts, it reads like a work of fiction. First of all, the title is the old-fashioned way of beginning a story, especially for children. That title seems strange when given to a biogography, yet it has a certain propriety as prefixed to a work intend-

ed chiefly for the young. It will serve to awaken curiosity and thus act as an appetizer. The author pretends to be writing solely for a little Indian girl called Ignatia, who has a strong weakness for stories. Unless she is taken as a type of the young, it is not likely that a busy man of delicate health would go to so much trouble to please an individual child. As she is just learning English, it will be a long time before she can appreciate the literary merits of the book. However, one can follow a story, and unconsciously learn a needed lesson without appreciating the charms of style. Another thing which gives the book an air of fiction is this: The story is almost too good to be true. Yet the writer, in several places, as on page 37, says there is no exaggeration in describing the precocious virtue of young McCormick. The numerous instances of self-denial practised by that child contain a valuable bit of advice for both young and old. Fr. Gleeson, who was Provincial of the California Province at the time, vouches for the general accuracy of the sketch and the fidelity of the likeness. Among other things, which are very complimentary in their nature, the now ex-Provincial says that Fr. McCormick begged to be sent to the Chinese Mission as the most likely place in modern times to find a martyr's crown; but the request was not granted. Others declare that the desire for martyrdom began with childhood and grew with his growing years. One of our Canadian Fathers, who has long since passed the age of romancing, and who weighs his words as a careful writer should, attests a miraculous cure which Fr. McCormick wrought by a simple sign of the cross.

But all praise and no blame is suspicious. It has the air of "boosting" or of log-rolling. To remove that undesirable notion or lurking suspicion, let me say that the punctuation at times is rather defective. Of course, I am aware that, in the question of punctuation, there is a great difference of opinion among writers and grammarians, and that the tendency nowadays is to punctuate less and less. Some go so far as to say that writing should be so clear that it would need no punctuation at all. I leave that theory to the writers of free verse. It is too advanced for me, and I am inclined to think that, in literature, millinery and other things, it is a mark of common sense to remain at a safe distance behind the extravagant styles of the day. A comma is a little thing, but "little things make perfection," as the proverb saith.

Das Liturgische Tun. Grundsaetze und Winke, von Mich. Gatterer, S. J. Innsbruck. Druck und Verlag Felizian Rauch. 1926.

This little manual of liturgical principles and practical hints is meant mainly for Ordinandi. Its purpose is to emphasize the inner spirit of all outward ceremonies, while, at the same time, insisting on the practical means that must be used to attain careful, reverent, devout and beautiful execution in all our conduct on the Sanctuary. Part I is a full analysis with many concrete illustrations of all that is implied in the precept: Omnia accurate, reverenter, devote, pulchre fiant. What is said on the element of beauty in liturgical actions is particularly pleasing and inspiring.

Part II deals with general rules and practical hints. It is in no sense a handbook of ceremonies, but it supplies what is often lacking in such handbooks. It lays bare the roots of what often seems a sheer tangle of bewildering details. In regard to the deportment of the body, the management of the hands, the making of reverences and the pronunciation of the liturgical texts, there are a few principles which are fundamental and general. These principles Fr. Gatterer brings into relief, explains and exemplifies in a concrete and practical way. Altogether an admirable little book, and one which ought to take away the reproach that Jesuits are regardless of rubrics.

Supervision in the Catholic Elementary Schools. By Sister Mary Mildred, O. S. F., Ph. D., Glen Riddle, Pa.

This work was originally prepared as a Thesis for the Doctorate; but it differs from the usual Thesis in this, that it is based on the personal experience of the writer. The typical essay for a College degree is too ideal to be of much practical value. On the other hand, the present volume is the result of long and varied experience as Teacher, Supervising Principal and Community Inspector. The writer shows how general principals have to be modified by local conditions, and how mistakes can be avoided by foresight and prudence. She writes with real sympathy for young teachers, and with charity for all, whether young or old, who have to endure the drudgery of the class room. While teaching is a noble profession, it makes many demands on patience and human endurance. Teachers need sympathy and encouragement, and they will find an abundance of both in the present volume.

The scope of the work is very comprehensive. It is divided into four chapters as foliows:

1. The Necessity of Supervision.
2. The Supervising Principal.
3. The Community Inspector.
4. Practical Aids in Supervision.

Each chapter is preceded by a detailed Outline, which gives at a glance the drift of the whole and the connection of part with part. The divisions and subdivisions are well marked by paragraphing and proper notation.

The last chapter, which deals with Practical Aids in Supervision, is very comprehensive and very detailed. It contains Report Blanks for every grade from the lowest to the highest, and for every subject from the alphabet to English composition and music. There is a list of Books Recommended in each branch, and the volume closes with a long Bibliography. Incidentally and unintentionally the work shows that the writer possesses the qualifications which she requires in a Principal or Superintendent,

NOTE

From page 440 to the end of the volume the page numbers are exactly 100 less than they should be.

OBITUARY

FATHER ALPHONSUS J. DONLON

Father Donlon died September 3, 1923, while giving a Retreat to secular ladies at Marymount on the Hudson. That very morning he said Mass himself; the following day the Mass was said for the repose of his soul. The startling suddenness of his end was well calculated to impress the Retreatants with the fleeting nature of earthly things in general and of human life in particular. To him death came almost as the swoop of an eagle or a bolt from the blue; but it did not take him unawares nor find him unprepared. Indeed his whole life had been, in a certain sense, a preparation for a sudden death; and when the summons called him away, he answered the call like a soldier. One of the Nuns who attended his deathbed says that "he spoke of departing hence as calmly as if he were taking a train for New York." He was always known for his composure and self-possession, even in the face of difficulties. Some may have thought his coolness was affected, and that he feigned a calmness which he scarcely felt. But that judgement would do him scanty justice; for he faced the greatest trial of life with his wonted calm. He accepted death with the utmost resignation to God's Holy Will, and he was tranquil even amid great pain. Those who witnessed that scene will never forget it. The Nuns are grateful that such a holy man died in their convent; the Retreatants are thankful that they witnessed the deathbed of a Saint. No meditation on death could have been so instructive or so impressive as the reality. Thanks to the Marymount Community, we possess a detailed account of his last moments. That account will be found at the end of the present sketch.

A cousin * of Fr. Donlon living in Albany has kindly furnished some particulars about his early life, his family, his education and his lovable qualities. His career as a student at Georgetown University is outlined by a classmate; his influence as a teacher is attested by the **College Journal**; his administration as President of the University is described by a man who lived under him, and who had exceptional opportunities of knowing him intimately; his characteristic virtues as a Religious are portrayed by a

*Mrs. Charles M. Stewart.

contemporary; and his unusual success as a Retreat Master is vouched for by several different communities.

In asnwer to a request from the Woodstock Letters his cousin says:

"Father Alphonsus Donlon was born in Albany, New York, October 30, 1867. He was the son of Patrick Donlon and Julia Howard Donlon. His father was born in Ireland, his mother in Albany. When the father was a mere boy he came to America with his mother and an only sister. Alphonsus was the youngest of seven children, and he lost his mother when he was just eighteen months old. She was beautiful both in character and in personal charm, and her infant son inherited many of her traits. He was too young to know her or consciously copy her virtues; but they came to him as a precious legacy and almost as a matter of course. It is commonly thought and frequently said that Priests and Nuns owe their vocation to the piety of their mothers. Doubtless the principle holds good in the present case. From his earliest years Alphonsus seemed destined for the sanctuary, and that promise was particularly marked on the day of his First Communion. As there is no love like a mother's love for tenderness and patient endurance, so nobody can fully replace a mother in the home. Happily, in the case of Mrs. Donlon, her place was filled, as far as it could be filled, by her mother and her sister. They had always lived with her, and after her death they continued in the home and aided the father in bringing up his motherless children.

"Alphonsus began his schooling at St. Mary's Academy, which is conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Here in the little Convent Chapel he and his inseparable companion, Charles McHugh (my brother) made their First Holy Communion. Well do I remember the occasion when, with other members of the family, I watched these two devout little boys receive Our Lord into their hearts for the first time. It seemed to me quite obvious even at that early age, that God had marked "Al" for His very own. For some reason or other, it was a private little ceremony, with only two families present; yet simple though it was, it left an indelible impression on every one of us. Until these two companions and cousins grew to manhood, no matter how far apart they may have been, they always united in spirit to observe the anniversary of that happy day by receiving Holy Communion on March 25. Unless I am much mistaken, my brother kept up that pious practice until his death in 1913. Soon after his First Communion Alphonsus entered the Albany Boys'

Academy, and there he remained until he was fifteen. After that he went to Georgetown in the Fall of 1883 and entered the Preparatory School. The following year he began his College course, and graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1888. From Georgetown he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the purpose of studying Electrical Engineering. At the close of the school year he took a trip to Europe, and spent the summer abroad. On his return to the United States he decided to renounce the world and enter a Religious Order. He joined the Society of Jesus, October 11, 1889. After that his life is more familiar to his brethren than to his relatives.

"I do not know, Reverend Father, if these details be just what you wish. Of course, we have many precious memories and personal recollections of dear Fr. "Al.", but these would be of little or no interest outside the family circle. Although only ten years older than he, I was his sponsor in Baptism. In after years he loved to tease me by introducing me to strangers as his godmother. My prompt and invariable reply was this: 'You forget that I was a maid of tender years when such a heavy responsibiltty was laid upon my shoulders.' The introduction betrayed my age to some extent, but the good-natured banter of my dear cousin never gave offense."

Even as a student at Georgetown Alphonsus Donlon began to display that moderation and good sense which characterized his after career. He knew how to reconcile conflicting problems, such as athletics and studies. He did not cultivate his mind at the expense of his body, nor his body at the expense of his mind. He was as good in his studies as he was in college sports, perhaps better. He was distinguished in all his classes, yet he ranked among the foremost in baseball, football, tennis and track events. In his Senior year he won two gold medals: the Goff Philosophical Medal and the Medal for Mechanics. Later as a Jesuit, when he became Faculty Director of Athletics, he developed baseball teams which, if we may judge from intercollegiate records, were among the best that Georgetown ever produced. While Fr. Donlon was enthusiastic about college sports, he never let them interfere with studies. He regarded them as a means to an end, not an end in themselves, and he kept them in their proper place. Thus did he solve a difficult problem which has vexed and perplexed many a college man from that day to this. The problem is often solved the other way; that is, in favor of sports.

When he returned to Georgetown as a Scholastic, he

did not go there as an unknown quantity, or as a man who had his reputation still to make. His previous record as a student and athlete was handed down by tradition, and the biretta added a cubit to his stature in the estimation of the boys. The habit became him more than a baseball suit or football togs. His success in training victorious teams in every department of college sport made him known as "the Father of Georgetown Athletics." A more appropriate title would be this: "the Father of Athletes who were also students."

This affectionate note is from a friend and an admirer of Fr. Donlon, who is at present a prominent physician in Washington. *

"Al. Donlon, as we all called him, was a classmate of mine at Georgetown. We graduated from there together in 1888. He was very bright, and always stood at or near the head of his class in all departments. He was also very kind, and ever ready to assist others in their studies. Though a hard student, yet he found time for athletics, and he was as good on the diamond or gridiron as he was in the classroom. I dare say that no student ever left old Georgetown who was more popular than 'Al.' Donlon. Being naturally bright and of a lovable disposition, he could not be otherwise than popular. I venture to say the same of him when President of the University.

"I was greatly grieved when I heard of his death, and all the more so because it came in the prime of life and came as a thief in the night. There is so much good to be done, and there are so few to do it, that the world needs just such men as Fr. Donlon."

The following tribute to the memory of Father Donlon was sent by another classmate of his, who is now a prosperous business man in the South.

Chattanooga, Tenn.
October 26th, 1926.

Reverend dear Father:

Father Donlon, or "Al" as he was so familiarly known to us, was one of the first students I met when I entered Georgetown in September, 1884; and our first acquaintance soon ripened into a warm friendship which lasted throughout our four years together at the University, and until his lamented death. Al. was very likeable as a student, and there was a warmth to his character and personality that naturally endeared him to his many friends. He was full of student life, entering into everything with a zeal and zest which more than contributed

*J. H. Junghans, M. D.

to the pleasure of our gatherings and undertakings. He was very fond of athletic sports, into which he entered whole-heartedly; but his fondness for them never interfered with his studies or class work, as he always stood high in his classes and was, as you know, graduated with honors. Base ball was his special delight, and in his freshman year he made the "first team", where he was retained as short stop till his graduation in 1888. His playing, largely contributed to the splendid success of the team during those years. He was intensely interested in class work, and at examination time his markings never failed to bring up the standing of the class of '88.

There was a custom at Georgetown in those years to award "the banner" to the Freshman, Sophomore or Junior class which averaged the highest mark at the mid-term examination, and with the banner went a holiday to the winning class to be taken at any day they might select. As you may imagine, great interest was taken by the students in this contest. Now the class of '88 was the largest enjoyed by the University since the Civil War. We had in our number a few students who were weak in their averages, and heroic work was done by some of us each year to coach the uncertain ones so they could pass as creditable an examination as possible. Father Donlon was particularly interested in this phase of student work; and I remember his untiring efforts with one chap in particular whose especial weakness was mathematics, with the result that he surprised the whole class by passing in this particular branch with a mark well up in the eighties. That year our coaching the weak ones gave us a high class average, and we won the banner by a close margin over '87, much to our delight; and no member of our class was more enthusiastic over this result than Father Donlon.

During our four years at Georgetown, I cannot recall a single instance where Al., however great the provocation, ever lost his temper or became seriously peeved. His disposition was always jovial, and at times he loved to tease, but never to the point of annoyance. Underlying his whole character there was a deep religious strain; but even with this, and knowing him as well as I did, it never dawned on me that Al. would have a religious vocation, until he wrote me of his intention to enter the Novitiate at Frederick.

I had hoped to send you some of his letters to me, as they woul have afforded a splendid glimpse into his early character; but though I have searched through my early files, I have not been able to find any of them. I did,

however, resurrect two old photographs taken on the steps of the old building at Georgetown in 1888, Father Donlon being in both groups. In one of these Father Donlon appears so well, that the idea occured to me that it might be reproduced for your article, should you care to use it. The other, owing to a double exposure, is rather indistinct. In any event it might be of passing interest to yourself or some of the Fathers at Woodstock to see them; so I am sending them to you under seperate cover by registered mail, and would appreciate their return when through with them, as these are the only ones I have of any of the students in our class, and would like to keep them for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne." The clear one I took myself after focusing, using one of the cameras of the Physical Laboratory which I connected with a pneumatic tube and bulb for working the shutter, the latter being concealed under my hand. Father Donlon is seated in this group on the top step at the extreme left, and in the row with him you will probably recognize Father Ennis, who happened to be passing at the time and was drafted by us for the occasion. The other photograph is very dear to me, as it is the only one I have of dear Father Welch of revered memory, to whom all of us were profoundly attached. Father Donlon and myself are the "end men" in this group.

Trusting these will reach you promptly and that the little information I have given may be of some service, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
W. P. D. MOROSS.

The following list of dates and facts in the life of Fr. Donlon will serve for convenient reference:

1867, October 30, born in Albany, N. Y.
1883, in Autumn, entered Georgetown Prep. School.
1888, Graduated from Georgetown College with the degree of A. B.
1889, October 11, entered the Society of Jesus.
1889-91, Novitiate at Frederick, Md.
1891-92, Reviewed Classics at Frederick.
1892-95, Studied Philosophy and Science at Woodstock, Md.
1895-1900, Teaching at Georgetown as a Scholastic. He taught Physics, Mechanics, Geology and Astronomy, was Moderator of the Toner Scientific Circle, and Faculty Director of Athletics.
1900-1904, Studied Theology at Woodstock.
1903, June 28, Ordained at Woodstock.
1904-05, Tertianship at Poughkeepsie.

1905-06, Teaching at Georgetown as before.
1906-11 Taught Physics at Woodstock.
1907, February 2, Solemn profession.
1911, October 10, Socius to the Provincial.
1912, January 23, Rector of Georgetown.
1918, May 1, Relieved of office as Rector, and succeeded by Fr. Creeden.
1918-1919, Teaching at Brooklyn College.
1919-20, Minister at St. Francis Xavier's.
1920-23, Parish work at St. F. Xavier's.
1923, July, Professor of Philosophy at Fordham University.
1923, September 3, died at Marymount near Tarrytown, N. Y., while giving a Retreat to secular ladies.

After entering the Society Alphonsus Donlon went through the ordinary Jesuit training in Asceticism and Literature, in Philosophy and the Sciences, in teaching and Theology. He pursued his studies with marked success, but he was too modest to be brilliant, and too retiring to be aggressive in debate. Only his intimate friends knew his ability and his spirituality. The following testimony is from a contemporary of Fr. Donlon and a kindred spirit. Both of them practised to the letter the **ama nesciri** of Kempis.

"It is inevitable in the Society that only a few of the companions of our student days bear us company in the regency and ministry. Outside of the years at Woodstock the present writer saw little of Father Donlon. Hence others must tell of him as teacher, superior, **operarius.** But summoning up remembrance of things past, and rousing to wakefulness old memories of philosophy and theology life, I see Father Donlon not as a dominating — certainly not as an aggressive — figure. Though gifted he was rather shy and self-effacing. His was a lovable nature; an attractive personality. Memory, it may be, idealizes, but the charm of his character owes nothing to time.

"Charity is the foremost of the virtues, and whatever may have been Father Donlon's theory, he practised it with a consistency and a thoroughness that made it—at least to one observer—his characteristic virtue. As it is the **forma virtutum** theologically, so in a humbler sense it gives beauty and value to many a kindly deed and gracious service. Father Donlon was always ready, even eager, to unravel for a bewildered brother the tangled skein of philosophic thought. He generously put his keen mind at the disposal of others, making clear the problems that seemed hopelessly dark to one of lagging wits. He

was never too busy to explain the doctrine or solve the difficulty that puzzled his questioner. With patience and tact he at once enlightened and encouraged. Helpfulness surely is a daughter of charity, and helpful Father Donlon was in an unobtrusive fashion that never burdened his client with a sense of obligation.

"Those who knew Father Donlon in the ministry can best speak of his zeal, but the associates of scholastic days will recall his gentle kindness, which also springs from charity. Self-mastery is not easy of acquisition or of practice. The control of impulse is the epitome of asceticism. Now Father Donlon, though high-strung and keenly sensitive, always maintained a poise that would have done credit to one of phlegmatic temperament. A heightened color, a look of pained surprise might reveal what nature felt, but an admirable self-control made grace victorious. I can recall nothing like unkind strictures, harsh or bitter speech, or caustic criticism coming from him at any time. Tartness and sarcasm were as foreign to his life as unkindness to his temper. Even good men are betrayed at times into angry outbursts, and indignation rises to kindling temperature. But Father Donlon was not given to self-vindication or censure of others. He had strong convictions, as was inevitable in so sincere a man, but he was ever self-controlled and his judgements were measured. True son of Ignatius that he was, he cherished high ideals and was unflinching in following them. Yet there was nothing of the self-righteous about him. He never sat in the seat of the scornful. Tolerant, when principle was not at stake, he left others to their own consciences. With kindly forbearance he shrunk from giving pain. He was a sincere religious and a noble-hearted gentleman. As I look back over more than thirty years, the salient trait of his character, the most striking feature of his conduct was gentleness."

One who was at Georgetown during Fr. Donlon's term as Rector writes:

"I was at Georgetown during the major portion of the rectorship of Fr. Donlon. To give even the briefest impressions of him during those years as a Superior and as a Religious, is no easy task because of the very character of the man. One had to know Fr. Donlon personally for a fairly long time, and besides live in close contact with him before a true insight could be gained into the real virtue and high ideals of a man by nature very reserved. Furthermore, a quietness of manner extending to all his actions prevented all but the few who came to

know him very well from estimating correctly qualities of mind and heart, that in another type of character would have voluntarily and readily called for high praise.

"First of all, as a Superior he brought great peace and contentment into his community. This he accomplished mainly by parcelling out the various duties and works in the community and college as carefully as he could, and always with the active counsel of those laboring with him as subordinate officials. When a man was placed in charge of anything, were it a class, college magazine, or some temporary duty, full trust and the greatest possible latitude were allowed him. Fr. Donlon never interfered in a bothersome way with anyone, and this was especially true with regard to the subordinate officials immediately under him. He had the real gift of delegating the proper amount of authority to those charged with the major functions of the house or college. Some thought his method of acting too apathetic. It was not mere apathy, but a firm conviction that led him to this mode of governing. He believed that the position of head of this or that department gave to the one in charge a distinct office with personal responsibilities, even though the institution's policy or final decisions on weighty matters should necessarily be handled by the Superior. It was precisely this power to distinguish routine matters from the more important affairs of government, that stamped him as possessing real executive ability. However, even his most loyal friends would not claim for him extraordinary capabilities as a Rector or President, for it was offered by way of constructive criticism that he chose this method of governing because he lacked the drive and power necessary for dealing directly with present-day educational questions, and with the business arrangements of a growing institution like Georgetown. If this be true, it merely enhances his prudence already tested and recognized by Superiors long before. His retiring disposition made it difficult for him to manifest even the interest he had in Georgetown. Only a few know the thought and labor that were his in trying to build up a strong Alumni Association in every part of the country. The celebration of the 125th anniversary of the founding of Georgetown he carried through in a successful way. Quietly and without ostentation he began the building of the new Preparatory School at Garrett Park, in Montgomery County, Maryland, for he sensed the necessity of the separation of the College and High School departments. In all this his deepest concern was for the future of Georgetown and for the peace of mind of his successors, and so his

outstanding determination was to leave no debt on what he built. With the generous cooperation of those working under him he succeeded, and paid for what was built during his term of office. Great gifts he did not possess, but what he had he used conscientiously and well.

"His religious life while Superior at Georgetown had much for imitation. What impressed the present writer most in Father Donlon's life was his power of self-control. He manifested this in his gentlemanly behaviour with everyone without any exception at all, and frequently in very trying situations. However, he was not satisfied with the mere external deportment of a gentleman, though he was this to the very smallest detail; as, for example, in his unfailing sense of the correct at all times and with all manner of persons, in acting the part of host, in personal neatness and the like. His concept of the gentleman was all-embracing. I never heard him say a harsh word to another, nor did I ever even hear of him making an unkind remark of another. His self-restraint in the matter of criticism, even of the so-called friendly variety, was the more noteworthy by the fact that to a sensitive nature and a keen power of observation was added readiness of expression. That he exercised real mortification at table for example, even the most casual observer could appreciate. These and a host of other kindred facts could be cited to prove his habitual self-control. Not many suspected the existence of the constantly recurring headaches which were his during many years. Rejection of this or that plan for some undertaking, he accepted with the slightest shrug of the shoulders. Pretense in any form was totally foreign to him; self-praise was simply not in his make-up. Poverty he practised exactly. Generous himself in granting permission for what might be called the more personal needs of those under him, not many knew how strict he was with himself. His untiring care of his personal belongings, clothes and the like, was probably the reason why the then procurator at Georgetown could say: 'The Rector spends as little money on his personal needs as any Scholastic in the community.'

"This is just a hurried enumeration of my personal impressions. When Fr. Donlon died the Society lost one of her most devoted sons, a Superior of prudence and a Religious who always enjoyed the respect of his fellow-Jesuits, and this in no small degree."

When Fr. Donlon was President, his position afforded many opportunities of doing favors to a sister institution in the vicinity. Georgetown College and Georgetown Visitation Convent were born about the same time, and

for more than a century, have grown side by side as brother and sister, without rivalry or jealousy or friction of any kind. That his kindness is duly and deeply appreciated is evident from the following spontaneous testimony, as given by the present Superior of the Georgetown Academy.

"Father Donlon was closely connected with Georgetown Visitation Convent for seventeen years; from 1905 when he was appointed Chaplain until his death in 1923. During all these years he proved himself a kind, helpful, loyal friend to the Community, furthering in every possible way our intellectual and spiritual welfare.

"In 1905 Father Donlon completed his third year of probation at Poughkeepsie under Farther Pardow. Though he never possessed what might be called the 'genius' of Father Pardow, he had his own beautiful individual spirit—a fineness of appreciation for spiritual things, an innate sympathy which made both his sermons and retreats and his sipritual direction sources of grace to all who came within reach of their influence. Thus equipped, fresh from his tertianship, Father Donlon was sent to Georgetown University to teach Physics. He was appointed our Chaplain from 1905 to 1906, when he was transferred to Woodstock. It did not take us long to discover that we had a treasure in the person of our new Chaplain. In him the fervent son of St. Ignatius and the perfect gentlemen were ideally blended. He threw himself heart and soul into his work as Chaplain, taking a personal interest in each member of his little flock, lifting their souls, especially those of the older girls, to a higher moral plain, teaching them to make daily meditation, and inspiring a deep prsonal love for Our Lord; while the Sisters found him ever swift and eager to help and encourage.

"During the six years that Father Donlon was Rector of Georgetown University his efforts in our behalf were unceasing. It was he who initiated the movement which has culminated in the Sisters' receiving their degrees from Georgetown. He opened a Summer School for our teachers, and procured the best professors the Province could provide to give lectures in all the branches of study. He officiated on all our great feasts, was present at all our debates, dramatic and musical performances, presided at religious professions and commencements, and did all in his power to encourage both teachers and pupils in their work. In fact, our Superiors felt perfectly free to call upon him in all emergencies and for all sorts of kind offices, and they never found him wanting.

"In 1916 Father Donlon gave the annual retreat to our pupils. It was both practical and beautiful and brought about a remarkable renovation of spirit among the children.

"After Father Donlon's six years as Rector had expired, and when he was stationed at St. Francis Xavier's in New York, he did not forget the Visitation of Georgetown. He sent us from time to time desirable pupils and postulants who, he felt, would carry on the traditions and spirit which had attracted him so strongly to Georgetown Convent. Besides, whenever the opportunity presented itself, he paid us the loyal tribute of his esteem and affection.

"In 1922 Father Donlon gave the annual retreat to the Community. Those who have been in the Convent twenty-five, thirty, and even forty years, rate it among those significant and inspiring retreats which time cannot obliterate from the memory or the heart, because of their lasting effect. Something must be said of Father Donlon's retreats. They were concrete, vitally practical in their application, full of unction; above all they were redolent of the preacher's personal love of Christ, and revealed in what close, ardent union he lived with the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was impossible to make one of Father Donlon's retreats and not come away fired with love for our Lord. The same may be said of his spiritual direction. He had a special gift for the guidance of souls, particularly religious, to many of whom his death means an irreparable spiritual loss. Besides his personal holiness, the secret of his success in this line lay in the individual personal interest he took in each person who consulted him, so that each was made to feel that he or she was the only one in the world who mattered at that time: he was truly 'all things to all men.'

"Father Donlon also possessed a genius for friendship. He had countless friends who leaned upon his advice and sympathy and who considered it an honor to do him any service. On his side he spared neither time nor trouble, was lavish of his help and devotion whenever his friends had need of him. The Sisters of the Visitation of Georgetown can testify to this on their own account, as well as on that of the pupils, who, years after they had left the Convent, found his friendship and advice an unfailing comfort and support.

"Those who knew him intimately were convinced that Father Donlon had never lost his first fervor. He seemed to us to resemble the Venerable Father Claude de la Colombiere, to whom he had a great devotion and whose life and maxims he frequently quoted.

"Father Donlon's death was a real personal sorrow to our Community, and his memory will always be held in benediction among us. His death was like his life, and his life was gracious; but nothing in it became him as the leaving of it. He died as he had lived, calm and self-possessed."

Father Donlon achieved unusual success in many different lines, but he will be best and longest remembered as a Master of Retreats and a Director of Souls. All the testimonies agree on that point. For lack of space we can print only a few, but they are typical of the rest. The following letter is from a Religious who made one of his Retreats.

"The Retreat which Father Donlon gave at Manhattanville in July, 1916, stands out as one of the luminous sign-posts along the path of my religious life. At this distance of time I can do little more than give a general impression, yet I feel that is not quite sufficient for your purpose. If I must descend to particulars, I would select the following:

"First, he frequently emphasized the necessity of a lively faith, and he insisted that the best way to develop that virtue is to make an act of faith before performing any duty. In the course of the Retreat he often repeated these words: 'As clay in the hands of the potter, so should I be in God's hand.' And as a kindred thought he also laid stress upon the personal element in God's dealing with each individual soul.

"When I heard of Fr. Donlon's sudden home-going, I recalled his meditation on death. He said that death is a great tragedy which must be a masterpiece in the first performance, or else be a failure for all eternity. He impressed upon us the necessity of viewing life now as we shall at the hour of our death. This meditation was so convincing that I lost no time in going to Confession. I do not remember that I ever made such a searching examination of conscience in all my life before or since. In the tribunal of Penance Fr. Donlon was a true disciple of Him who came to save sinners. I have often since thanked God for this happy unburdening of my soul, and for the peaceful joy which followed as a result.

"A third memory of that Retreat which still lingers is this. Father Donlon seemed to have experienced moments of intense loneliness in his life; for only one who has gone through such trials can sympathize with others in like condition. He often dwelt on the necessity of showing kindness to others, and the bitter disappointment of seeking sympathy and finding none. In times of

dispondency and loneliness we should remember that God is ever thinking of us, and that even though nobody else should care, He does."

J. M. T.

As a Retreat Master Fr. Donlon was popular and successful not only with Nuns but also with Children of Mary and Academy girls. The next letter is proof of that.

"I knew Father Donlon first at Eden Hall, where he gave a retreat to the children in 1913 or 1914. It did them a very marked good, and his helpful kindness to many whom he met then followed them until his death. It was the same thing with a retreat he gave in 1916 to the children of Manhattanville. His influence was always deep and lasting, and he went to untold trouble to help souls and keep in touch with them.

"In giving a retreat he made great use of incident and illustration, but always for the sake of driving home a definite point. Each story, graphically told, brought out some principle so tellingly that the lesson was never forgotten; each analogy was most carefully chosen, always fitting and vivid, and always reaching his hearers. He kept his eyes open for reinforcements of truths from unexpected sources, which would impress the older girls with its up-to-date-ness. But with all his illustrations and stories, he never made one lose sight of the woods for the trees, the Ignatian principles stood out clearly, and there was a very real and tender spirit of piety in the retreat. His accent of conviction, his understanding of, and sympathy with, the growing minds and developing emotions of the children who heard him, gave him great power over them. He loved them especially between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, and had a real instinct for drawing them out, their confidence in him was unlimited, and while he entered into all their interests and admitted them to his friendship, he never came down to their level in any unworthy sense. When he was Rector of Georgetown and often weighed down with his grave responsibilities, he sometimes came to Eden Hall and spent several hours with some of the children whose families he knew intimately in Washington, and he used to tell me that their simplicity, unworldliness, naive interest in the little happenings of their school life really rested him and recreated him as nothing else could do. The respect which they had for him was unbounded, and many in after years sought his advice and consolation always finding what they needed.

"I often consulted him about various children in my work as Mistress-General, and invariably found him the

most understanding and helpful of friends and advisers. He had an unfailing gift of sympathy and of selflessness which made him listen as if one's interests, opinions, difficulties, problems, were really his own—and indeed he made them such by a very strong spirit of charity. With a few words he would bring out the principle involved, and throw light upon the whole situation in a very simple, supernatural and eminently satisfactory way. He also made it easy to express a difference of opinion to him, and always listened to one's reasons, and never let a divergence of views on some points lessen understanding and friendship. He was always so consistent, so simple, so straight, that he elicited great trust from his friends, and the example of his simple, deep piety was very stimulating. He gave me the impression of having a very deep love of his religious life and of his Society, and I shall never forget the utter simplicity and self-forgetfulness with which he laid down his work as President of Georgetown. I saw him shortly afterwards, and in just a few words—for he rarely talked of himself—he gave me a glimpse of a very real and fundamental humility. He seemed always to disregard himself completely; there was never anything personal or selfish in any comment of his at any time. I was always struck by the absence of egotism in him, and I felt in him the humility which ignores self and looks straight at God's interests. This and his patient kindness seem to me to be his most salient characteristics. I often heard my uncle, the late Fr. Cowardin, speak most feelingly of his kindness as superior. He showed a most touching love for and dependence upon the young Rector who had been his 'boy' at College, which spoke eloquently of Fr. Donlon's understanding charity and religious virtues.

"Begging the alms of your prayers, dear Father, for some very important intentions, and hoping to see you when you come to Philadelphia, I am,

Very respectfully yours in Corde Jesu,

G. C. D."

The Superior of the Convent where he died has carefully preserved a record of his last illness and sudden death in a letter written to Fr. Dinand, who was Socius at the time.

Marymount College,
Tarrytown-on-Hudson,

September 5th, 1923.

Dear Father Dinand:—

You would like, I feel sure, some details of our dear Father Donlon's death. He opened the Retreat, as you

know, on Friday, August 31st, and conducted it splendidly until Monday morning at 11 o'clock, when he was mortally stricken immediately after leaving the Chapel. In passing my office he asked me for the Infirmarian, and at first I thought it was one of the Retreatants who was ill. As he vomited, we thought it was an attack of indigestion, and we treated him accordingly. But when he requested that Fordham be telephoned for a priest to finish the Retreat, and to engage a room for him at St. Vincent's Hospital, and we found his temperature was only 96 3/10 we knew it was a heart attack, and sent for a Doctor immediately. As our Doctor was absent, we had some difficulty in getting one on account of Labor-day. We appealed to Fordham, but they were not successful either. Finally we got Dr. Roane from Irvington at 1.30 P. M. He told us that the patient's heart was in bad condition, but that there was no immediate danger. He ordered the necessary remedies and promised to call the next morning. Father Donlon asked me if the Doctor found him seriously ill, and if so, he wished to be anointed. I replied that the Doctor said there was no immediate danger. As we saw no improvement, we called the Doctor again. This is what occured the next visit:

Father Donlon: "Doctor, do you find my heart very bad?"

Doctor: "Your heart is very bad."

Father Donlon: "Angina?"

Doctor: "I could not be sure, but I would suggest you have a Priest."

Father Donlon: "Thank you, Doctor."

We asked Father Donlon if he would like us to get a Priest from Fordham. He answered no, it was not necessary, that any one would do, but that if he had any choice, it was Father Socius, and that he was absent. We called our Chaplain, a Carmelite Father, who administered the Last Sacraments. The Doctor waited in the meantime and paid him a last visit. He found his pulse a little better and did not expect death so soon. The Doctor stated that the patient's heart must have been in a bad condition for some time, but remarked that Priests are like that; they never give in.

After the Doctor left, I remained with him for a time. When I told him not to worry, he smiled and said: "This is the least of my worries; there is nothing I should like better than to die like this." And then he added: "Mother, will you do me two favors? "Telegraph to Kenwood that I shall not be able to give the Retreat there; and telephone to my sister in Yonkers my condition. Her telephone number is 2891. I always remember

it because when adding the first two numbers and the last two, the result in each case is 10. I inquired if I should have her come up to-night. He replied: "Tomorrow morning will do." He requested that we go to bed, and that he would ring if he wanted anything; but, of course, we did not comply with his request. This was at 9.30 P. M., and at 10.30 the infirmarian noticed his breathing was difficult and called me. When I arrived I felt sure that death was near. The Priest was telephoned, the other members of the Community were called, and the prayers for the dying recited. Father Donlon held the blessed candle and kissed the Crucifix. He died at 11 P. M. Father Farrington continued to pray for almost half an hour after he had ceased to breathe. His death was tranquil and holy and happy. He was as obedient and submissive as a child. When told to lie quietly on his back, he obeyed, and after some time in that position asked most humbly if he could turn just a little on his side. He spoke of death as if he were taking a train to New York. Of his pain and depression he did not once complain. His death is a benediction for Marymount, and the best part of his beautiful Retreat was his holy and happy death. Had we allowed him to go to St. Vincent's and die on the way, we should never forgive ourselves. He died on the battlefield as truly as any soldier, for he was a martyr to duty; and if he did not die while on the Altar speaking to the Retreatants, it was because he dragged himself painfully to his room to die. In death he seemed to sleep, as he did not present the haggard appearance or the shrunken shape of a corpse. His features seemed the same as in life when illuminated by a benign smile. The sympathy and sorrow of the Retreatants knew no bounds. It was a sublime ending to a memorable Retreat. His last Mass was said on Monday, September 3rd, and his first Mass in Heaven was celebrated on Tuesday, September 4th. So there was no break in his Communion with Christ.

His body lay in the room where he died, and He was visited by the Community and Retreatants until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when his remains were taken to Fordham.

In all our relations with dear Father Donlon we always found him most kind and considerate, sincere and devoted, with the simplicity and sweetness of a child. The lesson he taught by his death will leave a unique, lasting impression on us all. His last Mass was a Requiem for our beloved Father Drum on September 3rd. The following day a Requiem was sung for him, and on Septem-

ber 5th—today—a Requiem was sung for Father Shealy. You see Marymount has "bitter-sweet" memories of the gallant and glorious sons of St. Ignatius. We are yet sad over our loss, and we sympathize with you and the Society over the death of so zealous a priest; for Father Donlon was emphatically a man of God. Please pray for us and for Marymount.

As Father Tivan is absent, and I do not know whom to address, I am sending you an offering for thirty Gregorian Masses for the repose of the soul of our dear Father Donlon, who has been for the past three years our Extraordinary Confessor, and whom we have known since 1913, when he gave a Retreat to our students.

With kindest regards,

I am,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

M. J. B.

FATHER ERNEST RICHARD RYAN.

It is now almost seven years since Father Ryan died, yet no sketch of him has as yet appeared in the official organ of the Province. He was a man of exceptional piety, admirable simplicity and wonderful charity, yet no one has deemed it a duty or found it a pleasure to record his virtues for the benefit of posterity. Many talk of his piety, but nobody cares to write about it.

Ernest Ryan was born in London, July 7, 1854. His parents were officials in St. Pancras' Work House, and were people of known intelligence and integrity. There were five children in the family; three sons and two daughters. They all inherited the virtues of their parents. Richard and one of his brothers attended a school conducted by the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, which is a suburb of London, four miles west of St. Paul's. When the Ryan boys were there, one of the Oblate Fathers had charge of the choir. Occasionally he treated the choir to an outing, and his influence was decidedly good. He knew how to build up body and soul at the same time. He was edifying in a double sense. He loved his boys, and the boys loved him in turn. He was never so happy as when teaching children how to sing sacred hymns, and he retained that preference till the end of his days. That Father has a special interest for us of the New York-Maryland Province, for he became one of our members, and his remains rest at Woodstock. Fort the sake of the younger generation who did not know him, a brief summary of his life, though a digres-

sion, will not be without its value. I refer to Father Harmar Denny.

Harmar Denny was born in Pittsburg, June 15, 1833. His family was immensely wealthy, socially prominent and politically active in the development of the city. After completing his college course in America, he went to Oxford to prepare for the sacred ministry. Although he was a Presbyterian by birth, he became an Anglican by adoption, and he was received as a candidate for the Anglican Church by Bishop Wilberforce. But before taking Orders, his attention was directed to the Catholic Church by a college friend named Richards, who had become an Oblate of St. Charles. Richards introduced Denny to Dr. Manning, who was then Superior of the Oblates at Bayswater, and who became later Archbishop and Cardinal. That eminent convert made a lasting impression on Denny. He received the young man kindly and solved all his difficulties. After a few months of instruction, Mr. Denny was baptized on the feast of St. Agnes, 1858, and straight-way he began to prepare for the priesthood. As he took the name of Charles in Baptism, it is likely that he intended from the first to become an Oblate. He went to Rome in October, 1858, and he remained there for two years. During that time he received Subdeaconship and Deaconship. He returned to England and was ordained a priest, November 1, 1860. After ordination he spent seven happy years with the Oblates at Bayswater. It was during this time that Richard Ryan came under his direction. As contrasted with his previous state of doubt and unrest, Father Denny was happy and content at Bayswater; yet he was not without some misgivings as to his future course. He naturally felt that his native land had first claim on his zeal, and he longed to open a house of American Oblates at Pittsburg. After making due arrangements with ecclesiastical superiors, he came to America with two other Oblates: a priest named Morgan and a lay brother. He paid 45,000 dollars for a house and land at East Liberty near Pittsburg. The scheme proved a financial failure, and his mother had to make up the deficit. Accordingly, he abandoned the idea of establishing a branch of the Oblates in his native city. Again his future became uncertain. For a time he wavered between the Paulists and the Jesuits. To settle his doubt and his vocation, he consulted Michael O'Connor, who had formerly been Bishop of Pittsburg, and was then a Jesuit at Woodstock. The retired Bishop advised him to make a retreat of decision. He acted on the adivce given, made an eight-

day retreat at Frederick, and decided to become a Jesuit. He came to that conclusion in December, 1870, and he began his Novitiate in April of the following year. His "Angel," Father Patrick Brennan, is still living, (1926) and still remembers the novice-priest from Pittsburg.

After his Noviceship he went to Baltimore for eight years, where he had an opportunity to do his favorite work; viz., to train children in singing. In 1880 he was transferred to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and there he spent about twenty consecutive years. In 1884 he met an old college friend, whom he had not seen since they parted at Oxford in 1858. That friend was Richard F. Clarke, S. J. When they parted, they were both Protestants. In the meantime both had become Catholics and Jesuits. That was a happy meeting for many reasons. Father Denny was a most lovable man. From his early college days he made it a rule of his life never to wound another's feelings. Those who had the privilege of living with him know how well he kept that resolution. In 1901 he was sent to Woodstock, where he acted as Assistant Editor of the Letters. He died at Woodstock, September 4, 1908, in the Seventy-sixth year of his age and the thirty-eighth of his religious life. By entering a Religious Order he sacrificed his portion of the family estate, and that portion amounted to a million dollars or more. During his life time the Province got the interest on that amount; but after his death both principal and interest went to his relatives in Pittsburg. However, he left a heritage of virtue to his religious brethren, which is worth more than money. It is simply priceless. (See W. L. Vol. 43.)

Father Denny reached Pittsburg in November, 1867. The Ryan family had crossed the Ocean earlier in the same year. They came over in a sailing vessel, the good ship "Constantine," and the voyage took six weeks. They settled at Ashland, Maryland, and their destination was probably determined by near relatives, the O'Connell family who lived there and who in after years gave three sons to the Society. Father Ryan was always called "Ernest" by his kinsmen, "Richard" by his religious brethren. He answered indifferently to both names, and nobody knew which he preferred. He was thirteen when he reached Maryland, and he left it before he was twenty. He took up a business career in New York, but, in the light of later events, it was only as a stepping stone to the priesthood. After a time he attended night school in St. Francis Xavier's and had Father Young for teacher. Under such circumstances he could have laid but a very

slender foundation for a scholastic career, yet he managed to make the "long course" in the Society. His teacher in the night school afterwards considered his success in studies as little short of miraculous, a case of preternatural illumination. He applied for admission, and was accepted by Father Theophile Charaux, who was then Superior of the New York-Canada Mission. He began his Novitiate at West Park, July 30, 1879, and the union of the New York-Canada Mission with the Maryland Province took place just a week later. Father Robert Brady as Provincial succeeded Father Charaux as Superior of the Mission.

A younger brother of Ernest Ryan also desired to become a Jesuit, but, for some unexplained reason, he could not carry out his desire. He became a lawyer instead, and is now living in Yonkers. One of his sons graduated this year (1926) from the High School of Fordham University.

In the Novitiate "Brother" Ryan was much more mature than his fellow-novices; but it was the maturity of virtue rather than of years. He could pray for hours before the Tabernacle, and remain motionless as a statue. He seemed to take no note of time, save when the bell rang for some community exercise. He appeared to live in another world and to be merely waiting for an opportunity to go there. Usually men who walk the earth with their head in the clouds are unpractical and visionary; they often stumble, and sometimes step into a pit or snare. Not so Brother Ryan. His piety was characterized by common sense.

Occasionally we Novices got an outing up the River. An Island opposite Esopus afforded special facilities in the way of bathing, fishing, shade and quiet contemplation. We had some good swimmers in those days; but, for floating and contemplation combined, Brother Ryan surpassed them all. He could remain in the water almost as motionless as if he were in the chapel. The clouds seemed to have more attraction for him than the bell for luncheon. At that time I would have given a penny for his floating thoughts on drifting clouds, and I would give a great deal more now. That spiritual man had probably loftier thoughts than ever entered the mind of a mere poet or philosopher. But Psychoanalysis did not exist in those remote days, and there was nobody at hand to photograph the day-dreams of that saintly Novice. Telepathy was still in its infancy, and we had to be content with sheer conjecture. He was an expert swimmer, and he made good use of his skill in after years to rescue a drowning man at the Battery in New York.

After two years of Novitiate at West Park, one of Juniorate at Frederick, and three of Philosophy at Woodstock, Mr. Ryan began his Regency in 1885. He had but two years of teaching: one at Georgetown and one at Boston College. Of these eight years in the Society I can now recall but two things, which may be only two manifestations of the same thing. First, his primitive fervor was not cooled by study, nor distracted by teaching, nor visibly matured by advancing years. Secondly, the Rector of Boston College, Father Edward Boursaud, let him off an hour of class, and told him to spend the time in the chapel praying for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the College. That prudent Superior wisely judged that an hour in the chapel may be worth a day in the class room, and that the efficacy of the active life is largely due to prayer. In the Summer of 1887, Mr. Ryan returned to Woodstock for Theology. He made four years of Divinity and kindred studies, and at the end of the third year he was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in 1890. After Theology he spent two years at St. Inigo's in the country missions of Maryland. In the Fall of 1893, he went to Frederick for his Tertianship and had Father Villiger for Instructor. That year must have added a cubit to his spiritual stature in the eyes of God. The year following he taught a special class at Gonzaga College, Washington. On February 2, 1895, he took his last vows there. The annual changes of the Jesuits sent him to Randall's Island, where he remained for nine years, and did splendid work among the poor and unfortunate. He gave them, not only his ministry and his prayers, but also his salary, until he was restricted by his Superior. If he were permitted and had the means, he would have given three or four times his salary in the course of the month. When he was thus restricted, he remarked to me once that, through lack of means, he was much hampered in the good which he would otherwise accomplish. Reading between the lines, I knew what that meant.

On the Island he led a lonely life, far from his religious brethren, but quite close to his Lord—in fact under the same roof. I loved to visit my old fellow-novice, partly for his sake, chiefly for mine. It does one good to converse with a supernatural man. It serves as an antidote for the poisonous atmosphere in which we live. Father Ryan showed his contempt of the world in dress and food and other ways. He was very unconventional; some people would consider him odd. Yet I hate to criticise him, lest I should be found speaking against the Holy Ghost. God's ways are often strange and mysterious to us blind mortals; yet we know, on general principles, that

they are always wisest and best. If a mere man had the government of the world, and allowed iniquity to prosper as the Lord does, we should be inclined to criticise him harshly. The mystery is not so great in the case of individuals, whose day of retribution will come sooner or later; if not in this world, certainly in the next. But nations as such will not exist in the next world, and therefore they must be punished here if punished at all. I repeat, God's ways are deep and mysterious. Hence I am loath to criticise God's devoted servants when they seem to me unconventional, odd or singular. They are doubtless guided by the Holy Spirit, and the Spirit breathes where He lists.

Once I was a victim of Father Ryan's simplicity. I had accepted an invitation to preach for his old people. Many of them were hard of hearing, and some of them sat far back in the rear of the chapel. Before I was speaking five minutes, the saintly Chaplain raised his hand, and commanded that the preacher's voice be still, and forthwith silence reigned supreme. Then he moved the rear guard up to the front benches; and as the old folks had rheumatism, the movement was accompanied with many sighs and groans. Instead of telling the preacher to speak louder, he told the people to come nearer. But the man was so utterly guileless that nobody would take offense at what he said or did. In that sense he was unconventional, exceptional and unearthly.

Volume 28 of the **Woodstock Letters** contains an interesting letter from Father Ryan describing his work on Randall's Island. A few paragraphs from that letter will give a general idea of his duties as Chaplain.

"The workhouse people give me lots to do outside of the regular priestly services. Reconciliations between husbands and wives, between parents and children, and between relatives of various degrees; negotiations for revoking sentences or for shortening time; arrangements for the employment of those who are leaving the workhouse, and for their lodging and board while waiting to be employed; getting them out of prison by persuading some one to pay their fine after they have been newly arrested, and so on.

"Now for the Infants' Hospital. The baptisms average about three a week. Babies who come here as foundlings or with their mothers give the Chaplain little work. Others that come with the note of Catholic, but without information as to their Baptism, are the cause of much visiting and letter writing. To make sure that all the Catholic babies are baptized, it is necessary to go through the wards frequently and examine the cards. You add

to your list any new name found on the cards, and then inquire about the Baptism. If you are satisfied that the child has been baptized, you prefix a cross to its name. Otherwise you note the address of its relatives or the people from whom it comes. If, as happens in three or four cases out of ten, the people written to send you no answer, or if the answer is negative, then you baptize. Infants adopted or placed out for nursing often give extra work to the Chaplain. Sometimes through mistake a Catholic infant is placed with non-Catholics. This is against the law, and it is the Chaplain's duty to have the mistake corrected.

"We have a fine Chapel here, with seats for four or five hundred. Mass is offered every day and the Blessed Sacrament is kept perpetually in the tabernacle. There are two Masses on Sunday. Early Mass at the Infants' Hospital one Sunday, and at the Men's Lodging House the next. The second Mass is said at 9.00 in the Chapel. The Superintendent and nearly all the nurses, orderlies and other employees here are Catholics. We owe this to the much-abused Tammany Tiger.

"The return of Tammany to power put an end to the Protestant ascendancy on the Island. Under the Reform Government the position of General Superintendent on the Island had been abolished, and so had those of Supervising Nurse and Assistant Supervisor. Thus the three most important offices were taken out of the hands of Catholics. Two new headships were then created: that of Medical Superintendent and that of Superintendent of Asylums and Schools. The ex-General Superintendent was appointed to the latter office, and a Protestant Naval Physician to the former, which was by all odds the more important. But the ex-General was not a lamb; war was declared, and at times it raged furiously, to the great discomfort of the Islanders. At length the olive branch appeared in the teeth of the wicked old Tiger as he jumped over the polls. The old system was restored, and the triumphant ex-General resumed the general management.

"I mention this because the double-headed management made my position extremely difficult, and caused me more trouble than anything else. There were Catholic nurses and other employees on both sides, and they came to me with their complaints of ill treatment, of false charges, of reduced salaries and the like; looking for sympthy, asking advice, requiring my good services as mediator with the officials of various grades from the Commissioners down. You will see how difficult it was for people to keep out of trouble when you reflect that,

though nominally there was separation between the medical and other business, practically they were of necessity interwoven. With agreement between the Superintendents this would have caused no friction, but with uncompromising opposition the sparks flew. Thus the Matron of the Infants' Hospital was nearly driven crazy and was quite broken down in health by her endeavors to serve two masters. Many of the nurses got into trouble by signing, others by refusing to sign, a document addressed to the Commissioners and commending the new system. The signers had the hot water turned on them from one side, the non-signers from the other. One nurse who, besides refusing to sign, upraided the signers, was soon reported for sleeping on duty, and immediately suspended without a hearing. She came to me in great indignation, declaring the charges to be false, and asking my help to get redress through the Commissioners. Unfortunately for her cause she told her accuser to her face that the complaint was a lie. This was made the subject of a special charge, as the accuser was a superior officer. When the Commissioners had given a hearing they decided that the accused should be not only suspended but dismissed. At my request they reconsidered the matter, but did not change their decision.

"I did not meet with any exhibition of bigotry during what I have called the Protestant ascendancy. The Medical Superintendent was a real gentleman. But though in this respect resembling our glorious St. Patrick, you may be sure he had none of St. Patrick's zeal to foster Catholicism. It was the ignorance and indifference of the Protestants in power, and not their ill will, that diminished the good work at the Infants' Hospital and elsewhere."

In 1904 Fr. Ryan went to Jamaica, West Indies, and he remained there four years. During that time he displayed his wonted zeal in his own original way. A record of his apostolate there is written in the hearts of his people, but that record is not legible at this distance of time and place. I hope to read it some day distinctly in the Book of Life. Father Ryan was in Jamaica when the terrible earthquake occurred, January 14, 1907. He slept through it all. One of the Fathers rushed to his room, shook him vigorously and said: "Get up! Get up! The city is destroyed by an earthquake." The sleeper simply said: "Glory be to God." And then he turned over for another nap. It would take more than an earthquake or a hurricane to ruffle the surface of his calm. The shock which severed buildings from their foundations, ships from their moorings, trees from their birthplace, and men from their families forever, could not

sever Father Ryan from his slumbers. He was simply imperturable. That calm of his was partly natural and partly supernatural, partly inherited and partly acquired. His faith was his rock and his bulwark and none did he fear. His hope was his shield and his buckler, and of nought was he afraid. His love of God was dearer than life and stronger than death. Even when he slumbered, he rested beneath the shadow of God's wings. And whether asleep or awake, he felt that if God be with us, it matters not though thousands be against us. When other people were frenzied he was calm; when all was ruin, he was safe; when a city was hopeless, he was hopeful, and his hope was full of immortality.

In 1908 he returned from Jamaica and spent two years at Chapel Point, Maryland. In 1910 he was transferred from Maryland to Blackwell's Island, to become Chaplain of the City Hospital and the Penitentiary. There was nothing in that position that appealed to the natural man. In his prison work he had to deal with the dregs of humanity, the drunks and disorderlies of New York City, in whom passion was strong and the will was weak. In them there was a fearful struggle between nature and grace, with alternate defeats and victories. Many a time when they were prepared for Heaven, they got well again and took the road that leads to Hell. Many a time they left the Island in the state of grace, only to return a week or so later in the state of sin. When such people were ill and repentant, their Chaplain, in all probability, prayed, not for a speedy recovery, but for a happy death. He knew from sad experience that a return to their haunts of vice meant the undoing of his work, certainly for a time, and possibly for eternity. As Chaplain of the Hospital his rest was often broken at night by urgent sick calls. To be ready at a moment's notice, he often slept in his clothes reclining in a chair. He was relieved of his double duty once each week, and he used his off day to visit the house to which he was attached, to go to Confession, and afterwards to take a walk or a short trip for fresh air and change of scenery. On Randall's Island he took his meals alone; on Blackwell's he had to dine with the Officials and Doctors. That was very distasteful to a retiring man like Father Ryan, and many a time he preferred to dine alone in his room on bread and water rather than go to the mess hall.

On one of his free days in May 1911, he strolled along the waters of the Bay at the Battery in South New York. All of a sudden he saw a man jump into the waters from the pier. Without a moment's hesitation Fr. Ryan leapt to his rescue. After a fearful and a prolonged struggle

he saved the man from drowning. Both of them were exhausted. * Some time afterwards officials of the Carnegie Life-Saving Institution visited him on Blackwell's, and plied him with useless or stupid questions, which smack of bigotry. For instance, they asked him if he realized that he was risking his life or doing a heroic act by leaping into the water. The modest man promptly said; "No; anybody would have done the same thing, in the same circumstances." As a matter of fact, there were hundreds of men present, and not one of them dared to do what he did. Many of them were still young and athletic, yet they allowed an old man to take the risk and do the work alone. At first and for a long time afterwards, the Carnegie officials refused to award the usual medal for bravery. Of course, the life-saving department of the Carnegie Foundation is a side issue to conceal his hidden purpose; but anything like bigotry and discrimination would defeat that purpose and refute his vaunted philanthropy. Moreover, the venal press opposed the award for bravery in such a case. That was about the only time I ever heard Father Ryan utter a word of complaint. Although he did not care two straws about the medal, he was pained by the insidious remarks of a bigoted press. After a long delay, the medal was awarded. Four years later Father Ryan was sent from Blackwell's Island, New York, to Chaptico, Md. He left the medal after him on his desk. Happily the Curator of the Museum in Georgetown got posssesion of it, and it is now treasured there as a precious relic. Father Ryan was a hero in disguise, and many of God's servants are like him. But the proud sons of this world cannot appreciate the heroism of humble souls, nor anything that does not attract notice by noise and display.

-The **New York World** for May 3, 1911, describes the rescue as follows:

Priest Dives into Bay and Prevents Suicide.

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Father Richard E. Ryan, S. J., was walking by the sea wall at the Battery. His attention was attracted to a man who ran along the Liberty Island Steamboat Pier and jumped into the Bay. The man struck the water about twelve feet from the pier. When he came up, Father Ryan saw that he kept his head under water as if bent on drowning. The priest ran down the gangway and leaped into the water in his clerical garb. He seized the man and tried to swim to the pier, but the would-be suicide resisted his efforts. Both men would have been drowned in all probability were it not for the Police Launch No. 5, which happened to be passing at

the time, and which came to their rescue. It was in charge of Sergt. James Donoghue, with Patrolman William McSweeney at the wheel.. Patrolman McSweeney and Patrolman William Nelson jumped overboard in their uniform, and swam forty yards to where the priest and suicide were sinking. They broke the deadly hold of the men and swam with them to the pier. All four were pulled on the wharf by linesmen.

The two men rescued were weak and exhausted, and an ambulance was summoned from a neighboring Hospital. The man who was saved against his will was Peter Verian (or Dorian according to another paper), a woodworker, who lived with his wife at 664 Warren Street, Brooklyn. After receiving medical attention, he was placed under arrest for attempted suicide. The priest went home in his wet clothes. Father Ryan is fifty-six years old and is a strong swimmer.

—The following note appeared in **America** for May 20, 1911, p. 142:

The press gave various and in some instances conflicting accounts of the heroic rescue of a drowning man off the Battery, New York, by the Rev. Richard E. Ryan, S. J., on May 2. The following is the statement of Mr. Timothy Daly, an eye witness, given in a letter to the **Sun:**

"The newspaper reports of Father Ryan's rescue of Verian off the Battery are inaccurate as to the principal fact. I was on the ground from the beginning to the end of the incident; simply as an onlooker, however, so that I have no personal heroics to make known. I saw the man Verian as he rushed toward the water. When yet twenty feet distant from me, he turned upon the small pier running out from the Battery wall. He had hardly thrown himself into the water, when the priest ran quickly along the asphalt walk. I had already reached the entrance to the dock. Without stopping, Father Ryan drew off both hat and coat and threw them toward me.

"As the priest hurried to the stringpiece, there was no one between him and myself. When I got to the end of the stringpiece, Father Ryan had the man already well in hand. One arm supported him, his face being under the water. I called attention to the fact. At once the rescuer turned the man over. While drifting rapidly toward the East River, the priest's hard swimming brought him toward the Battery wall. The high westerly wind swirled the water into spray that covered both men. Father Ryan had no help for something like ten minutes. He called for none. A newspaper account of the affair reads:

'With apparent difficulty Father Ryan was still making

his way out to the drowing man when police launch No. 5 rounded the Battery. The clergyman was having hard work to keep afloat, although he was trying to get nearer the man.'

"On the contrary, with hands above his head the priest had dived and come up directly alongside Verian. The lacerations of Father Ryan's arm and hand (later bandaged by the ambulance surgeon) came about from contact with the rubble bottom or with the rough wall. That happened as the priest gave his charge over to the officers of the patrol and reached the sharp rocks, where he lay almost in collapse under his dry coat, which was returned to him. Pilot McSweeney and Nelson, his patrolman, deserve credit for their assistance in completion of the priest's final efforts. Neither officer had hesitated one moment to plunge into water. Let the policemen have the honor due them; but it is to the Jesuit priest, Father Richard E. Ryan (who gave me his name only on persuasion) a man almost frail yet fired with zeal of purpose, that one's hat is raised."

After leaving New York, Father Ryan spent two years in a Mission of Southern Maryland. There he had little to do except to pray, and pray he did. It is safe to say that he spent as much time in the Chapel as in his room. If his conversations with Emmanuel were only recorded, they would make a Handy volume of devotion worth possessing. They say that he wrote a beautiful poem to the Blessed Sacrament, but thus far I have not been able to find it. If it be all that it is represented to be, and be discovered in time, the Woodstock Letters may make an exception and print it. No poetic flight can rival the thoughts that flash between an ecstatic soul and the Eucharistic God. But, alas! they remain as a rule unwritten.

In 1917 Father Ryan was transferred to Woodstock, Maryland. There he prepared others to live well, and himself to die well. When his health and the weather permitted, he would visit the statues on the grounds, in order to pay his respects to those they represented. He would bow to them as if he knew them personally. With his long beard, he looked like a partriarch, and he might pose for St. Joseph. He spent so much time in the Chapel that he was reverently and affectionately called "Fr. Richard of the Blessed Sacrament."

On August 16, 1919, he went to his reward, and he lies in the Jesuit Cemetery at Woodstock awaiting the Resurrection. There are many saintly men buried at Woodstock, yet none of them has the attraction for me that my fellow-novice has. In that graveyard there are two Bishops who resigned their Sees to become humble

Jesuits; in a modest corner there is a man who was tarred and feathered by bigots, and who missed a martyr's crown simply because a merciful breeze extinguished the flickering flame of a match; there, too, are men who were martyrs to duty and devotion; there rest many of that pioneer band who quit their sunny home beyond the sea in order to build a home for studies at Woodstock; yet of all these wonderful men, none has for me the charm of my old fellow-novice. The enthusiasm, romance and poetry of our early religious life seem to hover about his grave and greet me when I visit it, as I love to do when the setting sun invites meditation.

The following note is taken from the diary of a man who made his Tertianship with Father Ryan at Frederick in 1893-94.

"I had a walk and a talk with Father Ryan today, and I found both of them refreshing: one for the body and the other for the soul. In his simple, child-like way he spoke of his experience as a priest in 'the Counties', that is, in the lower Counties of Maryland. He was very enthusiastic about the good to be accomplished there, especially among negroes and white children. Despite the hardships of country missions, with their long journeys and bad roads, amid the cold of winter or the heat of summer, he had made up his mind to ask for the work again, the prospects were so bright and tempting. He never felt lonely in the most lonesome places, because he knew his Guardian Angel was ever at his side. He was never afraid of accidents or highwaymen because, before leaving home, he had commended his journey to the care of his Heavenly Companion. He had no dread of man or demon while engaged in the work of the Lord. He felt in practice what we all hold in theory; to wit, that if God be with us, it matters not though thousands be against us. When tempted with the blues, he went back in spirit and knelt before the Tabernacle. Indeed the Real Presence was his constant subject of meditation as it was his favorite devotion."

The Father who made that memorandum was in after years stationed with Father Ryan in Jamaica, and has this to say about him: "Father Ryan used to spend hours in the Chapel kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, as if absorbed in contemplation. He was mortified and unselfish, and conspicuous for contempt of the world. He had no human respect whatsoever. He was most generous to the poor, and heroic in sacrificing himself for the poor."

The Superior at Chaptico, Maryland, when Father Ryan was there, says much in a few words: "I regard

Father Ryan as a saint. He was a source of edification and consolation to us all."

His life may be epitomized in the Eleventh Rule of the Summary when thus paraphrased as a prayer:

The Prayer

My Lord, may I abhor wholly and not in part what the world loves and embraces, and accept and desire with my whole strength whatsoever Thou didst love and embrace. As worldly men, who follow the things of the world, love and with great diligence, seek honor, reputation and the credit of a great name upon earth, as the world teaches them, so may I, loyally following Thee, my King, love and earnestly desire things altogether contrary to these; namely, to be clothed with Thy garments and livery for Thy love and reverence; and if it can be done without offence to Thy Divine Majesty and without sin on the part of my neighbour, may I suffer contempt, calumny and injuries and be held and accounted a fool, in order that I may be more like to Thee, my Creator and Lord, and follow more closely in Thy footsteps, for Thou art the true way, which leads man to life. If the world can make its devotees love riches, honors and pleasures, canst not Thou much more make Thy children love poverty, contempt and the Cross?

FATHER JAMES J. BRIC.

On July 25, 1845, James Bric was born in the parish of Killiney, Co. Kerry, Ireland. There were ten children in the family; seven sons and three daughters. James was the fifth child. When he was but two years old, the family crossed the ocean and settled in Huron County, Ontario. As there were no parish schools then in that part of the world, James attended the local public school. He ranked high in his classes and was a favorite with his teachers, although he was a Catholic and they were Protestants. In after years he gladly bore testimony to the fact that his religion was no bar to his success at school. Happily, his home training compensated for the lack of religious instruction in the carriculum of the public school. The family in quantity and quality was one of the good old-fashioned kind. Two of the daughters entered the convent, and labored for many years in Minnesota, and one of the sons became a priest. Priests and nuns, as a general rule, attribute their vocation to the piety of their mother, and the rule holds good in this case.

At the age of nineteen James left home, amid feelings of joy and sadness, to study for the priesthood. He entered the Sulpician College in Montreal and led his classes. In his Rhetoric year he won the gold medal for the best oration on the subject: "The Superiority of Rome over Constantinople." If we bear in mind that the

oration was in French, and that most of his competitors were French, the medal acquires a double honor. After completing his College course, he entered the Grand Seminary, where he became distinguished for his piety and ability. The success of his Classical course was repeated in Philosophy and Theology. After two years of Divinity, he was transferred to the Bazilian College in Sandwich, Ontario. His Bishop wished him to get some experience as a teacher before ordination. During the rest of his course he studied and taught at the same time. Despite that double work he clipped two years from the regular time, and made eight years in six. Nor was he selfish in his devotion to books. Many a time he helped backward students, and perhaps saved vocations. Seminarians with more piety than brains are often tempted to renounce their books and return to the world. Discouragement is a common form of temptation in the Seminary as well as outside. James Bric was always kind and helpful, and one of the Seminarians whom he helped afterwards became a Bishop. His Lordship never forgot his indebtedness to a fellow student.

On June 6, 1873, Fr. Bric was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Walsh of London, Ontario, who sixteen years later became Archbishop of Toronto. Two years after ordination Fr. Bric applied to his Bishop for permission to join the Society of Jesus, but was politely refused. As the diocese at that time was much in need of priests, it is easy to understand why the Bishop was loath to part with a young and zealous worker. The request was repeated from time to time and was finally granted. After four years of parish work as a secular priest, Fr. Bric began his Novitiate at Frederick April 14, 1877, under Fr. Tisdall. Although he was several years older than his fellow Novices, he survived most of them. Consulting the catalogues I see there are only four of them still (1926) living: Bishop Collins, Fr. Barrett, Fr. Emerick and Fr. Stanton. When Fr. Bric dled, he was within a few weeks of his eighty-first birthday.

After making his vows Fr. Bric was sent to Providence to do parochial work under Fr. Cleary. He regretted ever afterwards that he did not take a year or two to review his clerical studies. Possibly he let Superiors decide. He was fond of books and he joined a teaching Order with a view to the class room, yet he never spent a day in the class room. It is doubtful, however, that he could have succeeded as well with thoughtless youngsters in class as he did with grown people in his parish duties. Older boys might appreciate his scholarship and his character, but younger boys would probably have taken advantage of his guileless simplicity. After two years in Providence he was sent to Boston, and there he labored for three years on the Islands, with his home at St Mary's He liked to work among the poor and the unfortunate in penal or charitable institutions, and he left them with regret when he went to Conewago in 1884. He remained only a year and a day in Conewago, and then he was transferred to St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, where he did excellent work for six years (1885-91). The

crowds about his confessional showed his popularity as a confessor. Father Morgan was Superior there at the time, and he and Fr. Bric were kindred spirits. It was at St. Joseph's that Fr. Bric took his last vows on August 15, 1888. In 1891 he had an attack of typhoid, and when he got well enough to travel, he went to Leonardtown, Md., for the sake of his health. The country air and exercise completed his cure, and the following year he resumed parochial work at the Gesu. He labored there for six years under Fr. Dooley and Fr. William Clark.

In 1898 he was sent by the Provincial, Fr. Purbrick, to close our house in Providence. After he had accomplished his mission, he was made Superior of St. Mary's in Boston. When he wss there about two and a half years, he was thrown from a street car and severely injured. His injuries prevented him from discharging the duties of his office, and so he begged to be relieved. The Provincial granted his request and sent him to St. Ignatius, New York. The change was providential, for there he found a physician who gave him proper treatment, and he soon was himself again. For three years he was *operarius* in 84th Street parish under Fr. McKinnon. The next three years (1905-1908) he spent at the Holy Trinity Church, Georgetown. From Washington he was transferred to Boston, and took charge of the City Hospital for five years, (1908-1913.) The Chaplain of a large hospital is liable to have a sick call at any hour of the day or night, and he must respond quickly or run the risk of losing a soul. Often Fr. Brick was called out of bed two or three times on the same night, and yet he managed to go through his duties next day as usual. If even a young, active man did that, it would be wonderful; but that a man of seventy should perform such a feat and so often almost passes the bounds of credibility. But his strength came from on high.

After spending five years at the City Hospital, he spent five more on the Islands of Boston, with headquarters at St. Mary's. There the work was more regular, and perhaps more congenial. While he was kind to all, regardless of race or creed, he was particularly kind and considerate in dealing with the poor and the afflicted. He was also very polite and patient in his intercourse with non-Catholics. When he first went to the Islands, he found Catholic children attending Protestant service, and he had the practice stopped. His tact and courtesy obtained this and other favors from Non-Catholic officials. He instituted Sunday School for Catholic children, and he did untold good by instructing the ignorant and the neglected. He was always ready to answer the questions of non-Catholics about the Church, and thus he did much to dispel that species of bigotry which is based upon ignorance. It would be interesting to know how many converts can trace their enlightenment to Father Bric's gracious answers, but God alone knows the number.

In 1918 Fr. Brick returned to Boston College High School to be Spiritual Father to the Community. That was his last appointment. He remained there until his death on July 3, 1926.

Fr. Bric was a man of good taste and scholarly attainments, but he had little opportunity to display his scholarship in his dealings with simple folk. Occasionally he did give an illusrtrated lecture on Dante to people who pronounced the name as one syllable. But though these simple people could not appreciate his erudition, they could and did appreciate his piety, his kindess and his priestly ways in general. He was dignified without being stiff or stilted, and reserved without being bashful. When his many other good qualities shall be forgotten, he will still be remembered for his kindness and fatherly ways. Half a century of apostolic work is a glorious record and a privilege granted to comparatively few.

The Church Calendar of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, among other things, has this to say of Fr. Bric:

"As Chaplain of Deer Island his kindness and patience, his unswerving devotion to pursuits so foreign to the natural talents which he possessed, won for him the universal love of the inmates and the officials alike. For six years he carried on this work, and even today it lives after him in the zealous provisions of his clear-sighted administration. For the past eighteen years he labored among us. The work which he carried on from his sixty-third year to his seventieth year as Chaplain of of the Boston City Hospital can scarcely be paralleled. Alone he ministered to the sick and dying. He was ever at their call at any hour of the day or night, and oftentimes in winter he was called out four or five times during the night to console some poor soul standing on the verge of eternity. He rarely took more than four hours a week off duty. For the past eight years he has occupied the position of Confessor in the Church, and Spiritual Father to the Community.

"He had always prayed that he would be no trouble to anyone in his old age. God answered that prayer, for old age came upon him like the setting of the sun after a rare day in June, gradually sinking amidst the eternal hills, beautifying, ennobling, inspiring all with the beauty of his life, till it suddenly sank into the eternal love of God."

A man who was clerk at the Boston City Hospital when Fr. Bric was Chaplain there, has this to say of him: "All the Doctors looked upon Fr. Bric as a Saint. Whenever they saw him making the rounds of the Hospital, their customary and spontaneous remark was, 'Here comes the Saint.' I once heard the great surgeon, Dr. Lothrop, a Protestant, say: 'My! that priest can bring joy to a dying man.' He was kind to all, but especially to the sick and dying. No matter what hour of the day or night a call came from the Hospital, he answered it promptly and gladly. Whenever a near relative inquired about a dear relative who had died, Fr. Bric's famous answer was, 'Yes, I saw him, and he is now in Heaven, I hope.' There was a kindness in the tone of his voice, a simplicity in his manner, and a sincerity in all he said and did. The sick, Protestants as well as Catholics, loved him. And when he went to Heaven, he was doubtless welomed by the many souls whom he had helped to save."

FATHER WILLIAM CULLEN, S. J.

William Robert Cullen was born in Brooklyn, New York, October 28, 1885. He was bapitized on November 8 by Rev. Aloysius Krable, C. M., in the church of St. John the Baptist. When he was ten years old he lost his father, and two years later his mother. Though thus bereft of his parents at such an early age, he found an excellent substitute in the Sisters of St. Joseph in Brooklyn. Mother de Chantal replaced his own mother as far as a Chrisitan mother can be replaced. She prepared many boys for the priesthood, and she was particularly gratified whenever she gave a son to St. Ignatius. She had two nephews Je uits in the English province, Father Joseph and Father Frank Keating. The former is the present editor of the *Month*, and a very able editor he is.

William Cullen received his first lessons in the public school, then he was trained by the Sisters of St. Joseph. His classical studies were made at St. James' Academy, Brooklyn, and at St. Francis Xavier's Coflege, New York. He graduated from the Academy in 1903, and from the Xavier High School in 1905. He entered the Novitiate August 14, 1905. He had two years to review his classics. He made the usual three years of Philosophy at Woodstock. After that he taught Physics at Holy Cross for five years. He was a very efficient teacher and very popular with the boys.

During his last year of teaching Mother de Chantal died June 4, 1917. Mr. Cullen asked and obtained permission to visit her. He arrived the day before she died. He found her apparently unconscious. He knelt down at her beside and prayed for a minute of consciousness. His prayer was granted. She opened her eyes, recognized her favorite child, greeted him and blessed him, and then closed her eyes forever. He went to Holy Cross at once, and the next day he received the news of her death. He felt that henceforth he would have praying for him in Heaven two mothers instead of one.

From 1917 to 1921 he made his Theology at Woodstock. He was ordained at Georgetown, June 29, 1920, by Cardinal Gibbons. Between his Theology and his Tertianship he taught Physics for another year at Holy Cross. He made his third year at Poughkeepsie under Fr. Maas. The following year he went to Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, for a course in advanced Mathematics. But his health began to fail and he was obliged to quit the university before taking his degree. He seemed to inherit a talent for Mathematics. His older brother, Major Edward Cullen, is an eminent mathematician, and the Government made good use of his exceptional knowledge during the World War. He is at present stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Father Cullen took his last vows at Baltimore, February 2, 1924. The following school year he was transferred to Georgetown. He fell sick during December and was sent to the hospital. He had

milignant typhoid, which developed into pneumonia and caused his death. He died January 5, 1925. He seemed to have a premonition of his approaching end, for he often referred to death and judgment in the class room.

As a boy William Cullen excelled in manly sports, particularly in baseball. He was very athletic even as a Scholastic until he had an operation for appendicitis. After that he was compelled to shun violent exercise. Those who knew him best say that he was genial, even-tempered, studious and devout. He possessed a deep, rich voice for singing and preaching. He cultivated voice and delivery, and would doubtless have excelled as a preacher had he lived. He type-wrote an eight-day retreat, which is said to be exceptionally good. By his premature death the province has suffered a great loss. But God has first claim, and there is none too good for Him.

FATHER JOSEPH FABER, S. J.

Father Faber had most eagerly hoped to celebrate, on September 30, 1926, the golden jubilee of his religious life in the pleasant company of his friends in Buffalo. But God summoned him three months before to prepare for the celebration of that day in holier and happier company.

Father Joseph Faber (Perscheid) was born November 17, 1855, in Moselkern near Treves, Germany He entered the Society of Jesus September 30, 1876, at Exaten, Holland, and made his philosophical and theological studies in Holland and England. After his ordination to the priesthood at Liverpool, England, on March 12, 1889, he sailed, in 1890, to the U. S. A. He took his last vows as Spiritual Coadjutor at Canisius High School Feruary 2, 1891, and taught at this institution till 1894. In August of that year he was appointed Rector of St. Michael's, Buffalo, N. Y., and held this position for about fourteen years, till 1908, endearing himself to his parishioners by his zeal and his prudence. They showed their appreciation of his work by contributing liberally toward the erection of the five splendid marble altars, the marble pulpit and marble railing, and the stained-glass windows of their church. The following ten years found him at the German Holy Trinity Parish of Boston, Mass., where he worked successfully, as assistant from 1908 till 1910, and as Rector from 1910 till 1918. During his rectorship in that parish he built the up-to-date parochial school at Roxbury. His last field of labor was Saint Ann's, Buffalo, N. Y., where he quietly did his share of work in the Lord's vineyard, and prepared himself for the last summons, an example of fidelity to his religious duties. He diligently wielded his pen for his Boston parish monthly, and the old parishioners of Saint Ann's in Buffalo liked to read the German poems which he composed for the *Annabote*.

The inroads of diabetes forced him, on June 3, 1926, to seek medical aid at the Emergency Hospital of Buffalo. But when the black spots of gangrene began to appear, he soon succumbed. At 11.30 P. M., Sunday, June 27, 1926, he was called to receive the reward of a faitful servant. His funeral was attended by a numerous congregation, among them many priests and friends from other parishes.

—F. J. B.

FATHER FRANCIS P. POWERS, S. J.

The announcement at all the Masses on Sunday, May 10th, of the death of Father Powers came as a sad surprise to all our parishioners. He had been unwell with a severe cold for only ten days before, and, though weak, seemed to be progressing favorably when on Friday, May 8th, a change for the worse developed, and after receiving Holy Communion he became unconscious and remained so until he died Saturday, May 9th, at noon.

He was in his 74th year, was born in Boston, educated at the old Primer School and afterwards at Chauncey High School. An old lady in her 86th year still living in Boston who taught Francis Powers in his school days remembers him as a very capable and earnest student. He must have been a boy of influence in the school, for he was selected to be Cadet Major of the School Battalion. This aptitude for things military he displayed in later years when as Headmaster of the Xavier Grammar School in 16th Street, he acted as drill master and developed the School Battalion to a very high state of perfection.

On completing his earlier studies, Francis was evidently intended by his father (well known to the older generation of Bostonians as the basso in the Jesuit church, the Immaculate) for a musical career. He studied organ and music under a famous teacher of those days, J. C. B. Parker, and then he was sent to Europe to complete his musical eduation. After a half year in England, he cabled his father that he wished to enter the Society of Jesus. On receipt of his father's consent, he applied to Father Gallwey, the Provincial, and was received into the Novitiate at Roehampton, England, where he spent the two years of his novice life. He completed his studies for the priesthood at Woodstock, Maryland, and was ordained in 1888. Most of his years as a priest were spent in Boston at the Immaculate, and in New York at St. Francis Xavier's and here at 84th St., where he was in charge of the choir for 12 years.

Father Powers was very much devoted to all who came in contact with him, and had very many sincere friends both in New York and in Boston. He was a man of high principle not only in religious matters, but in education, and in his standards of culture and refinement. He took very great pains with whatever he had to do, and had a discriminating and exacting taste in literature, music and painting.

We at St, Ignatius owe Father Powers a heavy debt of gratitude for his long and important work in directing and perfecting the boy choir. Only those who have had experience realize how much time and labor he must have spent on this difficult though very important duty, that meant so much to the beauty of our church services. It is to his credit that, whilst he had to act the part of a strict disciplinarian with his choristers, they all loved and respected him as an elder brother.—R. I. P.

—*St. Ignatius Church Bulletin.*

VARIA

ALBERTON.—Church Struck by Lightning.

On the evening of Friday, September the twenty-third, St. Stanislaus' Church in Alberton, a familiar landmark to all former Woodstockians, was completely destroyed by fire. Only the walls were left standing as mute memorials of well nigh fifty years of service to the poor mill people of Alberton. The fire was caused by lightning, which struck the church during a series of severe thunderstorms. Due to the peculiar location of the church, it was some time before the consequent fire was discovered. The Catonsville Fire Department responded to an alarm, but found it impossible to run a hose line up the steep hill. With this obstacle in mind the people immediately set themselves to saving what they could; and strange to say, despite the fact that the fire had started over the Sacristy, all the sacred vessels were saved together with the vestments and a children's library. In a word everything portable except the benches and the organ was rescued from the flames. Real heroism on the part of a young girl of thirteen years, coupled with the efforts of two non-catholics acting under her direction, is responsible for salvaging work. Because of poor telephone connections, resulting from the storm, news of the fire did not reach Woodstock until near eight o'clock, almost two hours after the church had been struck. Immediately the Pastor, the Rev. Herbert J. Parker, S .J., went down to the Mission Church, only to find it in ruins, a total loss save for the portable property. Mass and Sunday School are now being held in the Town Hall, which Mr. Webb, the manager of the mill, has kindly loaned to Fr. Parker.

In two more years St. Stanislaus Church would have celebrated its golden jubilee. Fifty four years ago, when first the mission was established, services were held in a place familiarly known to Woodstockians past and present as Jew Bottom. Three years later Mass and Sunday School were held in the house of a Mr. Meehan, a teacher in the public school at Alberton, then known as Elysville. The building of a church a few years afterwards was made possible by a grant of land and a splendid donation on the part of the Gary Manufacturing Company, who own practically all Alberton: land, mill and houses. Thus it is that Alberton has had a good substantial stone

church for so many years. During its long years of service to the Community the church has had many eminent Pastors, drawn form the Woodstock faculty. We are sure that these together with all those who at any time have been interested in the Mission, either in giving lectures, courses of sermons or as Catechists, will not forget to pray for the success of the new plans, that soon again these poor people will have a church in which they may fittingly worship God. S. M.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—Work of our Fathers.

The earliest records of the Missionary work on Blackwell's Island, now Welfare Island, go back to April, 1851. A few years previous, on the occasion of an outbreak of smallpox, to which the City was periodically subject, the lower end of the Island was purchased, and an Isolation Hospital erected. Later the whole Island was secured, and in 1846 the Penitentiary, and in 1852 the Workhouse were added. In 1847 a Lunatic Asylum was established, but was later removed to Ward's Island.

In the early days all the Island Departments, including a Meteorological Observatory, Randall's Island, the City Prisons, a Colored Home and a Colored Orphan Asylum were under the jurisdiction of the "Board of Governors of the Almshouse." Today, besides the two prisons, the Island comprises three Hospital groups, three Training Schools for Nurses, a Home for the Aged and Infirm, various shops, a large bakery, a sewing room with some forty power machines, a Wholesale Drug Department, a coffee-roasting plant, garages, etc. The Hospital groups include a Tuberculosis Camp, three General Hospitals, Children's Wards, a Neurological Hospital, a Cancer Institute, all equipped with the latest devices for the care and comfort of the sick. Indeed, it is a city in itself and numbers several thousand inhabitants. The supervision of the Island work is assigned to several Departments, the largest of which is that of Public Welfare. The expenditures of the latter is over $8,000,000.00 annually, of which a large portion goes to the salaries and supplies for the work on the Island. Furthermore the Department approves the assignment of $7,000,000.00 more to Private Institutions.

Simultaneous with the growth of the Institutions has been the increase of the Chaplains. At first one was able to cover the entire Island, the Tombs and Randall's Island. Today there are three Resident Chaplains on Blackwell's Island, who are also at times assisted by others, there is one on Randall's Island, one on Ward's

and a visiting Chaplain for Hart's; Secular Clergy visit Rikers and North Brothers Islands. The earliest of the Chaplains was Rev. Robert Kleineidam, whose ministrations are recorded from April 5, 1851, to February 16, 1855.

The story is told that on a very cold winter's morning, when he was on his way to say Mass, the rowboat which in those days served as a ferry, could not, on account of the great number of ice floes along the shore, make a landing. In his zeal Father Robert jumped out of the boat on to the ice, leapt from floe to floe and was thus enabled to celebrate Mass at the Almshouse in good time. Rev. Hugh I. Brady, Rev. John Joyce and Rev. Robert Byrne successively took charge until 1861, when Rev. J. V. Jaffre, S. J. was made Resident Chaplain. The great increase of Catholic inmates and the scarcity of Priests in the Diocese had induced Bishop Hughes to request Father Tellier, S. J., superior of the Jesuits, to make this apointment. "Tell Father Tellier," he said, "I will be very grateful to him if he will take charge of the Islands, and I will do all in my power to help the Fathers whom he may appoint for these onerous missions."

There is an observable increase in the number of baptisms at this time, and, there being so many Hospitals and large Almshouses, the number of sick calls must have been very great. In the earliest records of the Jesuit Chaplains, it is noticeable that a considerable number of French names appear, as Jaffre, Achard, Chambon, Gelinas, Regnier, Duranquet. This is explained by the fact that at that period New York was a branch of the Canadian Mission then under the French Jurisdiction. These good souls had, many of them, come over to America, inspired with the spirit of Brebeuf and Jogues and only too ready, did the opportunity offer itself, to shed their blood as Martyrs. God only knows the great good which they accomplished by their meekness and kindness. Father Duranquet was chaplain on Blackwell's Island, on Hart's and in the Tombs over twenty-five years. Father Gelinas held out the longest, spending some thirty years in the work. As Chaplain of the Tombs he assisted all those who were condemned to be hanged. Of these, he related to the writer, all but one died a good death. The one exception had been pardoned by the Governor, and afterwards joined his evil companions and repeated his old habits.

Rev. Herman Blumensaat, S. J., succeeded Father Duranquet in 1887. He was possessed of a good physique, and threw himself into the work with great zeal.

On entering the wards he was accustomed to salute all the inmates; "Good morning!, Good morning! How are you all today? Mary, how are you feeling today? And Margaret and Jane? or Thomas and Patrick and Philip?" His resonant voice was heard distinctly, and the loud shouts with which the inmates greeted him in return manifested their appreciation of his kindness. Their Father usually kept a liberal supply of confectionery in one of his pockets, and tobacco in another. This he distributed as he passed along. His death occured as he was attempting to say second Mass at the Workhouse. After a first attack of weakness he made a desperate effort to continue the Holy Sacrifice, but a second stroke came, and he fell supine and soon succumbed. A tablet set up by the employees in the Church of Our Lady, Consoler of the Afflicted, is a further proof of the esteem in which he was held. "For fourteen years," it says, "he devoted his life to the sick and poor of Blackwell's Island, died as he lived, beloved by all. Donated by the Almshouse Hospital Staff." It is interesting to learn that Father Blumensaat had been a partner in the confectionery business with Mr. Henry Heide, and that he left the world to enter the religious life at a time when his prospects for worldly success were very promising.

Rev. Francis Barnum, S. J., of Alaska fame was here from April, 1901, to June, 1906, and was here again after an absence of some ten years. As a young man before his conversion, he had been a world traveler; and whilst a Missioner in Alaska with great difficulty he succeeded in compiling a grammar and vocabulary of the Esquimaux language. His amiable disposition and a great fund of information made him a most agreeable and entertaining companion. Owing to the darkness on the Island he used to carry a lantern with him when he was obliged, in making his rounds, to use a white outer garment. This with the lantern gave him a very ghost-like appearance. He conceived the plan and began to build the first Catholic Church on the Island. He had intended to have a brilliant illumination in the Sanctuary, similiar to the one he had seen in Spain, which would be very conspicuous all night long to voyagers on the river and a reminder that the Eucharistic Lord was there ever present. As he was unable to supervise the construction of the church, Michael Noel took it up, and Rev. John W. Casey, completed it. Father Casey also built the Chapel of the Sacred Heart at the North end of the Island. Of late years Fathers Cyran, Corbett and Healy have done good service in this church.

Whilst Fathers Ryan, Coughlin, Wall and Halliwell in

succession have attended to the City Hospital, with Fathers Reilly and Laherty attending to the two Prisons, it is needless to say that the census of the Island has greatly increased; new buildings have been erected; of late a Cancer Institute has been established and promises to develop into a vast colony. Besides this the Island, alongside the Queensborough Bridge, has an ambulance service, which covers for emergency cases, the territory from fiftieth Street East to fifty-ninth Street, East and West, and from fifty-ninth Street East to one hundred and tenth Street. The accident and X-Ray cases are sent on alternate days to the Hospitals on the North and South ends of the Island.

We find in the early records that the Chaplains in a prudent manner did what they could to remedy abuses. This is a fact. There was a custom to force all Protestant Prisoners to attend Catholic Services, and Catholic Prisoners, Protestant Services. This was soon changed. One Chaplain objected to the niggardly treatment of the paupers. He gives their bill of fare, which was very meagre. Breakfast, seven ounces of rye bread, coffee with molasses and no milk. Dinner, bread, a pint of beef or mutton soup, which was like water, a few received a mouthful of meat, the majority none. When there was no soup, they received six ounces of bread, three of meat and one potato. Supper six or seven ounces of bread, and tea. In preparing the tea, two lbs. and eleven ounces sufficed for seven hundred persons, a rather harmless mixture surely. Attention was called to another abuse, that is, the associating of comparatively innocent prisoners with hardened criminals.

The Island is the scene of much misery. Many, some of whom had at one time lived comfortably or even in affluence, are reduced to pauperism. Many are victims of various maladies or accidental injuries, from which they died or are crippled for life. Sadder than these corporal afflictions are the downfalls of those in the houses of detention. Many young persons, blessed with perfect physical health and good talent, and even products of respectable families, have flung themselves down into the mire and cast their lot with the outcast and the reprobate. This is indeed a melancholy environment, sad enough to evoke tears of blood, but the heart of the Priest is frequently consoled by the conversion and salvation of many souls which under the circumstances would have been lost. He sees clearly the finger of Divine Providence. He witnesses great and heroic constancy under very trying afflictions and sufferings. He sees many examples of virtue. Nothing could be

more edifying than the example of an elderly lady who shortly before her death said to the priest who was visiting her: "Father, I have only a few dollars. Please use one half for Masses for the repose of my soul, and the other half for all those whom I may have done any injustice or unkindness to during my life." How touching was the prayer of a young girl who was sinking fast with cancer! Instead of complaining of her lot or rebelling against the Divine Dispensations, she repeatedly asked the Lord to take her out of this world: "Take me now, Jesus," she prayed, "take me now whilst I am still innocent; for I have as yet committed no grevious sin."

H. A. J.

BOHEMIA MANOR.—Field Mass.

On Sunday October tenth, a very successful attempt was made to rescue Bohemia Manor and its historic associations from oblivion. The Jesuit Fathers started a mission at Bohemia in the year 1704, and it was the first station at which Mass was said in what is now the diocese of Wilmington. In the year 1745 a classical school—the first of the kind in the Colonies—was opened in connection with the Mission. Among the students registered at the school was one "Jackie Carroll," the future Archbishop of Baltimore. The school passed away long before the war of Independence, but in a certain sense it came to life again with the opening of Georgetown College in 1779. The mission at Bohemia remained under the care of the Society of Jesus until the year 1898, when it was taken over by the Bishop of Wilmington. Within the past few years nearly all the Catholic families have moved away from Bohemia, and not even an occasional Mass has been celebrated at the old mission station. The Pastor of the church at Middletown, Delaware, the Rev. Charles A. Crowley, in whose district Bohemia lies, has inaugurated the plan of holding an annual Field Mass at Bohemia in the hope of creating such an interest in the place as will assure the preservation of its historic memories. A Solomn High Mass was accordingly celebrated there on Sunday, October tenth, in the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzmaurice and a number of the clergy of the Wilmington diocese. The sermon was preached by Rev. Francis X. Delany of Georgetown College, and about two thousand people from Wilmington, Baltimore and Philadelphia attended the ceremony, which, it is hoped, will begin a new era in the long history of Bohemia Manor.

CANADA.—The Martyrs' Shrine.

The first season at the new shrine is over and has

surpassed all expectations. On Sundays when Mass was said at 7, 8, 9, and 10 o'clock people came from anywhere within a radius of a hundred miles or more. On weekdays, the majority of the visitors were non-Catholics, many being ministers. Among them were Sir Gilbert Parker, Hon. Arthur Meighen and family with other members of Parliament.

On August 22nd, the first official pilgrimage was held. Peterboro diocese sent us one thousand pilgrims on a special train. Bishop O'Brien, Msgr. McColl, Dean Kelly (Cobourg), Fr. Costello and Fr. McCauley came with the pilgrims. Pontifical High Mass was sung and Fr. Devine, S. J., preached.

On the day of the opening of the shrine, a boy, troubled with deafness and running sores from ears was, on testimony of parents, completely cured; another person reported a cure from rupture which was instantaneous; a woman who had suffered from constant severe pains in neck and shoulders reported a complete cessation of these from the time the relics were applied; a crippled child of six, though not completely cured, began to walk unaided for the first time after being touched with the relics. Two cures from tumor and one of rheumatism were also recorded at the shrine this summer. Space does not allow us to speak of the spiritual favors granted, of the hundreds who frequented the Sacraments, or of the many letters received, almost daily, expressing gratitude for temporal favors received.

THE CAPITAL.—Washington's Rules of Civility.

It is not generally known that George Washington's "Rules of Civility" were composed originally by French Jesuits; yet the head of the manuscript department in the Library of Congress declared that they were. In a book soon to be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company of New York, Charles Moore, the author, says:

"There has been much written about these Rules, but little is known. They were composed or compiled originally and published in France by the Jesuits in 1598. They were translated into English by Francis Hawkins about 1640, and passed through no fewer than eleven editions down to 1672. From the Hawkins book the 110 Rules written by Washington were selected, simplified and arranged by some person unknown.

"One copy fell into the hands of George Washington, who wrote out the manuscript that is among the Washington papers purchased from the family by Congress in 1834 and 1849, and held in the Department of State

until 1903, when they were transferred to the Library of Congress."

CARROLL MANOR.—Tablet in memory of Father Gaffney

On Sunday, October 24, St. Joseph's Church at Carroll Manor, Frederick County, Md., was re-opened, and a tablet erected to the memory of Father John B. Gaffney, who built the Church in 1871. The pastor, Father Philip Farrell, had the edifice recently painted and decorated, and the tablet is a gift of Mr. Mantz Besant of Frederick. Father O'Rourke, who was Father Gaffney's Superior for many years while Rector and Master of Novices at Frederick, was invited to preach on the occasion. He paid a touching and a suitable tribute to the almost fifty years of tireless labor which Father Gaffney spent in the Frederick Missions. It was through his zeal that most of the Churches in the Frederick Valley were erected. There was a large attendance on the occasion, and many of them were converts of Father Gaffney. The edifying life of these converts shows how well the Apostle of the Frederick Valley did his work. In a certain sense that is a more important memorial than any mural tablet could possibly be. The ground on which the Church stands was originally owned and presented by Charles Carroll of Carrolton, who signed the Declaration of Independence. We hope to have a fuller account in the **Varia** for February.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.—A Missionary in South Africa.

Due to the rise and fall of Kindoms and Empires and Republics in Central Europe, and the remaking of new Provinces of the Society of Jesus, Fr. James Longa, S. J. has changed Provinces but not place or work. He has remained at his missionary post at Broken Hill, South Africa, for over twenty years. After the World War, the Czechoslovakian Province has been cut off from the Dual Monarchy and created into an independent Province. "Every one to the place of his birth" was Father General's order to the scattered Jesuits. Fr. Longa, though born in Slovakia, begged to remain at his post in South Africa, which is not a mission of the Province. Father General kindly acceded to his request.

Though in his seventieth year, he is still hale and hearty, working ceaselessly, as he writes, "for a people that is hard to manage, but ever tenderly grateful for the missionary's interest and kindness."

In a recent letter, Fr. Longa describes the struggles, the modes of travel and some very unique anti-Catholic propaganda.

"Some of our missionary expeditions, cover from fifty to one-hundred miles over very unpleasant roads. Our last missionary journey Eastward was made in a heavy and clumsy wagon drawn by eight yoke of oxen—not that I was so corpulent, but muddy roads, soft fields and streams make such a mode of travel imperative. As we were crossing one of the streams, the chains that bound the oxen to the wagon broke and left the wagon and incidentally the missionaries bathing in the cool water. Our colored driver leisurely arose from the wagon, repaired the chains and soon we were on dry land again. We were crossing a field in sight of our mission, when suddenly a pair of oxen disappeared beneath the surface and then another and before long all the oxen found themselves in a tangled heap at the bottom of a deep cavern. Jumping from the wagon, I inquired of my unconcerned driver: "What's the matter? Where are the oxen?" Oh, that's nothing, Father, but an animal trap!" "Well, get up, you lazy good-for-nothing-negro, and help the poor animals out of that hole!" "Keep cool, Father, they'll do all that themselves and even without our aid!" And so they did. After a few moments one pair of oxen after another arose and slowly crawled out of the trap, dragging the wagon along with them.

It was growing dark, so we decided to turn aside to the village C——and spend the night with Father Torrend S. J. His residence is a circular straw hut, resembling an egg-shapped hay stack. This serves as his office, reception room, dining and sleeping quarters. When it rains, the poor Jesuit missionary invariably gets a shower bath. Whenever a typhoon is scented, he throws over his little straw castle, hides himself and his furniture and valuables under ground and peacefully listens to the orchestral melodies of the raging elements. At the end of the windy concert, he quietly rises from his hiding place, sets up his residence, and again serves the Lord as joyfully as ever. Father Torrend spoke in glowing terms of the faith of the black faithful, though he and they work in utter want and poverty. Cheerfulness and confidence in the Sacred Heart carry them over many a bitter trial.

The next day our sixteen oxen-power touring car started on its further journey. In seven days we covered one-hundred miles and visited four missions instructing the people and encouraging the colored catechists to greater zeal. En route monkeys, lions, tigers, leopards had to be saluted or shot as the case may be.

On our return to our centre at Broken Hill, to our sorrowful surprise we found out that a cyclone visited the

district and ruined our little church. The brick walls were scattered all over the place, the candle sticks and crucifixes were broken, the new stations of the cross smashed, the roof a heap of straw, but only the tabernacle with the Blessed Sacrament was untouched. Nothing remained for the missionaries but to don overalls and build a new cyclone-proof church.

But these are the least of our troubles. Protestants, especially from the States and England, are making terrible headway throughout these missions. With their wealth they control the colored man's body and soul. Our present encounter is with a Protestant sect called "The members of the Watch Tower!" Secretly during the night, these members of the Watch Tower gather the colored folk of an entire village, and with gifts, food and money inveigle them to "baptism." They dip each negro to be baptized into a nearby pond and hold him under the water till he is almost drowned, then they throw the poor victim on the shore to recuperate. After "baptism" each negro must solemnly promise that he will never go near a Catholic church or school; and if he fails to keep his promise, his recent baptism becomes invalid and he must be baptized all over again. Thus we have lost many villages to the faith by this diabolical work of the members of the Watch Tower. Recently their secret machinations have come to light, and they were dubbed by the whites and by the more intellingent blacks as "African Bolsheviks." A few years ago the chief Watcher tried his skill in the "baptismal" ceremonies in the Belgian Congo. There he drowned over fifty negroes, especially those whom he suspected would thwart his Bolshevik plans. There the constabulary gave him and his crew a grand chase—through forests, over hills and streams—shots were fired on both sides. Before his capture, this Mwana Resa, (the son of god of the members of the Watch Tower) killed twelve colored policemen. A dark prison cell was his home for a while. One night with the assistance of a co-worker he quietly bade farewell to the prison walls and turned South to English soil. Rhodesia became his new field of action. His pent up "missionary spirit" once again broke out into flame. He zealously travelled from village to village, leaving a "Watcher" or teacher behind, instructing the colored people in their new form of religion. On his arrival in a village he announced to the gathered throng: "I am the Mwana Resa, the son of God of the members of the Watch Tower. Who touches me will immediately die!" The negroes showed him great respect. Not so long ago, one

of the neophites strenously objecting to the drowning process of baptism, picked up a club and struck the Mwana Resa on the head. He immediately fell in a heap, motionless. The lookers-on, seeing that the culprit did not die for touching the leader, took courage and tied ropes around Mwana Resa's hands and dragged him into the presence of the chief of police. His hands were so badly mutilated, that an operation was necessary. Mwana Resa awoke minus both hands. Now he is chained to bed in the hospital with an armed guard at his side day and night. The courageous negroes are going about now capturing the members of the Watch Tower and performing a "baptism of blood." Each negro thus caught is thrown on the ground, stripped of his clothes and cut several times on the back. To make the work more complete, a little salt is sprinkled into the open sores. Every Watch Tower teacher captured receives twenty five such saline baptisms.

It was discovered that this Mwana Resa's plan was to organize his new co-religionists and plot against the wealthy whites, and strip them af all their property and wealth. What sentence this religious fanatic will receive for his eighty drownings and many deceptions, we do not at present know. We hope it will not be death.

Pray that the Sacred Heart may inspire many a young heart with the missionary spirit and that in all its fulness, that we may have some one to help us to save these countless souls in South Africa. Our struggles are many and the sacrifices indeed great, but in spite of our weak forces the fruits of our labors are quite satisfactory.

Godfrey Kaspar, S. J.,
Prague.

FREDERICK.—"The City of Mellow Chimes."

Under the above title **The Baltimore Sunday Sun** for September 26, 1926, contains an illustrated article which has a special interest for Jesuits who ever lived in Frederick. The article is too long to be cited here in full, but the reference given may be of use to some future historian of the New York-Maryland Province. Jesuit interest in the subject is focussed on the "Catholic clock," which was made by one of our Brothers some seventy years ago, and which is still marking time. A piece of mechanism which does duty for wellnigh three quarters of a century, in a lofty tower exposed to wind and weather, to cold and heat, is admirable for its regularity and venerable for its antiquity. The man who made it has long since mouldered into dust, but his works survive him and speak

for themselves. The flight of time and the approach of eternity contain a valuable lesson if we would only heed it. The "Catholic clock" of St. John's Church does for a whole city what the clock on the stairs does for the household, but it requires a poet to interpret its meaning. The writer of the aforesaid article may be a poet in disguise, using prose instead of verse. If he used "free verse," there would be no mistake as to his classification or his identity. He has many pretty things to say about the bells of Frederick, but most of them would be out of place in a matter-of-fact chronicle like the present. We select only a few, and condense even these.

"The clustered spires of Fredericktown," as sung by the poet, may have once been the most notable feature of the city; but today it is the bells nestling in those spires that cling to the memory of visitors. Their tones may be confusing to strangers; but to natives they speak with the voice of familiar friends, and their message is unmistakable. They speak of joy or sorrow, hope or fear, peace or war, work or prayer. Some tell the time of day or night; some rouse the sleeper from his dreams to the realities of another day; some announce the opening of court; some sound the alarm for fire; others call the faithful to church; and others still bemoan the death of a prominent man in city, state or nation.

The convent bell rings betimes to wake the nuns for prayer, but its sweet tones are lost on a slumbering city. The sweetest bell at 5 A. M. is discord to the drowsy ear of the sluggard. The most memorable bells of Frederick are the ten known as "Trinity Chimes." They ring on Saturday evening to announce the approach of Sunday, and twice on Sunday they issue a call to prayer in their sweetest tones. Only those who have no ear for music and no soul for prayer, can resist such an appeal. Visitors who have heard the Trinity Chimes carry away with them a picture of Sabbath calm which haunts them ever afterwards.

While the chimes are pealing on Saturday afternoon at 6 o'clock, the bells of St. John's Catholic Church ring for the Angelus, and the city seems the while to vibrate with music. One is called the "town clock," the other the "Catholic clock." The former announces only the hours, the latter gives the quarters as well. The number of notes corresponds to the quarter, and while one clock is speaking the other is listening. Both clocks have a respectable antiquity, which is closely connected with the history of the city.

There are no records to show when the clock was placed in St. John's steeple, but it was probably about 1854, when the steeple itself was built. At that time the church was attended by the Jesuit Fathers who conducted a Novitiate nearby. Among the Brothers in that community was one named Blasius Walch. He was born in Alsace March 26, 1814, and he joined the Jesuit Order August 10, 1850. His name at that time and for years afterwards was spelled in the catalogue with an o instead of an a. He was a modest man, and nobody would suspect his mechanical genius. For a year or two he served in the garden and the dining room before his talent was discovered. The clocks of the house were giving trouble: each went its own way regardless of the others. There was a great deal of tinkering done, with no perceptible improvement. They behaved fairly well until the clock-maker left the premises, and then they resumed their old antics. The case seemed to be hopeless when Brother Walch came to the rescue. He soon taught them to march together and keep time in a double sense. He drew order out of chaos, music out of discord, and expressions of joy out of the entire community. Superiors saw that he would be the man to make a clock for the steeple, and so he did. That clock still proclaims from St. John's steeple the genius of its maker. Occasionally it gets out of order through the wear and tear of time, and then the whole city seems to be disorganized. The parts are not of the standard make and cannot be purchased: they have to be made especially, and very few can make them. Brother Walch also made clocks for other houses of the Order, such as Gonzaga and Woodstock. They, too, are feeling the effects of old age, and stop occasionally from sheer exhaustion. Their maker died at Frederick June 2, 1897. Unfortunately, for posterity he carried his skill with him to the tomb. The nearest approach to his mechanical genius is a man now living in the Counties, who can tell what is wrong with Brother Walch's work. But he has neither the time nor the implements to replace old parts by new. Souls to him are more important than clocks, and works of mercy than the works of a time piece.

GERMANY.— Retreat Movement.

The Retreat Movement has taken a firm hold in Germany. This can be seen not only from the number of Retreats given, but also from the organization of the Movement itself. The actual figures for the year 1925 are as follows: 1312 Retreats were given in Retreat Houses and were attended by 62,554 Retreatants. The Movement Bulletin gives a list of ten Retreat Houses,

and contains reports from numerous others. The Movement is organized in every diocese, and there is a General Secretariate in Cologne under the direction of the Society. The wide extent of the Retreat Movement may be gathered from the General Convention of Catholics (German) held at Breslau, August 22-24, 1926. The initial speech was on "Chirst, the King and Centre of all Hearts," and the speaker warmly praised the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. A special meeting was held, on August 24, for leaders and promoters. Fr. Meiss, S. J., addressed the meeting and took for his subject the Exercise Movement as applied to our times. Calendars of the different Retreat Houses can be obtained at all the diocesan churches, and one periodical has published a complete list of all the Retreats given in German-speaking Houses.

The Movement received its greatest encouragement and support from old Exercitants. This zeal may be illustrated by an example. One man who has been a tireless worker for years, arranges an annual Retreat for his home town of Hagen. He collects the men and even the money for those without means. At the Retreat House in Werl he announced that he had gathered seventy for his own town. The vitality of the Movement may be inferred from another sign. A monthly renewal of the spirit is urged on all the Exercitants, and a program is furnished by Dr. Busch of Coblenz. The Retreatants meet on the First Friday of every month. There are three obligations: (1) Meditation; (2) Examination of Concience; (3) Confession and Communion.

The Retreat work is also encouraged by the Bishops and Clergy. In the diocese of Cologne, July 11 was Exercise Sunday. In every church there was a sermon and a collection. The money thus collected goes to form a fund for people without means. On the application of a needy Exercitant the sum required is sent to the House where he is to make the Retreat. The diocesan Synod of Mainz urged the pastors to join in the Movement and to recruit new Exercitants by means of the old.

In Cologne the Retreat Movement has taken an important step in a new direction. The Auxiliary Bishop, Dr. Hammel, invited the Academic men of the diocese to a conference. The meeting was addressed by Father Freiling, Provincial of the Franciscans, and by Father Meiss, S. J. As a result of Dr. Hammel's efforts three Retreats have been arranged for the Academic Societies of the Archdiocese. The fruits produced by the Exercises on the educated men of Germany are encouraging and consoling. Cologne has also Retreats for merchants as

a distinct class. At Munster the banking men sacrificed the Pentecost holidays to make a Retreat, and the course was crowded beyond capacity. But in Class Retreats Wuertemberg takes the prize for novelty. The Retreat was exclusively for midwives, and eighty accepted the invitation. The experiment was so successful that the Retreat is to be annual. Other parts of Germany are to repeat the experiment.

Beyond the German borders Retreat work is going forward in Holland and even in Protestant Sweden. Loyola, a Retreat House for men at Vught in Brabant had 4,214 Retreatants in the year 1925. In Sweden three Retreats were given. Even in Africa the German White Fathers give annual Retreats to their black Catechists. To secure the fruits of these Retreats, there is a renovation of spirit every six weeks.

Father Roh.

About the middle of the last century there was a Jesuit missionary in Germany who was called "the King of Orators." His name was Fr. Roh, and he was engaged in giving missions from 1850 to 1872. During part of that time Fr. Anderledy, the future General, was his fellow worker. While Fr. Roh must have prepared his sermons and lectures carefully, yet his preparation was not of the usual kind. His fluency and spontaneous eloquence were such that he never needed to write his sermons in full, much less to memorize them. Hence no sermons or lectures of his were found among his effects after his death. These masterpieces were apparently lost to posterity, and nothing remained save the memory of them and the wonderful conversions they produced among Protestants and negligent Catholics. Happily, he had, all unknown to him, two ardent admirers who followed him from city to city, and took down his words in shorthand, and they were "Samaritans." These two Protestants treasured his words and preserved them carefully. Another Jesuit, Fr. Huonder, transcribed their notes and published twenty-one of these addresses and sermons. The volume has already reached a third edition.

GOLDEN JUBILEES.

This is the Golden Jubilee year of ten men in the Province. Three of them died within sight of the happy day, and seven lived or will live to celebrate it. The three who died on the eve of their celebration are Fr. Patrick Kelly, Fr. Francis Powers and Fr. Joseph Faber. The seven who still survive are in Chronological order: Fr. William Clark, Fr. Edward Spillane, Fr. John Wynne, Fr. William Stanton, Fr. Timothy Barrett, Bro. Gerber

and Bishop Collins. All save the last have already occured. Bishop Collins will keep his feast on December 5, at Fordham University.

St. Inigo's Villa.—The Golden Jubilee of our Villa was celebrated during the vacations when the Scholastics were on the ground and anxious to take part in the ceremonies. Two of those who were present when the Villa was opened were also present at the celebration. These were Fr. Brennan and Fr. Tynan. Their speeches recalled pioneer times, but their humor softened the harships of those primitive days. The reminiscences were continued after dinner, and they will be remembered when other details of the celebration shall be long forgotten. Fr. Brennan is at his best when talking about old times, old faces and old places. If you doubt my word, ask him to tell you the story of Bro. Martin at Frederick, or his friendship with Sitting Bull, or his experience in the choir at Alexandria during the Civil War. When the celebration took place there were about a dozen of the pioneers still living. Fathers Blackmore, Burrowes, Hughes and O'Meara of Missouri; Fr. Sasia of California and Fr. Drummond of Canada; Fathers Brennan, Dooley, Goeding, Tynan and Ziegler of this Province. Since then Fr. Blackmore died.

HOLY CROSS.—Production of Hecuba.

The production of "Hecuba" at the Holy Cross stadium May 30, 1926, opened up a vista of twenty-five centuries. The success of the performance adds a new chapter to the annuals of Holy Cross achievement. The scenic surroundings were well calculated to heighten the effect of a Greek tragedy. The massive buildings of the College on the hill, the artistic imitation of Grecian architecture, and the semi-circular seats of the stadium itself recalled the glories of ancient Greece. More than 5,000 spectators seemed to breathe the atmosphere of antiquity, and live again in the long ago. The colony of Greek residents in Worcester heightened the effect by their flags, regalia and national costumes. If the author of the play could have attended, he would have been surprised and delighted. While it is natural to suppose that most of the audience did not understand Greek, whether ancient or modern, they followed the play with marked attention, and their appreciation was occasionally manifested by intelligent and spontaneous applause.

There was some delay in starting because the camera men were anxious to get photographs of the scene, of the audience and of the actors, both collectively and indi-

vidually. It was 3 o'clock before the first bugle blast announced the beginning of the play. Forthwith the sound of conversation and laughter was hushed as if by magic. The music was as perfect as intelligent direction and long practice could make it. The chorus serves as a link between the several episodes, and expresses the various emotions aroused by the piece. The coryphaeus, Justin J. Murphy, was worthy of his role, and each member of the group was worthy of the leader. The part of Polymester was taken by Edward A. O'Rourke, who did remarkably well. Charles Broderick as Odisseus was an excellent interpretation of his traditional subtlety. John L. McCrohan as Hecuba won hearty applause. James B. Webster used his musical voice to portray the emotions of Poylxena. The other actors, though in minor parts, had their own peculiar excellence. Experts from schools and colleges far and near were unstinted in their praise of the actors, the costumes, the music and, in general, of the historical accuracy of the rendition. The general verdict was that the performance was a complete success. Indeed the success was so great that the caste was invited to reproduce the play at the Sesqui-Centennial in Philadelphia. They accepted the invitation, and repeated their classical triumph before another appreciative audience.

Special credit should be given to the Rev. F. X. Downey S. J., whose encouragement and support made possible the production; to the Rev. J. F. X. Murphy, S. J., who rendered invaluable assistance by his knowledge of the Greek stage and costumes; to Professor John P. Marshall, who composed the music for the choral odes; to Professor Joseph V. O'Drain, who adapted the music of the Hymn to Apollo to the opening chorus or parados; to William Griffin, '27, who coached the cast; to Miss Helen Curtain, who trained the chorus; to John R. Smith, '29, who designed the stage; and to Miss Helen Smith, who designed the costumes. Excepting a few members of the chorus the cast was drawn from Section "A" of the Freshman class.

Commencement Exercises.—Four thousand people witnessed the graduation of 207 Seniors on Wednesday morning, June 16th. Guests of honor were Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D. D., Bishop of Springfield; His Excellency Alvan T. Fuller, on whom the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred; Mayor Michael J. O'Hara of Worcester; and Captain Earle, President of the Worcester Institute of Technology. Father Francis X. Downey, Dean of the College, conferred the degrees, and Governor Fuller presented the diplomas. At the conclusion of the exer-

cises Father Downey read a letter of congratulation to the graduates and their friends from Rev. Father Rector, whose attendance was prevented by illness.

A prophecy fulfilled.—Rev. Patrick H. Brennan, S. J., of Georgetown university, who has just come off retreat at Holy Cross College, has lived to see fulfilled a prophecy made 52 years ago. As he and Rev. Joseph O'Hagan, President of Holy Cross from 1872 to 1878, stood together on the porch of Fenwick Hall on commencement day, 1874, Fr. O'Hagan turned to the then young Scholastic and said: "Within 50 years this hill will be dotted with buildings, and the college will have 1000 students." Holy Cross then had one building and about 100 students.

"I wish that I might live to see that day," returned Fr. Brennan.

Fifty years have passed. Holy Cross has more than fulfilled Fr. O'Hagan's prophecy, with 1000 students in 1918 and 1200 today, and Fr. Brennan, at the age of 82, has lived to see the fulfillment of his wish. For the last 16 years, he has returned to the College annually for his retreat, and has watched with pride the growth and prosperity of Holy Cross.

Before entering the Society of Jesus, Fr. Brennan served as a medical doctor in the Civil War. After the close of the war he entered the Society, and in 1873 came to Holy Cross as an instructor. He remained here two years.

Having been pensioned by the government, he has taken the money from his pension and established a foundation at Georgetown University, the income from which is used to purchase a medal, known as the Brennan medal for Religion, which is awarded every year to the most deserving student at Georgetown.

The Father is well known among the older generation of Worcester, but most of his associates are dead. John F. H. Mooney, 73 Madison street, and Richard H. Mooney, 24 Vernon street, retired Principal of the Lamartine-street school, both members of the class of 1879 at Holy Cross, were students at that time. They are practically the only Worcester residents of his time who are still living. He was a very close friend of the late George Crompton and his family, and an army comrade of the late Dr. John O. Marble.

Fr. Brennan is a typical Southern gentleman, retiring by nature, and stately in appearance, with snow white hair, but still retaining something of the bearing of the soldier.

—Worcester Telegram.

JAMAICA.—A Former Jamaican Apostle Dies.

On Wednesday April 21st, Rev. John McCormick died at Brickdam, Demerara. Fr. McCormick was one of the English Fathers, who welcomed the first American Fathers to Jamaica on April 7th, 1894. Some months later he returned to England, but in 1895 he was sent to Demarara, where he continued to labor until his death. Fr. McCormick celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit in 1922. For some time previous to his death he had been in ill health, and on March 15th he was removed from his mission at Malgre Tout, West Bank, to the residence of His Lordship Bishop Galton, S. J. at Brickdam, where he died on April 21st. The vast concourse that turned out to attend his funeral spoke eloquently the high esteem in which the zealous missioner was held by the people of Demerara. R. I. P.

Cathedral, Kingston.—On June 3rd, the Feast of Corpus Christi, 160 little ones received their First Holy Communion at Holy Trinity Cathedral. Very Rev. Fr. Superior said the Mass and preached a very eloquent and simple sermon to the little lambs of Christ's flock. Afterwards they were brought to the College Gymnasium, which generous hands had artistically decorated, and breakfast was served to them. His Lordship Bishop O'Hare, who was unable to say the Mass, addressed the happy little youngsters and told them how fitting it was that they should have this breakfast. Their souls had had their Banquet; it was also proper that their bodies too should have refreshment, since the same God had created soul and body. His Lordship distributed to the First Communicants rosaries and medals which had been blessed by the Pope, then he gave them his own episcopal blessing. June 3rd, 1926, has been indelibly imprinted on the minds of these Holy Innocents.

Shrines to the Little Flower.—On Sunday, May 16th, the first Anniversary of the Little Flower's Canonization, a shrine was dedicated to her at Holy Trinity Cathedral. The ceremony accompaning the dedication was rather unique. One hundred children selected from among the Sunday School children who had had a perfect record for attendance and the best record for lessons, marched into the Cathedral at precisely 7.30 P. M. Each of the fifty boys carried a lighted candle, each of the fifty girls wore a crown of roses and in her hand carried a bouquet of thornless roses. As the procession moved slowly and solemnly through the aisles of the Cathedral, the choir and congregation sang St. Theresa's Hymn, "Drop me a rose." As the procession passed the shrine, the candles

and roses were handed to the three Scholastics who had been stationed there to receive these tributes to the honor of St. Theresa. When the last bouquet and candle were handed over, the shrine was already decorated; for an arch of transparent wire had been previously prepared to receive the flowers, and the candles were placed in candelabras as quickly as they were received, so that in a few moments a wonderful rose arch appeared before the admiring gaze of the people. It was a beautiful and unique ceremony, which created a great impression on those who were privileged to be present. His Lordship Bishop O'Hare blessed the Statue and Fr. Murphy preached a panegyric in honor of St. Theresa.

On Palm Sunday Bishop O'Hare blessed a shrine erected to the honor of St. Theresa at Alpha Academy, which is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. The pupils of the Academy, Elementary Schools and Industrial Schools conducted by the Sisters of Mercy took part in the procession and all the Religious Orders on the Island had their representatives there. Jesuit Priests and Scholastics were there, Dominican, Franciscan and Mercy Sisters were also present. On this occasion Fr. Joseph Dougherty, S. J., preached the sermon.

Bishop Administers Confirmation.—On Sunday, March 14th, Bishop O'Hare confirmed 83 candidates at St. Anne's Church, Kingston. Twenty were adults. On April 11th he confirmed 59 more candidates at the church of Holy Rosary, Kingston. Fr. Knight is in charge of St. Anne's; Fr. Gregory Kiehne is Pastor at Holy Rosary.

Mission at Cassava River.—Fr. F. C. Wheeler conducted a short Mission at Cassava River from March 14th to 18th. As a result he had 120 Communicants, of which number 35 were First Communicants.

Converts at Gordon Town.—On Holy Saturday Fr. Jos. M. A. Kelly received 15 converts into the Church at Gordon Town. There are two Mercy Sisters stationed at Gordon Town. These good women, besides conducting an Elementary School, do a great deal of real apostolic work among the people. Fr. Kelly attributes the success of this mission to the zeal of these two nuns.

Diamond Jubilee of St. George's College.—The celebration of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the founding of St. George's College, which was originally scheduled for November, 1925, but which was postponed owing to the absence of Bishop O'Hare and Very Rev. Fr. Kelly, was held during the week of April the 18th.

Sunday, April 18th.—9.00 A. M. Solemn Pontifical

High Mass at Holy Trinity Cathedral. Celebrant, His Lordship, Rt. Rev. William F. O'Hare, S. J., D. D., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica and Titular Bishop of Maximinapolis. Sermon "Seventy-five Years," Fr. Augustus J. Duarte, S. J., a former Headmaster of St. George's College, and at present Superior of St. Mary's, Boston, Mass.

7.00 P. M. Compline. Sermon on "Catholic Education," Fr. William T. Tallon, S. J. Solemn Pontificial Benediction.

On Monday, April 19th, there was a General Communion of the Students of St. George's College. Very Rev. Francis J. Kelly, S. J., President of the College, was the celebrant of the Missa Cantata, while Rev. William T. Tallon preached the sermon. At 9:30 A. M. the Preliminaries of the College Sports were held. The Students' Night Entertainment was held in the College Hall at 7.30 P. M.

The Programme.

Overture—"Lustspiel" Kella Bella Orchestra
Essay—"Horace the Poet" Thomas V. Banks
Selection—"Chimes of Long Ago" College Glee Club
Ode-Alma Mater" Rev. Leo T. Butler, S. J.
Michael DeMercado
Romance—"Truling's Erwachen" Bach Orchestra
Address— His Lordship Bishop O'Hare
"Faust" Gounod Orchestra
"The Confession" College Dramatic Society
Recessional Selected Orchestra

The College Glee Club was under the direction of Fr. Chas. Bridges, S. J., while Mr. Henry Martin, S. J., directed the Dramatic Society.

The high point of the evening's entertainment was His Lordship's Address. In his speech Bishop O'Hare briefly outlined the history of St. George's College, then in clear forceful language he pointed out the benefits that St. George's has conferred upon the Colony of Jamaica during the Seventy-five Years of its existence. And finally he explained the principles that underlie Catholic Education, especially the Catholic Education given to the Students of St. George's College.

At the close of the Programme His Excellency Sir Arthur S. Jelf, the Acting Governor of Jamaica, was called upon to say a few words. The Governor praised the high calibre of the evening's entertainment and wished St. George's College continued success. The audience warmly applauded the Governor when he said "He happened to know that St. George' College was

second to none in the standard of education it set in Jamaica."

On Tuesday, April 20th, Rev. George F. McDonald, S. J., Headmaster of the College, sang a High Mass of Requiem for Deceased Students and Masters of St. George's College. On this occasion the sermon was preached by Rev. Augustus B. Duarte. In the afternoon at 1.30 o'clock the Finals of the College Sports were run off on the College Campus. After the excitement caused by the Relay Race had died down, Fr. Duarte, who had inauguarted the College Sports more than twenty years ago when he was Headmaster, distributed the prizes to the successful athletes. In a short address he praised the keen sportman-like rivalry that had been manifested. He had a word of praise for the victors and a word of encouragement for those who "also ran."

On Wednesday evening, April 21st, the "Old Boys" of the College held a banquet in the South Camp Hotel. His Lordship Bishop O'Hare was to have been the principal speaker of the evening, as many of the "Old Boys" had had him as a teacher during their College days, and they have never since ceased to regard him as true friend and a prudent adviser. His message of regret at being unable to be present was read by the Chairman of the Banquet Committee, Dr. George I. Lascene, President of the "Old Boys' Association." The Bishop's message made the gathering feel that he was with them in spirit, if not in person. His Excellency Sir Arthur S. Jelf was present on this occasion also and in response to the toast, "The Governor," he said "He was glad to see they were celebrating the Jubilee of St. George's College. St. George was the Patron Saint of England, and anything they could do to further the Empire and to uphold the name of the King who was named after St. George was worth doing." The Toast to the Bishop was responded to by Rev. Fr. Francis J. Kelly, S. J., Superior of the Mission. Hon. W. Baggett Gray of the Class of '70 proposed the Toast to "Alma Mater." Fr. McDonald replied to this Toast. Fr. Tallon and the Hon. A. E. DaCosta, Mayor of Kingston, answered the Toast, "Our Visitors." Fr. Duarte made an eloquent response to the Toast, "Our Old Masters." When he finished Fr. Superior arose and proposed a Toast to "The Old Boy's." The singing of the National Anthem, "God save the King," brought a very memorable evening to a close.

On Friday, April 23rd, the Feast of St. George, the celebration was concluded by a Cricket Match between the "Old Boys" and the "Present Boys." The "Veter-

ans" had retained enough of their old time skill to nose out the "Youngsters" in a close contest. The score was 113 runs to 102.

"The Daily Gleaner," Jamaica's only daily paper, gave several colums each day to accounts of the Jubilee. Sermons, speeches and programmes were printed for the most part in full. As a result of this celebration, the history of St. George's College, the ideals for which it stands, and the principles upon which it is built are better known and appreciated in Jamaica than ever in the past.

His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to His Holiness, Pius XI, sent the following cablegram to Very Rev. Fr. Kelly, S. J.:

"On the Anniversary of the Foundation of the College the Sovereign Pontiff sends to the Fathers and Students the blessing implored."

—**Cardinal Gasparri**
Secretary of State to His Holiness.

A letter from Very Rev. Fr. General.

Rome, March 30th, 1926.

Reverend and Dear Father,
P. C.

Having been informed of the approaching celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of St. George's College, I take great pleasure in sharing with your Reverence, your community and students, the joys and consolations of that happy event.

Seventy-five years is a venerable age for a college anywhere in the Society, and this is especially true in a Mission, where difficulties are greater and conditions more precarious. The fact that St. George's College, in spite of many vicissitudes, has continued to live all these years and is today more flourishing than ever, speaks loudly in its praise. Still more eloquent are the record it has achieved in the cause of Catholic education, and the reputation it enjoys among the people of Jamaica.

In your Jubilee celebration you will no doubt give due credit to the valiant pioneers of other Provinces who called the school into existence and helped it to grow and develop, and you will associate your labours and sacrifices with those of the members of your Province who since 1893 have zealously and successfully continued their work to the present day. I join with all in thanking God for the many blessings received and the good accomplished by St. George's College during these seventy-five years, and I look forward very hopefully to a new period of increased usefulness and prosperity.

With a loving and paternal blessing for your Reverence, the Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers, as well as for the Students past and present of St. George's College,

I am,

Your Reverence's Servant in Xt.

Wlodimir Ledochowski, S. J.

Superior General of the Society of Jesus.

Letter of V. Rev. Fr. Provincial, Lawrence J. Kelly, S. J.

Provincial's Residence
501 E. Fordham Road.

New York, N. Y.
March 28, 1926.

Very Reverend and dear Father Superior, Father McDonald, Fathers and Professors, Old Boys and Students of St. George's College:

It is with feelings of admiration and pride for the splendid achievements of St. George's College during the past seventy-five years just closed, and with unbounded confidence in the possibilities of the College in the years to come, that I address these words of sincere congratulations to you through the columns of the Blue and White on the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee. My one regret is that I cannot be with you in person and join with you in your rejoicing. But on the occasion of my two visits to Jamaica, in 1923 and again two months ago, I was able to see the good work that the College was accomplishing, and to bear witness to the excellent fruits of the College in past years as evidenced by the fine type of gentlemen who have been educated at St. George's and who have so many positions of distinction and honour in Jamaica today.

I can only add to my congratulations another word of Godspeed for the future. Let St. George's be true to its fine traditions and strive for even higher things in Education than the fine achievements already attained; and before another seventy-five years have rolled around, who knows but the boys of St. George's College of today will be rejoicing in the proud distinction of St. George's University to which their Alma Mater shall have attained?

Very sincerely yours,
Laurence J. Kelly, S. J.
Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus.

Special Number of "The Blue and White."—A Special Number of the "Blue and White" was prepared for the Jubilee. It contained pictures of the College, Faculty,

etc. The sermons by Frs. Duarte and Tallon were printed in full, as also was the address of His Lordship, Bishop O'Hare. The Jubilee Messages of His Holiness, Pius XI, Fr. General and Fr. Provincial are there preserved. The history and records of the College from 1850 as far as ascertainable are here recorded, as well as the impressions of some of the older Alumni and former Masters. Mr. James Mohan, S. J., was in charge of the Jubilee Number.

Jubilee Fund.—In order to defray the expenses of the Jubilee, the "Old Boys" and a number of loyal friends of the College contributed over $1,000.

Jamaica's Representatives at the Eucharistic Congress.—On June 10th His Lordship Bishop O'Hare and Fr. Joseph Dougherty arrived in New York en route to Chicago. On the following day Bishop O'Hare was one of the distinguished party that sailed down New York Harbour to meet and welcome Cardinal Bonzano. His Lordship was present in the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the following Sunday, when the Solemn Reception was tendered to the Papal Legate. Rev. Michael Clarke, S. J., Rector of St. Francis Xavier H. S., New York and Fr. Smith, S. J., of Brooklyn College acted as his Chaplains.

Fr. Dougherty was present at the Ordination and First Mass of his brother, Rev. Francis X. Dougherty, S. J., who was ordained at Woodstock on June 14th. Later Fr. Joseph Dougherty went to Detroit where he attended the meeting of Catholic Editors, but reached Chicago in time to witness the Eucharistic Congress and "cover" it for "The Catholic Opinion," Jamaica's only Catholic paper, of which he is the Editor.

Garden Party at Toll Gate.—On June 10th, Mrs. Jose de Olivares, the wife of the American Consul to Jamaica, formally opened the Garden Party, which was held for the benefit of St. Peter and Paul's Church at Toll Gate. Mrs. de Olivares professed that she was an amateur at making speeches, but as a Catholic anxious to help the Church she could not refuse Fr. Kelly's request, that she should open the Garden Party at Toll Gate. She praised the splendid work being done by Catholic Priests and Nuns all over the world. She herself had seen what glorious work they are accomplishing in the East Indies and in the West Indies. In the evening the College Dramatic Society under the direction of Mr. Henry Martin, S. J., repeated "The Confession," which they had presented in the College Hall as part of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration. All who witnessed the performance praised the skill of the young thespians. Rev. Joseph M.

A. Kelly, S. J., is in charge of the Mission at Toll Gate, which is a suburb of Kingston.

A Maronite Priest Visits Jamaica.—On Sunday, June 20th & 27th, the Catholic people of Jamaica had, probably for the first time, an opportunity of witnessing High Mass celebrated in the ancient Maronite Rite, and of hearing two sermons preached in Arabic. Monsignor El Daher, a Syrian Missionary, visited Jamaica in order to seek aid among his fellow countrymen for his orphanage at Mt. Lebanon. There is quite a numerous community of Syrians in Jamaica, most of whom belong to the Maronite Rite. They are chiefly engaged in the wholesale and retail dry-goods business, and some of them have been very successful.

Communions for the Eucharistic Congress.—Jamaican Catholics joined their brethren in the rest of the world in offering up their Holy Communions for the success of the Congress. More than five thousand Jamaicans received Holy Communion.

Commencement Day at St. George's College.—Friday, July 9th, was "Break-up Day" or Commencement Day at St. George's College. Among the guests present on this occasion were the Rt. Rev. Cecil DeCartret, Anglican Bishop of Jamaica, Judge C. Halman Beard, Col. R. H. Pinnock, W. H. Mitchell of the Board of Education, and R. M. Murray, M. A., Headmaster of Wolmers' School.

The Programme:

Overture	Orchestra
Headmaster's Report	Rev. G. F. McDonald, S. J.
"A Capital Ship"	College Glee Club
"St. Francis the Christian Socialist"	Herbert L. Green
"St. Francis the Poet"	Louis A. Desnoes
Scenes from "Henry IV"—Shakespeare—	College Dramatic Society
Selection	Orchestra
Graduation Song	College Glee Club
Address to the Graudates	Hon. W. Baggett Gray, '70
National Anthem	Orchestra

Twelve Graduates received College Diplomas and Cambridge School Certificates. Nine Undergraduates received Cambridge Junior Certificates for having successfully passed the Junior Local Examination, which was held last December.

Sudden Death of Bishop O'Hare.—On Monday, October 11, Bishop O'Hare of Jamaica left home about nine o'clock in the morning, and an hour or so later his lifeless body was found on the beach some seven miles from

the city of Kingston. The autopsy showed that he was not drowned, but that he died from a stroke. For several years he had suffered from a weak heart, and at times he was subject to fits of dizziness. As a cure for his malady, his Doctors recommended sea bathing. He was therefore acting on medical advice when he took the bath which resulted in his death.

He drove out in his motor car as usual, and dismounted about half a mile from the beach. He was obliged to leave his car, as there was no road leading down to the water. When he reached the shore he doffed his clerical garb and donned his bathing suit. Nobody knows exactly what happened after that. His driver noticed that his stay was longer than usual. Two little colored girls discovered the body, and one of them told her father. The chauffeur identified the body of his late master. The Fathers in Kingston were notified, and so were the police, and the news spread rapidly. The post-mortem examination showed that there was no water in the lungs or stomach, and that **angina pectoris** was the immediate cause of his death. As the deceased Prelate was much respected throughout Jamaica by both Protestants and Catholics, the whole Island showed signs of esteem and regret. **The Daily Gleaner** contained a very sympathetic account of his death and a very flattering editorial on his work and his character. It says that Bishop O'Hare had the disadvantage of succeeding a popular man and a striking personality in the See of Jamaica, yet he possessed qualities of his own which quietly won the hearts of the people.

A week or so before his death he came back from the United States, whither he had gone to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. He was advised by Doctors not to return to the tropics, but he loved his people and he died among them. Duty to him was more than health, and consience more than climate.

MISSOURI PROVINCE.—A new Provincial.

Father Matthew Germing, who was Socius to Fr. McMenamy, now succeeds him as Provincial. Fr. Robert Kelly is the new Socius. Fr. Germing during his term of office manifested a deep and practical interest in the Woodstock Letters by procuring articles or items of news. We take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude, and we wish him every success in his new and responsible post.

Eucharistic Congress.—Several Fathers of the Misosuri Province took a prominent part in the Eucharistic Con-

gress by planning, organizing, directing, preparing and executing. If that memorable event was such a great success as it undoubtedly was, no small amount of the credit belongs to our Missouri brethren.

Milford Novitiate, Milford, Ohio.

The Ohio Vice-Province has located its new Novitiate at Milford, Ohio. The grounds, which were purchased two years ago for $96,000.00, comprise a country estate of 88 acres, located on the outskirts of the town of Milford about fourteen miles from Cincinnati. Situated on a high bluff, with the Little Miami River at its feet, it is a natural paradise, and formerly belonged to a lover of nature who devoted a considerable portion of his fortune to enhancing its already great natural charm.

Operations for the new Novitiate and Juniorate building are progressing rapidly, which will be ready for occupancy by Sept. 1, 1927. The structure will be three stories in height and 280 ft. across the front, with accomodations for 100 novices and 100 juniors. It is laid out in an E shape, with the faculty quarters joining the juniorate and novitiate wings. Projecting out behind the faculty section and between the junior and novice wings, will be the community chapel and refectory. With the exception of the chapel and the refectory, which will not be built at present, it will represent an outlay of about $600,000.00.

At present the community comprises four fathers, eight brothers, and forty-four novices.

Death of a noted writer.—Fr. Simon A. Blackmore died Sept. 6, 1926, at John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio. He was an eminent literary man and an acknowledged authority on Shakespeare. Besides two or three volumes on the great dramatist, he has also written a valuable book on Spiritism, and another on the Angels. The book on the Angels has not yet come from the press. He was a tireless worker, and his activity continued unabated until a year or so before his death. In addition to his class work, he frequently lectured in public on literary topics, and he contributed timely articles to current magazines. He made both his Philosophy and Theology at Woodstock, and was much loved and respected by everybody. Very few of his generation are now living. He was in his 78th year when he died.

Literary Activity.—The literary activity of the Province is extraordinary. A mere list of writings during the past

four months fills three columns of the News Letter. The exhibit of the Loyola University Press at the Province Conventions showed at a glance the extent of the work done by that plant. Last year the gross receipts were $40,000. This year the amount will run far ahead of that.

Eleventh Rule of the Summary in Form of a Prayer.—When Father Henry Mueller was coming to the close of his long term of office as Instructor of Tertians, he had the Eleventh rule of the Summary printed for his Tertians in the form of a prayer. Copies of it are now scarcely to be found. As Father Mueller's Tertians were all very fond of him, and as the eleventh rule of the Summary by almost universal consent is considered as containing the perfection of the Spiritual Exercises and of our Constitutions, it is thought well to reproduce the prayer here.

The Prayer

My Lord, may I abhor wholly and not in part what the world loves and embraces, and accept and desire with my whole strength whatsoever Thou didst love and embrace. As worldly men, who follow the things of the world, love and with great diligence, seek honor, reputation and the credit of a great name upon earth, as the world teaches them, so may I, loyally following Thee, my King, love and earnestly desire things altogether contrary to these; namely, to be clothed with Thy garments and livery for Thy love and reverence; and if it can be done without offence to Thy Divine Majesty and without sin on the part of my neighbour, may I suffer contempt, calumny and injuries and be held and accounted a fool, in order that I may be more like to Thee, my Creator and Lord, and follow more closely in Thy footsteps, for Thou art the true way; which leads man to life. If the world can make its devotees love riches, honors and pleasures, canst not Thou much more make Thy children love poverty, contempt and the Cross?

Some have contended that the terrible twelfth rule of the Summary calls for more exalted perfection, but the first line of this rule shows that it is regarded by St. Ignatius himself as but a means to the perfection of the eleventh rule.

CHICAGO.—The Convention

The fifth annual convention of the Jesuit Educational Association met at Loyola University, Chicago, from Monday, August 16, to Monday, August 23. As was the case last year, there were in reality two conventions. The Humanist group together with the Sociological Con-

ference convened during the first three days of the week, and only after they had left did the Scientific and Philosophical Associations arrive for their meetings. Some one hundred and seventy-five teachers of the Province were at Loyola during these days and all of them expressed their entire satisfaction with the work which was accomplished by the gathering.

The days were given over to general and sectional meetings at which many interesting and instructive papers were read.

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT.—Progress During the Summer.—The favorable weather of the last three months has enabled the contractors to carry on their work with all possible speed. The exteriors of the faculty building, engineering school, school of commerce and finance, clock tower and power house are nearing completion. The concrete of the general science building is being poured and excavations are about to begin for the chemistry building. In addition to the above mentioned buildings, the plans of the new university include a college of arts and sciences, medical school, dental school, hospital, law school, library, administration building, gymnasium, union house and student dormitories. The stadium has already been erected.

New House of Retreats.—Nineteen miles from the heart of the city, in the exclusive Bloomfield Hills district, lies Deepdale, the new house of retreats. The property was purchased from Mr. Charles Hayward Murphy, a wealthy lover of nature who devoted ten years and a considerable fortune to the enhancement of its already great natural charms by the judicious planting of thousands of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers. It was his plan to make Deepdale a natural paradise, whither he and his wife might retire to spend their declining years in peace and seclusion. His wife, however, soon found life on a country estate unsuited to her temperament; so the great house was closed and the grounds were left in charge of a resident gardener.

The estate embraces forty acres of land, about twenty of which are devoted to argricultural purposes. A small farm, orchard, vineyard, and truck-garden will supply the retreatants with vegetables and fruit. Model barns shelter a number of pedigreed cows and modern poultry houses contain flocks of chickens, ducks and turkeys. A number of flowing wells provide water for drinking purposes, and there is a pumping station connected with a system of storage cisterns, high-pressure tanks and fire

plugs. There is a large house for the gardener and a steam-heated, fireproof garage capable of housing sixteen cars. The house proper contains sufficient bedrooms for twenty retreatants, a large ballroom which can be converted without alteration into a chapel, a library, a number of lounges and parlors, a kitchen and a dining room.

Deepdale is both secluded and accessible. The house and the greater part of the grounds are completely invisible from without, while a private road leads out to the new Woodward super-highway, a concrete road two hundred and four feet wide, with two speedways for automobiles and a fast interurban electric in the center.

The new retreat house is a monument to the industry and financial insight of Father Cogley, who purchased it for the sum of $291,000 and received an offer of $341,000 two days later. The Grosse Pointe site, which had been bought in 1922 for $179,300 was unsatisfactory for retreat purposes, and was sold last spring to Mr. Edsel Ford for $263,500. This sum and other funds on hand easily covered the cost of the new property in Bloomfield Hills. An additional $90,000 has been pledged, and is being contributed at a satisfactory rate. The first retreat at the new site will begin September 23.

C. C. H.

NEW YORK—Diamond Jubilee of Church and School.

The Seventy-fifth Anniversary of St. Francis Xavier's Church and School was observed with fitting ceremonies on Sunday, September 19. His Eminence Cardinal Hayes presided, and was attended by Fr. McCluskey and Fr. O'Connell as Deacons of Honor. Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, was celebrant of the Mass, Fr. Patrick J. Casey was Deacon, and Fr. Francis R. Donovan was Subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Fr. Thomas Murphy. In the evening Rt. Rev. William O'Hare, Bishop of Jamaica, presided and preached at Pontifical Vespers.

Mass of the Holy Ghost.—On Friday, September 24, Mass of the Holy Ghost was offered in St. Francis Xavier's Church for the opening of the School year. The body of the Church was thronged by 1100 students and by as many of their friends as could find admission. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. M. A. Clark, President of the High School. Rev. Rudolph J. Eichhorn preached on the value of Catholic Education.

The Xavier is the first of High School Magazines.—**The Xavier** has been officially proclaimed the best of American High School Magazines. The relative standing of the various High School publications throughout the country

is contained in a book prepared by Edward Marion Johnson, Professor of Journalism in the University of Wisconsin. The rating of a magazine is based on very minute details, such as Cover, Fiction, Poetry, Essays, Editorials, Typography and Illustration. Out of a possible 1000 points **the Xavier** received 942.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS:

The most notable event of the mission this year was the arrival, about the end of August of the eight American Jesuits for work in northern Mindanao. These eight,—Fathers Aloysius M. Thibbits, Joseph L. Lucas, Daniel H. Sullivan, James T. Hayes, Maurice A. Mudd, Joseph J. McGowan, William V. Corliss, and Robert E. Holland,—together with Father James G. Daly, who arrived in July, and Father Patrick Rafferty, who has been in the Islands since 1921, comprise the invading force who will begin to work at once in our American sector of Cagayan-Lanao-Bukidnon. Father Daly has been appointed to take over the extensive projects of our wonderful apostle, Father John Monahan, whose sudden death in May stunned the entire mission.

In all, 21 American priests and scholastics have arrived for the mission this year. Since our ranks have lost only eight,—one through death, one returned to the States because of sickness, and six returned for theological studies,—we register a net gain of 13.

San Jose:—Father Charles E. Depperman has been appointed to assist in directing the Government Observatory and Weather Bureau. His assignment brings the staff at the Observatory to its full quota. But at the Seminary and Novitiate, with increased classes and students, the faculty in nearly all departments remains severely undermanned.

Ateneo De Manila:—April-May vacations saw the first summer courses given under Ateneo auspices. For the special benefit of the various congregations of teaching Sisters, Father Joseph A Mulry gave a series of some twenty lectures on English and Pedagogy at Baguio and Manila. Sisters of twelve congregations attended, and were enthusiastic in their praise of the new venture.

Under the direction of Father McNulty and Mr. Schoberg, the vacation classes of the Catholic Instruction League were again very successful, with Ateneo students again taking a leading part in the gloriously unselfish apostolate. Apart from the work done by the students of other schools, about 65 Ateneans taught Catechism in their home towns during the vacation, and had in their

classes some 5,000 children, about equalling the 1925 vacation record.

Father Henry Avery spent five weeks in Masantol and other towns of the province of Pampanga, giving missions and conferences to those of the young people who could understand English. At a recent meeting of the military chaplains and government officials to discuss the critical problem of improving moral conditions among the enlisted men of the United States Army in the Philippines, Father Richard O'Brien, who is an ex-World-War chaplain, was one of the speakers.

With the opening of classes in June, the commercial course in the Ateno was discontinued. A principal reason for this was the need of additional room for the students of the classical course. Then, too, the commercial course was maintained in large part to benefit the working students of the college. This **raison d'etre** vanished this year when the working-student system of labor was changed for a complete corps of full-time servants in dining-rooms, kitchen, dormitories, etc.

The floor-space thus gained was immediately taken over by the High School and College Classical departments. In these, entrance and promotion requirements have been raised, and ours is now the only high school in the Phillippines in which Latin is a compulsory subject. Nevertheless we are forced to have six sections in First Year High School, Three in Second Year, Three in Third Year, and Three in Fourth Year.

This growth is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that our venerable, ant-eaten, wooden building has to compete with trim, concrete structures recently erected by most of the rival schools of Manila. To date the excellent teaching and discipline of the school has been sufficient to overcome this disadvantage; but the time seems to be approaching when a new building for Ateneo will be imperative.

Letter from Fr. Daly.

Convento Catolico,
Cagayan De Misamis,
Mindanao, P. I.

My Visayan grammar is crowding my day with busy hours, which makes it impossible for me just at present, to write to my many U. S. friends who are zealously interested in the missionary field on the banks of the Cagayan River, a field from which we all expect a fruitful harvest, after being so well cultivated by the zeal and self-sacrifice of the beloved Apostle, Father Monahan.

As you are in a position to reach many of my friends, I am stealing a few minutes from my language study to send a little news back home. Later on when Visayan declensions and conjugations grant me a holiday, there will be more time to send you a longer account of our work in this part of the vineyard, and personal letters to those whose spiritual and material cooperation are helping considerably to spread the love of the Sacred Heart here in the Philippine Islands.

Our steamer, the Sontua, left Manila at ten A. M. on Sunday, July the 25th. South along the coast of Luzon, then westward between the islands of Luzon and Mindoro, the first stop was made at Carigara on the north coast of the island of Leyte. Then circling this Island through the narrow strait between Leyte and Samara, the Sontua steamed on to Cagayan, after stopping at Tacloban on the west coast of Leyte. Cagayan was reached at ten in the morning Wednesday, July the 28th. The loading and unloading of cargo had detained us three hours at Carigara, and five hours at Tacloban. This itinerary account will be of interest, if you have at hand a map of the P. I.

As you might expect, the interisland boats are much smaller than the palatial liners of the Pacific; also a good deal slower. Although there were berths in the cabins, many of the passengers rested during the night on the deck cots, brought up for the asking. After attiring themselves in their night robes, the passengers, adorned in their colorful oriental kimonos, climb up to the deck cots for pleasant dreams under the starry skies, while the ocean breeze sings its lullaby.

From the Cagayan pier it is two miles along a good country road to the civic center. Our church and rectory are close to the Cagayan River. An expert diver could easily dive from the banana trees in our small garden into the river, which rushes by sixty feet below, to empty into the sea two miles away. The small stores and private homes with their large sliding windows to catch every breeze blowing in from the sea or down from the mountains remind the new-comer of the business and residential districts at the sea resorts back in the States. At present there is no Jesuit school in Cagayan. Someday perhaps there will be another Ateneo at Cagayan. While waiting for the dawning of this happy day, I can help with their English studies the five little orphan boys who are studying here at the rectory. The eldest boy knows English, but the others speak Visayan only. Every afternoon the plaza in front of the church is ringing with the

happy shouts of their baseball game, and the American Padre and coach returns to his books with a light and happy heart. Those who know him understand what music he can find in the crack of the hickory, and what graceful lines he sees delineated as the little sphere gracefully cuts the inside corner.

Growing in our garden are palm trees, cocoanuts and bananas. A very picturesque scene it is through the rectory window and through the banana trees of our garden to see the winding river below, and across the river a veritable forest of cocoanut trees, the cocoanuts holding fast in thick clusters in the tree tops. The river at this point is one quarter of a mile wide. On the opposite bank in the cocoanut forest and close to the river can be seen the ubiquitous nipa hut, a very cool home under tropical suns, and speedily rebuilt after the ravages of the typhoon. The soiled linen is carried down to the river bank where the women wash it as white as snow. Every day seems to be wash day. As the clothing worn here is of light colors, a good deal of washing is necessary, and even more so in the Philippines where the people are very particular about having everything immaculately clean. The men wear white suits; the women the same colors that are in style in the summer back in the U. S. The Filipino people are very kind and hospitable, cheerful, congenial and refined. They are very much like the Americans, for whom they have great respect, and towards whom they entertain very friendly feelings.

Since the language of the schools is English, the younger generation can speak this language. Many of the older people, however, know Visayan only; some of them Visayan and Spanish. Visayan differs very much from both English and Spanish. During the two weeks that I have been in Misamis I have been devoting much of my time to the study of this language, Visayan, and I hope by the time this letter reaches you that I shall have graduated from the kindergarten. One Visayan word easily remembered is the word for ring, "Ang singsing" —"the ring." Just another example or two to show how Visayan differs from the languages that you have studied: **Ang tawo**—the man; **Ang mga tawo**—the men; **Ang babaye**—the woman; **Ang mga babaye**—the women; **Ang balay**—the house; **Ang mga balay**—the houses; **Ang cahoy**—the tree; **Ang mga cahoy**—the trees; **dacu**—big; **Ang cahoy nga dacu**—the big tree; **Ang mga cahoy nga dacu**—the big trees.

With Carigara, Tacloban and Burauen in Leyte, Cagayan, Tagoloan, Talisayan, Balinasag and Surigao along

the north coast of Mindanao you wonder at times if you are near the Lakes of Killarney. In looking for these villages on the map of the P. I., you will come across many other places that have the music of Ireland about them.

The streets in Cagayan are electric lighted, but in our rectory and church only oil lamps and candles give us light by night. Fortunate so far in not breaking the chimney of my lamp. A large square, the plaza, graces the front of our church. The plaza is very pretty with its well-kept lawns, flower beds, and winding paths. In the plaza are swings, too, and seesaws to delight the children in their hours of play. About the plaza, looking out upon it from different sides, are our church and rectory, the Misamis hospital with its well trained Filipino nurses; in another corner the barracks of the Filipino constabulary, and close to the barracks the Misamis prison for petty offenders. For long terms the prisoners are sent to the penitentiary in Manila. From what I have seen the Filipino people are law-abiding citizens, and do not need many prisons. Surrounded by the church, a hospital, a soldiers' barracks, and a prison, all needs can surely be well attended to. With so much fruit growing all around us, no danger of starvation.

In a later letter I shall tell you more about the nature of our missionary work in Misamis. Great good has been accomplished and is being done through the distribution of the magazines and other Catholic literature sent us from the States. We wish to thank most sincerely all the benefactors of this mission. Rest assured that we will not forget you in our prayers and at the Altar, and you all, we are confident, will continue to be our support by your prayers for the success of our mission.

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,

J. G. Daly, S. J.

HOME NEWS.—Distinguished Guests.

On Monday, October 4, Woodstock was honored by the visit of Rev. Fr. Mattern, American Assistant to Father General. In the evening in an informal talk to the Community, he recalled the happy days he spent at Woodstock, while completing his studies; gave us Rev. Fr. General's message concerning the spread of devotion to St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, especially this year, the Bicentenary of their Canonization, and finally he explained to us the present project of the Gregorian University, what

it means to the Society and what American Jesuits are asked and expected to do for the cause.

On Sunday, September 19, Fr. Vermeersch visited Woodstock and kindly consented to give an informal talk to the Theologians. The main topics of his talk were, "Present day problems in Moral Theology," "The Gregorian University and what it means to the Society all over the world," and "Mussolini and his administration."

The same day Fr. Van der Schueren also gave an interesting and profitable talk to the Community on his experiences as a missionary and the work and operations of his mission in India.

During the Summer months Woodstock was favored by a visit from Editors or Ex-editors. For instance, Fr. Joseph Keating of **The Month,** Fr. Daniel A. Lord of **The Queen's Work,** Fr. John Corbett, Assistant Editor of **The Messenger,** and Fr. John O'Rourke, who was formerly in charge of **The Messenger.** Fr. O'Rourke told us that he had recently received a gift of ten thousand dollars from Mr. Frank Gargan of New York for the Gregorian University.

Father Barrett's Golden Jubilee.—At Woodstock, where he had spent thirty-two of his fifty golden years as a Jesuit, Fr. Timothy B. Barrett was publicly honored on Sept. 23, 1926, at a Golden Jubilee celebration, wherein the heart of Woodstock spoke out its fullest joy and love to her jubilarian. August the seventh was the day which actually completed the golden cycle, but owing to the absence of some of the Faculty Fathers with whom Fr. Barrett had been associated for a quarter of a century the formal Jubilee academy was postponed until after the opening of school.

The keynote of the entire celebration was its spontaneous joyfulness. From the time of Holy Mass, which the Jubilarian celebrated for the community, until the evening bell for Litanies, from Rev. Fr. Rector, who welcomed some twenty-five distinguished guests, down to the humblest Brother, each one of us felt an unique gladness at the Jubilee of our beloved Spiritual Father. The community was rejoicing in the happiness of one who was especially dear to each and every member. It was as though each was celebrating his own Golden Jubilee.

As one entered the refectory he fell under the golden influence of the day. Gold was everywhere,—in the air, along the walls, about the pillars, and on the tables rested a special program set off by a golden tassel. After the Jubilee overture and two muiscal numbers, a vocal duet by Messrs E. Francis Flaherty and Herbert P. Mc-

Nally, and a piano solo by Mr. Leo J. Gilleran, the silver years of the Jubilarian's life were reviewed by Mr. Joseph F. Gallen, who spoke the Philosophers' tribute to the happy hour. After an especially fine vocal solo by Mr. James A. McCarl, Fr. Joseph Reith, in a beautifully conceived prose poem, congratulated Fr. Barrett on his years of gold in the name of all the Theologians. After the dinner Fr. Eugene DeL. McDonnell spoke a word of congratulation for the old boys who had gone on before. Rev. Fr. Rector in words burning with his fatherly spirit of charity gave thanks to God for the gift to Woodstock of a Jesuit such as the beloved Jubilarian, while Rev. Fr. Provincial told of the province's appreciation and esteem. Fr. Barrett then brought joy to the hearts of us all by his tender recollections of his sheltered life at Woodstock. That God may grant him many more years in our midst was our silent prayer as we knelt in the chapel for our evening visit at the close of the happy day.

Celebration in Honor of St. Aloysius.—The Bicentenary celebration of the Canonization of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of youth, was celebrated at Woodstock on October twenty-third. On the eve of the feast the programme of the celebration was as follows: Panegyric in honor of the Saint, in which his virtues were extolled as worthy of imitation, especially by the youth of these days,—delivered by Mr. Horace B. McKenna. On the feast itself Solemn High Mass at six o'clock: Celebrant, Father S. F. McNamee; Deacon, Father A. G. de Garcia; Sub-Deacon, Father C. E. Leahy. Solemn Benediction in the evening: Celebrant, Father V. A. McCormick; Deacon, Father T. J. Brown; Sub-Deacon, Father E. M. Sullivan. Numbers on the programme for the evening entertainment were: an Overture of Fulton's Messidor by the orchestra; Camattari's Centenary Hymn by the Choir; a poem, "To Aloysius the Ardent," by Father J. F. Howard; a selection from Grieg, Discovery, by the Glee Club; and a Disputation, in which Mr. R. Hewitt was Defender, and Messrs. A. V. Shea, and W. X. Quilty were Objectors. The thesis of the disputation was based upon the recent Encyclical of the Holy Father, and read: "St. Aloysius is eminently suited to be patron of modern youth."

The first two objections presented by Mr. Shea dealt with the extreme difficulty of imitating Aloysius in the question of purity, first because this virtue in him had the safeguard of the religious life, and second because Aloysius was too angelic a model to set up before modern youth. These difficulties were met with the reply that the young Saint was a very human person, angelic in the sense of heroic, not in the meaning of unnatural.

The second objector opposed the choice of Aloysius on the question of penance and mortification. He contended that Aloysius' penances could not find imitators in the present day, and that in seeking a model for our youth we must find a Saint whose life was more conspicuous for etxernal service. The need of penance and self-denial especially in the present age was stressed in the answer of the defender, and Aloysius held up as the heroic model of this virtue. Finally it was shown that service was the very watchword of the Saint's life,—first by the sanctification of his own life, which is the first service God demands, and then by his deeds of kindness and charity to others, especially to his family and to his brothers in Religion.

Ministers New and Old.

On September 24, 1926, Father Paul R. Conniff was announced as Rector of Brooklyn College. Father William Devlin takes his place as Minister at Woodstock.

Our Biennists.

Father Lawrence Smith of Missouri Province and Father Rudolph Eichhorn of this Province are joining practice to theory by giving a course of sermons in Washington, D. C.

A New Jesuit Parish.

Father William Devlin, who until recently was Rector of Boston College, received the following telegram this morning, November 8: "The New Parish of St. Ignatius attached to Boston College hastens to send you cordial greetings."

BOSTON.—The New Parish of St. Ignatius.

The following item of news did not arrive in time to get its proper place among the *Varia* of the present issue. While the main fact is of general interest, the details have only a local or special interest.

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell has established a new parish in the Chestnut Hill district of Boston, and appointed the Jesuits of Boston College to take charge of it. It is the first parish in the Archdiocese dedicated to St. Ignatius. The limits of the new parish change the boundaries of five other parishes. The parishes affected are: the parish of the Sacred Heart in Newton Centre, the parish of St. Columbkille in Brighton, and the parishes of St. Aidan, St. Terence and St. Mary in Brookline. The boundary lines are as follows: From Commonwealth Avenue and Lake street to Undine Road, from there to Cochituate Aqueduct, thence to Ward Street, Hobart Road, Hammond Street, Kilsyth Road, Selkirk Road, Chiswick Road, Chestnut Hill Avenue, Kirkwood Road and Commonwealth Avenue.

For the present, and perhaps for many years to come, services will be held in the large Auditorium of the Library Building. For the past few years the College Chapel, at the request of His Eminence, was used for the convenience of those who lived in the vicinity. The announcement of the new parish was made in the College Chapel at all the Masses on Sunday, November 7, 1926. The people included in the new parish limits are delighted because of their greater convenience, if for no other reason. The President of Boston College, Rev. James Dolan, S. J., is **ex officio** the Rector of the parish attached to his institution.